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CHICAGO

THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION

Part I by

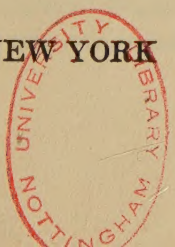
LLOYD LEWIS

Introduction and Part II by

HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

NEW YORK



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INTRODUCTION

LONG before the Limited slows down for its glide into the terminal yards, a traveler knows that Chicago lies before him.

From whichever direction he comes, he crosses level country which, though dotted with towns, still has the horizon, the tints, and something of the grand freedom, of the Mid-Western steppes. Soon the windy open spaces fall behind. Into the picture move the shapes of industrial plants, a legion of monsters that smoke and hiss on the city's borders. Their chimneys are like clusters of reeds. Ghostly amid the vapor, or sharp against the sky, their contorted limbs, their mystic collections of turrets, derricks, raised trackage, have majesty and pathos as well.

In this radius, too, are the marching towers of power lines, an occasional gas tank, like an absurdly large cheese, the low, windowed buildings of many a factory; and then, touching elbows and patterned a good deal alike, villages, suburbs, in which the city's terra cotta and old-time frame construction are curiously mingled.

The city thickens. Innumerable streets wheel by; the eye can follow their long, monotonous length for miles. Every other one seems to have a street car-line. The train thunders over a succession of viaducts. Masses of buildings peer at it and

vanish—stores, apartments, hotels, college towers, church spires. From somewhere come piercing sounds, audible above the rumble of the train; and an indefinable throb can be felt, the composite pulse of millions of people. One feels a mystery in it all, a force both thrilling and terrifying. One knows that the hunt for dollars, women and fame is violent here, scarcely hidden behind the sleek machinery of an efficient age.

2

Coming from the east, the traveler has had glimpses, often between astonishing sand-mountains, of a sparkling blue lake. He now gets broader and broader views of it. If he has never seen it before, the size of this lake is beyond his expectation. Why, it is an inland ocean, no less! The farther shore cannot be made out. This body of water has a surf, and fascinating bands of color. White gulls circle silently over it. In winter, this side of the blue rollers, the beach is rimmed with ice.

And suddenly, on a curve far ahead, the traveler catches sight of a phantom city of towers. They float, it seems, on a sort of island, with their spires or sharp shoulders taking a dove-color from the lake mists and the landward vapor.

It is only a glimpse. The train rushes through more vales, and over more viaducts. It arrives; the traveler alights. He now finds himself at the feet of those stunning towers. They form a row of proud, glistening titans along the boulevard, and they face a park, vast acres of which are lawn, or highways three times as wide as Napoleon ever imagined. The stranger had best get his first impression from this lakeside park; perhaps standing on the steps of the marble Field Museum. He will then begin to realize what the lake means; and, facing that epic rampart of buildings, he will see to what a point the "skyscraper idea," Chicago's own discovery, has advanced.

He will also, very likely—it has happened a good many times—begin to revise his theories about the sort of "soul" the city has.

He can stand on the south veranda of the Art Institute, overlooking a little plaza where pigeons strut and flutter as placidly as in front of St. Mark's, Venice; from here he can see the life of a modern boulevard, rich, organized, confident; and he can look up again at the tiers of skyscraper windows, behind each collection of which cities-within-cities do their work with a precision that amounts to monotony.

The trouble is, he may begin to think that he has seen it all. That, also, has happened.

3

It will take a good part of a life-time to see it all. And by the time the observer has studied one part, he may find that another part, when he goes back to it, has changed beyond recognition.

The city has a daemon—Innovation.

It has come to the height of a passion for tearing up, improving, substituting, enlarging. It is in a frenzy of discontent with everything that was big enough for the last generation; and of course, hardly any of those things are really big enough for this one. So, on every hand, not only "down-town" but miles distant toward the border, there are seen wreckage, huge holes in the earth, new steel frame-works; and, on the lake front, great areas of unfinished park, all pushing toward some sort of complete result.

In the meantime, a student of the city will have to hurry if he expects to take home a memory of the older Chicago. In one region, the "near north side," benign nineteenth century houses are fairly tumbling before the invasion of smart, tall, money-making buildings. On side streets, still "fashionable," old-time "mansions" of granite or brick tend to resist the commercial wave; but look across their mansard roofs and you are sure to see the threat of a new "step-back." Meantime, the district remains wistfully beautiful, full of contrasts, European in its slight shabbiness, its Bohemia, its peculiar twilights.

The near part of the "south side"—suburb only sixty years ago—is now largely what sociologists call a depressed area. Even the negroes are leaving its older localities; industry is remaking these pest-holes. Farther out are isolated, peaceful relics of a prosperous age; a few rows of red-brick houses suggesting the Back Bay of Boston, a few streets where large dwellings, in the architectural style of a generation ago, still stand amid broad lawns. But the inevitable thought is, how soon will they pass?

Having ridden through this "south side," possibly down a boulevard swarming with black people—their costumes generally touched with picturesque color—having seen miles of aging houses and uninspired flat-building blocks, the stranger will meet with a surprise. Away out there beyond the valley of tarnished things, he will come upon a community of red roofs and gray walls, with the ivy of thirty years growing upon them—a University. Most of the buildings have a misleading air of great age. The oldest of them is thirty-seven! They stand along a double boulevard, the Midway Plaisance, which yields nothing to the Champs Elysées except the exquisite slope of the latter. And on this boulevard rises a new gray tower, almost white, the tallest eminence outside of the "loop." It crowns a great building of cathedral type, the University Chapel, just come into the life of Chicago as its purest symbol of religious feeling. Its foundations go down to bedrock; its walls are solid masonry. When the scrambled novelties of other sections of the city are long gone, this chapel will remain, more beautiful with age.

From such an architectural height, the sojourner may go on to examine new residence districts of modern pattern, spreading over lands that were entirely vacant twenty-five years ago; or he may choose to visit the "bad" regions. Oh, yes, he must see the "slums"! But though he can find plenty of tumble-down houses, plenty of vicious haunts, he need hardly expect to discover such immense unbroken areas of despair as exist, for example, in London. He will find Chicago's poverty land-

scape invaded by wide streets, on which ambitious merchants are replacing "rookeries" with commonplace but decent buildings. He will be shown extensive acres where community manufacturing or warehouse interests have "cleaned up," banishing whole squares of shanties. He will see other squares with play-grounds, gymnasium apparatus, clubhouses; and still others where apartment buildings, clean at least, have risen in place of huddles of foul shanties.

If he has time, the traveler may follow the course of one of those "longest streets in the world"—say Halsted Street, Milwaukee or Western Avenue—and see where daring real estate men have plotted new subdivisions, to be filled speedily with standard collections of dwellings, stores, hotels, and always a moving picture theater twice as big as the old-time vaudeville house. In rows of bungalows, amazing in extent if depressing in their sameness, now live people, or their descendants, many of whom were once satisfied with a wooden cottage close to a lumber yard.

Perhaps the visitor will push on into the actual suburbs, noting no perceptible border-line between them and what is officially "city." He will see clearly what a rush there has been into new territory (which has grown five times as fast as Chicago proper), what an eagerness to get among forests or capture rolling meadows. He will be pleased to see the advance of good taste in house design, the obvious interest in gardens, in landscaping. He can follow the numerous curves of one of the longest and most attractive of highways—Sheridan Road—pursuing it, anyhow, as far as Lake Forest, where he can find (on the McCormick and Ryerson estates, for example) gardens of challenging nobility.

4

But he has not yet "seen Chicago."

Where are the "foreign quarters," the melting-pot districts, that he has read about?

They are still there, many of them, yet possibly different from what he expects. He can ride down Halsted Street, it is true, and, just as reported, merchants' signs in nearly every language will confront him, and masses of pedestrians, making an entertaining parade of race and costume, will pass. But it will not be long before the old "Ghetto," with its famous Maxwell Street market, will yield to the urge of the new generation to move away from anything so purely racial. As for the Hull House district, which has seen one group of nationals after another arrive, suffer and pass on, it is now hemmed in by business development, which some day may possess it entirely.

"Down there," where foreign groups used to occupy considerable areas, with walls of suspicion between, the tendency has been for these groups to mingle, so that your guide will say, "This block is Italian;" over across the street is "Little Holland." The old-time battles between Irish and "Dago" come seldom. The Irish have moved. Meantime, except on fête days, miles of "foreign district" betray scarcely a sign other than on store fronts of being anything but American. The great immigrant influx stopped years ago. The children of those who came in then are thinking of something else than the "Old Country."

In cafés, theaters, and little stores there are echoes of old "melting-pot" days. But just as expressive of the way the foreign-born live today are streets, clean as a Chicago street can hope to be, lined with small but well-kept dwellings in which live people who make good money and save it.

As for "gangdom," let the visitor find it if he can. Without a guide, such as a knowing newspaper reporter, he can never identify the headquarters of this "mob" or that. Outside, the cafés or saloons or flats where the gangsters plot look just alike. The hotel that is often a rendezvous for the much-touted Capone and his crew has a perfectly genteel exterior. And if you are looking for a "beer baron" you may have to find him in a luxurious "co-op" on one of the boulevards.

It is very difficult for a chance visitor to Chicago to be present at one of its celebrated murders.

5

Back to the towers he must go, to taste any flavor which he can compare with that of another American city. He must go back there to realize with any vividness what has happened on this soil of sand and clay, where, little more than a century ago, white men came to live for the first time.

If he can understand that, in years when Napoleon was remaking an ancient Paris, these lake waves lapped a beach a mile farther inland, that there was only a sluggish, muddy river stream where now some of the tallest skyscraper peaks pierce the clouds, that there were only two or three log cabins, among thin trees, on the spot now covered by Grand Canyons of enormous stores, banks, and what not—he begins then to realize a little of what Chicago history means.

He must also think of a century of trouble, a century of conquest over the difficulties this strange city site presented, a century of racial jealousies, of conflict between strong men, struggles between conservatives and radicals, between Utility and Beauty,—a hundred years and more of settling arguments on top of the effort to create, on a forbidding shore, a home fit to occupy.

In this book, the authors have sketched, incompletely but with a sincere effort to describe typical events, the story of Chicago's century as well as what led to it.

Chicago, to some people, means brute force; it means ruthlessness and even menace. Its "blood-and-thunder" reputation has girdled the earth, outstripping again and again the fame of its herculean business enterprise. Almost from the beginning this has been true. The city has been studied, loved, hated, praised and denounced out of all proportion to its statistical

position among the cities of the world. Only in the most indifferent has it failed to awaken an ardent curiosity.

The present volume may serve to answer, in some degree, a world-wide questioning.

PART ONE

CHAPTER I

SLOWLY the last of the glaciers shrank back from the lands upon which it had lain so long. The Wisconsin Drift, rear guard of the ice sheets that had covered much of North America, was melting in the warming sun. Age by age it receded, and, as it went, an ocean formed on its southern edge, somewhat above the center of the continent. Lake Chicago, the scientists afterwards called it, but no man was there to call it anything at all in its lifetime.

From this inland sea, the water ran off in rivers southwest through the Great Valley of the Mississippi into the warm Gulf of Mexico. Nature seemed to have decided that when man should come to North American midlands he should look to the kindly South for his trade.

But the grinding ice was whimsical. It dredged new ditches, new hollows in the ground as it retreated, leaving mountains of rocks here, scouring flat millions of acres there, making, among other changes, a new bed for Lake Chicago, one into which the waters settled and lay waiting for men to come along and name Lake Michigan. More important to these men, when they should appear, was the parting gesture with which the ice gouged out a northern outlet for the great lake. As a sort of farewell dig into the ribs of the land the glacier raked

a stupendous ditch to the north and east at the top of the inland sea, sending, thereafter, all drainage away by Lake Erie, Lake Huron, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River.

Nature had reconsidered. The tropical seas were no longer in the destinies of the men who would inhabit the Northwest. The cold Atlantic, the harder, more restless East would dominate.

However, as though the call of the South died hard, the ice sheet did a strange thing on the southwestern bank of Lake Michigan. Drawing narrow margins, capricious hair-lines on the face of the land, it left an eccentric continental divide, a watershed, only some eight miles from the lake's edge. Lake Michigan might drain into the Atlantic, but water falling very close to its rim would still go down to southern seas. The watershed was imperceptible to any eyes that could have seen it then, just as it was imperceptible in the time of man, an invisible ridge in the midst of flat marshes and damp prairie, yet high enough to determine the site of an immense city. From this great divide, the Des Plaines River ran southwest to the Illinois River and so to the Mississippi, while eastward to Lake Michigan ran the Chicago River in two branches that joined a mile from the beach—all of these channels lying lazy in meadows of rushes and mud. Only a narrow strip of boggy land lay between the South Fork of the Chicago River and the Des Plaines—the watershed strip—called by the first Indians and white trappers "The Chicago Portage." Over it redskins carried their canoes and headed south by river, or north or east by lake.

Just why they called it "Chicago" is disputed. On the banks of the creek grew a weed, a sort of wild onion or garlic, which the red man named "Chickagou." One tribal word for "playful waters" was "Shecaugo," another word meaning "destitute" was "Chocago" and, to some redskins, the word "Shegahg" meant "skunk." A word that sounded like "Chicago" was also used by the Indians to describe thunder, or the voice of the Great Manitou or the Mississippi River. Also in the

late 1700's there was an Indian chieftain named "Chicagou." In general the word was interpreted as applying to a bad smell.

Most meanings had one thing in common, observed Edgar Lee Masters, one of the region's prominent literary figures in times to come,—in one form or another they stood for "strength."

The French heard the name when several of their first explorers brought back word that New France could be served mightily by cutting a canal across this "Chicago portage." It was the gateway to the Mississippi.

Joliet thought the job easy. La Salle, a few years later, was not so sure. The Des Plaines River was fickle; at high water the divide disappeared, canoes could go anywhere, and the river spilled sometimes into Lake Michigan.

But for all the pros and cons, the great fact remained; when civilized beings first viewed this region, the idea of a canal was born, and like the theme of a symphony, the motif kept weaving through the centuries of a city's history.

2

France bred men of steel in the time of Louis XIV. The empire bubbled with ambition, military, artistic and commercial. Imperial schemes gestated not only at Versailles, but in remote colonies like those in North America. The passion for finding new wealth went hand in hand with religious zeal. A priest was close behind the first woodland traders who appeared at the site of Chicago.

Many a *coureur du bois,* as the backwoodsmen were called in French, may have traded with the Indians at this spot before Père Jacques Marquette, on his second trip over the Illinois water highway in the party of Louis Joliet, was forced by illness to winter at Chicago. But their names were never written down and Chicago's history is considered to have begun when Marquette the missionary, built or occupied a shelter on the

river somewhere within the limits of the present city. Near by was the cabin of one Pierre Moreau, nicknamed, in bad French, "The Mole," a pioneer bootlegger, selling fire-water to the Indians and serving as agent for the tough old governor of New France, Count Frontenac. From "The Mole's" cabin came a mysterious herb doctor to help Marquette survive the bitter winter. With spring the missionary had gone. He would write down his impressions of embryonic Chicago before he died.

The dauntless and unlucky explorer, La Salle, saw Chicago's command of water routes in terms of imperial conquest. It would be useful to Louisiana, he saw, and he had his party make maps and detailed descriptions.

Father Pierre Pinet, a Jesuit missionary, liked the point well enough to remain there several summers, off and on, between 1696 and 1700 toiling in his mission to win the heathen to Christianity. Then he, too, passed on, and soon the influence of them all, Marquette, Joliet, Pinet, was gone, for the French spirit had waned with the death of Louis *le grand monarque*. British soldiers occupied log forts built by the French; British traders competed, with less success, against the Pierres and Jeans along old trade routes. King George had the country, by right of the Treaty of Paris, clear to the Mississippi east of Louisiana. Red men, fighting some on one side, some on the other, had slaughtered each other. Christianity had not been impressed upon them by Marquette's successors, the soldiers. Under Pontiac, the powerful chieftain, the Indians, uniting somewhat, wiped out pioneer settlements and battled with varying success against the armed expeditions that followed. The British had triumphed, but not for long, since the colonists, revolting, soon broke their power and brought into being the United States of America.

In so dramatic a time the Chicago portage drowsed along, used only by journeying redskins. With ease, the neglected vantage point on Lake Michigan might have been left to the English had it not been for the reckless expedition of George Rogers Clark farther south. Clark, commanding Kentucky

and Virginia revolutionists, swept, in spite of winter ice, through southern Indiana and Illinois to surprise and capture the British garrisons at Vincennes and Kaskaskia, checkmating, thereby, the schemes of conquest held by the British Colonel Hamilton at Detroit. Clark's stroke had shown that the whole Northwest, including the obscure Chicago portage, would be American. Furthermore it had given the later city of Chicago reason for naming one of its long streets "Clark"—where later so many skyscrapers were to stand.

Another Revolutionary soldier of equally desperate enterprise, "Mad" Anthony Wayne, made it doubly certain that Chicago would be American, not Canadian.

His adventure deserves a word.

After the colonists had won their independence, Great Britain sat back to wait for the little Republic to collapse. No people could make a success of hare-brained democracy, the British felt. Soon the naïve and wild young children would be toppling back into the arms of the Mother Empire. Believing this, England blandly refused to carry out the terms of peace that had been written in 1796, and calmly held onto certain isolated army posts in the American Northwest. She would keep her finger on the fur trade and the Indians against the day when scalping knives would be shining once more. Money and golden promises kept the red men harassing the American settlers who poured over the Allegheny Mountains onto the forests and plains.

Such armies as the young republic sent first into the territory to protect these settlers were outgeneraled by the Indians who fought with British muskets, and it was not until 1794 that "Mad" Anthony Wayne, leading a "Yankee Doodle" army, crushed the natives at the Battle of Fallen Timbers in Ohio. Through the next summer Wayne argued peace terms with chieftains at Greenville, Ohio, and by August of that year, 1795, persuaded them to cede certain tracts to the United States. Among these pieces of property, down toward the end of the agreement, was listed:

"One piece of Land Six Miles Square at the mouth of the Chickago River emptying into the Southwest end of Lake Michigan where a fort formerly stood." (The reference to a fort was an allusion to a stockade rumored to have been built by Indians during one of their wars a half century before.)

Thus occurred the first real estate transfer in the history of the place.

It was of international politics rather than real estate that "Mad Anthony" was thinking, however, as he signed the Indian treaty. British eyes were on this mouth of the Chickago River, too. Shortly after Wayne's victory, British officers were asking the House of Lords to build a fort at the portage so that American traders might be shut off from the Mississippi trade. The Lords let the matter drop. It was all so far away.

Out of the reports of these British officers there has stalked the first Chicagoan, Baptiste Point du Sable, whom the "redcoats" found living in a trader's hut along the Chicago River —a tall frontiersman and barterer, black, either a "freedman" or a fugitive slave from Kentucky. That he was intelligent, well-mannered and sufficiently American to have been arrested by the British, is well established. But he is merely a phantom at best, gone from Chicago before its first chapter of building began.

3

The British House of Lords, having moved too slowly to seize the pivotal Chicago portage, saw the young Republic grasp the whole Northwest more securely in 1803 when in the Louisiana Purchase it acquired an empire from Spain. All England could do was to hold onto the beaver pelts and the red tomahawks of the region. Canadian traders still ruled the markets and the Indians.

The *voyageurs* were gracious as successful merchants must always be—far different from the land-hungry Pennsylvanians and Virginians who bored their way into Indian ter-

ritory, wresting property away from the owners and holding life cheap. Where the Americans too often debauched or killed Indian women, the Canadian traders made love to the squaws, marrying them readily—and often.

It was by muskets that the United States would rule its new domains—staggering new domains that now reached the Rocky Mountain tops. The forts at Detroit and Mackinac were not sufficient. Another key citadel must be founded.

So on an August day, in 1803, the Pottawattomie tribesmen of Illinois stand watching a little troop of American soldiers, blue-coated, their hair in pig-tails, march Northward along the sandy beaches of Lake Michigan. They are in the command of a twenty-one-year-old lieutenant, James Strode Swearingen, who has led them from Detroit, afoot, on a journey lasting more than a month. As they come up to the river-mouth to build a fort which they will name for the Secretary of War, General Henry Dearborn, they see the flashing lake to the East, sand and scrub timber to the West. Four cabins stand by the river, cabins of Canadian traders, one owned by a certain Le Mai, successor to Du Sable, one by Ouilmette, one by Pettle, one belonging to John Kinzie, American, who is now absent.

Lieut. Swearingen makes hasty notes:

"The river is about 30 yards wide where the garrison is intended to be built, and from 18 feet and upwards deep, dead water, owing to its being stopped up at the mouth by the washing of sand from the lakes. The water is not fit to use. . . ."

A little behind this vanguard comes Captain John Whistler, commandant, whose family name will be more famous when his grandson James Abbott McNeill Whistler has made two continents aware of his delicate etchings and paintings and his sophisticated sarcasm. Captain Whistler's son, father of the artist, is rowing along the lake shallows with his father in advance of the ship *Tracy*, which follows from St. Joseph with more troops, artillery, provisions, women.

The fort goes up on the dead waste by the slow, muddy creek. All around are spongy marshes. Soldiers haul timbers by hand, and slowly the block-houses, the stores, the barracks and the stockade take form. The men grumble and quarrel. Why pick out a spot like this for a fort?

But the work goes on. The tremendous lake tempers the winter storms that come down from what will be called Medicine Hat in the Northwest; it also checks the full blasts of prairie heat.

CHAPTER II

For nine years Fort Dearborn drowsed along, its population increasing little if at all, its existence enlivened by nothing more dramatic than the occasional arrival of an extraordinarily fine load of furs, vague rumors of an Indian "scare," a wedding in 1804 between the commandant's daughter and the son of a Detroit trader, dog-fights, deer-hunts and squabbles between officers in the garrison.

Dramatic forces were at work, however, to the south and east. In the wilderness a great man was rising—Tecumseh, the Shawnee, vain dreamer of a future of pacifism, socialism, brotherly love and the Confederated Indian Tribes of America.

Tecumseh had fought in redskin ranks against General Wayne, but he was no mere warrior. Wisely he analyzed his people's plight. They were split into tribes which could be fired to fratricidal jealousy by intriguing whites. They were commanded by chieftains who could be tricked or bribed into selling community property for whiskey. Liquor was undermining the native shrewdness and character. So Tecumseh preached two things, temperance and communism. Whiskey and private property should both be abolished.

For his crusade Tecumseh adroitly used his mystic brother, "The Prophet" Tenskwautawa, which name, translated, meant

"The Open Door"; with the religious tongue of this ally to captivate the thousands who could not catch the logic of the cause, Tecumseh triumphed for a time. Tribe after tribe joined his plan for a socialistic confederacy. In an incredibly short time whiskey-drinking decreased among his followers—indeed vanished from large sections of the Northwest.

To William Henry Harrison, the stripling governor of the Territory, Tecumseh brought his plan in 1810. The sale of land by individual tribes must cease. The Wyandots had sold vast sections of Ohio to the whites in 1805, the Miamis had ceded 2,000,000 acres to Harrison, the Piankeswaws had given up cheaply the territory west of the Wabash River. Such transactions must stop, said the red orator, such breaches of the Greenville Treaty were wrong. Killing of Indians must stop, too. Whites must no longer provoke tribes to fight each other.

As Tecumseh, four hundred braves at his back, stood before Harrison at Vincennes, the white leader asked him to come into the gubernatorial cabin and sit down.

"Houses are built for you to hold councils in; Indians hold theirs in the open air. . . . The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; on her bosom I will repose," answered the blanketed statesman as he sat himself down upon the earth.

Sitting, or at times standing, there in the sun, Tecumseh delivered the speech that has lived as his race's most devastating, yet simple, arraignment of the wealth-hunting whites:

"Brother: You wish to prevent the Indians to do as we wish them, to unite and let them consider their lands as the common property of the whole. You take tribes aside and advise them not to come into this measure. The reason, I tell you this, is you want by your distinctions of Indian tribes, in allotting to each a particular tract, to make them to war with each other. You never see an Indian endeavor to make the white people do so. You are continually driving the red people, when at last you will drive them onto the great lake, when they can neither stand nor work.

"Since my residence at Tippecanoe, we have endeavored to

level all distinctions, to destroy village chiefs, by whom all mischief is done. It is they who sell our lands to Americans. Brother, this land that was sold, and the goods that were given for it, was only done by a few, . . . in the future we are prepared to punish those who may propose to sell land. If you continue to purchase them it will make war among the different tribes and at last I do not know what will be the consequence among the white people. Brother, I wish you would take pity on the red people and do what I have requested. If you will not give up the land, and do cross the boundary of your present settlement, it will be very hard and produce great trouble among us.

"How can we have confidence in the white people?

"When Jesus Christ came upon the earth you killed Him and nailed Him on a cross. You thought He was dead, and you were mistaken. You have Shakers among you and you laugh and make light of their worship.

"Everything I have told you is the truth. The Great Spirit has inspired me."

In the face of such practical applications of Christianity, the whites could do nothing, and matters went on as before, with Tecumseh traveling the midlands from the Lakes to the Floridas, preaching his doctrine of unity and cooling his warriors against premature bloodshed.

"You shall know when to begin war when the arm of Tecumseh stretches across the heavens like pale fire," he said.

War came too soon for Tecumseh. In 1811 the United States and Great Britain, feeling gingerly around for each other's throats as they prepared for the grapple that was to come the next year, began recruiting allies among the red men —some tribes joining with the Yankees, more of them with the redcoats, or rather with those representatives of the redcoats, the love-making Canadians.

The majority of Indians in Tecumseh's dwindling Confederacy sympathized with the British, but the statesman held them in check, at his largest camp, Tippecanoe, Indiana, while

he went his coaxing, pleading way among the Cherokees of the South, rebuilding his political fences. Meanwhile, that half-crazy brother of his, "The Open Door," went mad with impatience and loosed Tecumseh's naked band on the white army which General Harrison had brought to Tippecanoe. Defeat, more dampening to the Indian spirit than to its arms, met them on Nov. 6, 1811, and when Tecumseh arrived upon the scene his Confederacy was completely wrecked; most of the tribes were independently suing for peace. In anguish the chieftain thought of killing "The Open Door," then reconsidered and set gallantly to work to plead for unity once more.

The battle of Tippecanoe had saved Fort Dearborn, for Tecumseh had planned to raze it, along with everything on his side of the Ohio River, unless the whites made good their broken treaties. Earlier in the year he had been among the Pottawattomies and Winnebagos of northern Illinois, preparing them for the tragic uprising which must, sooner or later, come.

2

But the little fort was not saved for long. By Spring the War of 1812 was on, and Tecumseh himself a duly appointed brigadier-general in the British army, able to mass a horde of fighting men if not to weld them into the peaceful Confederacy of his dreams. Warriors from his allies, the Winnebagos, in April massacred some men at the farm of a certain Lee, outside the Fort Dearborn stockade, and by August the friendly Pottawattomies, nearer neighbors of the fort, were showing signs of insolence.

Since the American fort at Detroit was obviously doomed to fall into the hands of the British and Indians, the government ordered Commandant Heald, in charge of Fort Dearborn, to destroy his guns and ammunition and withdraw to Fort Wayne. Heald summoned the Pottawattomie chiefs to council, told them his plan and drew up a bargain; he would give them the liquor and supplies of the fort in return for safe passage to

Fort Wayne. They agreed, not knowing that their brothers were so near to the capture of Detroit.

But Tecumseh was not to be so easily dismissed from calculation. His runners arrived outside Fort Dearborn with the news of how the war of liberation was going in other quarters, and the Pottawattomies flared.

John Kinzie, the Quebec-born trader who founded the first Chicago dynasty, was living in his cabin near the fort, and, knowing the Indians as he did—they made a warm friend of him, calling him "Silverman" for his skill in making trinkets for them—he warned Heald not to destroy his extra arms. That would be to walk into danger handcuffed. Heald carried out orders, however, destroying his excess of firearms and powder, and, forgetting his bargain, poured the whiskey into the river. Red scouts, lying in the tall grass, saw their promised liquor go downstream, and word of Heald's treachery ran through the assembled tribesmen.

At nine in the morning of August 15th, the garrison marched out, led by the famous Indian scout, William Wells, who had generously come with nine friendly Miami warriors to guide the troops to Fort Wayne.

The soldier band, by some quirk of depression, played the Dead March as it emerged, and Captain Wells, walking in front, had a face blackened with powder—the Indian and Long Knife sign of "trouble ahead." Less than fifty soldiers, twelve or fifteen civilians sworn in as militia, the women in the rear with a wagon-load of children, they marched, John Kinzie and a daughter among them, lugubrious because of approaching peril and loss of property.

Along what was later to be Michigan Avenue they wound, their escort of Pottawattomies, some on ponies, paralleling them inland, nearer to the sand dunes which ran a hundred yards from the beach. A half mile from the Fort, this escort took to the scrub timber, and a mile further on Indian heads began popping up above the dune-tops, "like turtles out of the water." Shots rang out. Captain Wells began to fight, while

his Miamis made off, scolding the Pottawattomies for their foolish outbreak. Wells was soon dead, attended by the victims which so redoubtable a frontier battler might be expected to take with him to the Happy Hunting Ground. The redskin who killed him stopped to cut out his heart and eat it, the truest tribute that a savage could give.

Confusion—desperate courage—puffs of musket-smoke, women hacking at red hands with butcher knives, "braves" circling the garrison, then closing, the fight hand to hand and scattering widely. Twenty-six soldiers, the twelve militiamen, Captain Wells, two women and twelve children were dead and many of the fifty-odd survivors wounded. The Kinzies, as old favorites of the redskins, were spared, a daughter, Mrs. Helm, being heroically saved from a frenzied warrior by Black Partridge, a cooler redskin—an exploit which in marble was to commemorate the disaster in the city of later days. Kinzie, refraining from fighting, remembered afterward that "a whole wagon-load of children was tomahawked and some of the women were carried off by the chiefs. And some of the men was tortured to death."

Next day the fort was plundered and burned, the prisoners distributed, and the Pottawattomies left for their various villages while the mangled corpses lay on the lake-front for the buzzards and the wolves to eat. Their bones were lying there, the two brass cannon were sprawling on the river bank, the empty houses gaping, when red-coats rode by that Winter.

In 1816, when John Kinzie came back, the skeletons were half buried by the drifting sand. Soldiers, coming to rebuild the fort in that year, collected, coffined and buried the remains. Even then the wind and water were to bare them once more. John Wentworth, who was to be mayor of the city, and the Northwest politician of whom Abraham Lincoln would say, "he knows more than most men," came to the city in 1832 and afterwards said, "Among my earliest recollections was seeing projections of coffins from the steep banks of the lakeshore south of the fort above Lake Street."

CHAPTER III

It was the Fourth of July, 1816.

Tecumseh had been two years in his grave. At the Battle of the Thames in Canada he had felt death at hand, and had taken off his red brigadier's coat and put on his old feathers and moccasins for the fight. He wanted to die like an Indian.

The War of 1812, into which the old empire and the young republic had drifted, was now over, with nothing in particular settled, and with blackened cabins dotting many a clearing in the Northwest, many a red tribe nearer its doom.

Still the Canadians, their canoes full of gay trinkets and thick pelts, their boat-songs haunting the Indian women, held the rich trade of the woods beyond Chicago. And as ever they were whispering evil things of those grasping conquistadors, the Yankee "Long Knives."

Since the previous year John Kinzie had been urging the government to reëstablish the garrison at Chicago. From the river towns of the mid-country, petitions had gone to Washington asking that the region be more competently garrisoned, and in the summer of 1815 the thing had been decided. The government, convinced by the wretched experiences of the late war, had settled upon the necessity of erecting a line of forts across the Northwest.

Fort Dearborn went up again, one hundred and twelve soldiers under Captain Hezekiah Bradley arriving for the task on that July 4 from the schooner *General Wayne*. Life was taken up where it had been cut off four years before. Now, perhaps, civilization seemed a little nearer. Mail was brought once or twice a month from the nearest post-office, Fort Wayne. Provisions arrived on ships from Detroit or occasionally "on the hoof," as herds of cattle were driven overland for the soldiers to butcher.

Since Spring the American fur-traders had begun to gather near Fort Dearborn, and by Autumn John Kinzie reopened his house—quite a place as places went on the frontier in pioneer days, a house large enough for a big family, with a kitchen garden, some sort of lawn, and four ornamental trees in front, probably poplars.

"The good old times" of which the frontiersmen's children talked so wistfully down through the nineteenth century lived in the Kinzie home. Kinzie himself had always been a great hand with the fiddle at wakes and gay parties, and in his reopened home children danced to his scraping. There was smell of venison cooking, of wild duck, trout and partridge. Travelers dropped in and received bed and board for the asking.

In the Autumn of 1818 the Kinzies entertained a strange boy, Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard, who was at sixteen one of the daring youngsters sent out by John Jacob Astor, back in New York City, to serve the American Fur Company in its bold trade-war upon the older and more powerful British Hudson Bay Company. Success had come to Astor, and he reached further and ever further toward the Pacific. Out from his clearing-house at Mackinac went expeditions to found new posts, and in one of these—a group of a hundred men in twelve bateaux which skirted Lake Michigan and doubled toward Chicago on the southern end—was young Hubbard. As the party landed south of Fort Dearborn to get their bearings, the boy climbed a tree and looked north.

His breath almost stopped, for he was seeing his first prairie. Grass waved for miles, tapestried with wild flowers. On the horizon were the timber-groves of Blue Island and the Des Plaines River. A herd of wild deer grazed contentedly near by and a pair of foxes played before him. White in the distance glistened the lime-slaked walls of the fort. Climbing down, he reëntered the canoe, and that morning he breakfasted with the Kinzies.

The family circle was so normal, so homelike, that the boy, only a child after all, suddenly thought of his family back in Montreal and wept. Mrs. Kinzie dried his eyes. He said to her, "You remind me of my mother. This seems like home to me."

Nevertheless, in three days adventure was bright again, and the boy went from the Chicago fur-depot up the south branch of the river with the voyageurs, and following the traditional water-route, sought to pass Mud Lake, as they called the swamp that connected the Chicago River with the Des Plaines. From dawn to dark they pushed their canoes on rollers through the sticky morass, waist-deep, sometimes holding to the boats to keep from sinking over their heads. In camp it took hours of work to clean the bloodsucking leeches off their bodies. Their legs swelled with inflammation.

Mud!

For two score years thereafter it was Chicago's mud that stuck in the minds as well as on the legs of people passing through it.

2

James Madison, President of the United States four years before, had foreseen the spot's strategic location, and had named it as the northern terminus of the ship canal which he asked Congress to build through the Des Plaines and Illinois Rivers so that lake traffic might sail to the Mississippi. But nothing had come of this. The Northwest was too far

away from Washington, D. C., just as it had been too far away from the British House of Lords.

It was the Mississippi River regions that the Eastern States visioned as the important part of the Northwest Territory. While Chicago and Northern Illinois were still virgin wilderness, the Southern portion of the State was filling rapidly with settlers from Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky—those pioneers whom Andrew Jackson called "half-horse, half-alligator." Men of the South they were, for all that many of them hated slavery, and as they took up homesteads in lower Illinois, their trade, like their loyalties, ran southward.

So little had they thought of the Great Lakes region that when Illinois became a separate territory in 1812, they protested not at all when its northern boundary was run due west from the southern tip of Lake Michigan, leaving Fort Dearborn and the river-mouth in what was to become Wisconsin. Chicago's future then seemed to be fixed outside of Illinois.

And there it might have remained but for the political shrewdness—perhaps statesmanship—of Nathaniel Pope, representative in Congress for the Territory of Illinois. Although Pope was Southern, up from Kentucky, he was pro-Union in the sectional lines that were being drawn, even then, between States that permitted slavery and those that forbade it.

Since the formation of the republic North and South had striven for supremacy, and at last had agreed to strike a balance of power by admitting new States to the Union in pairs, one "slave" State for every "free" State.

Thus Illinois, which was begging for statehood in 1818, was credited to the anti-slavery forces and paired off against Mississippi, which would be pro-slavery. But Nathaniel Pope well knew that in case of division between North and South, the State of Illinois, as things then stood, would side with the slave section. This was serious, for although the nation had not yet begun to rock to the bitter quarrels which were to end in the awful blood letting of the '60s, thoughtful men in 1818 were seeing the danger of disunion on the horizon. And it was

on this fear that Pope played when he persuaded President James Monroe and Congress to include Chicago in the new State of Illinois.

If Illinois' northern boundary were moved up some sixty miles into Wisconsin, said Pope, it would capture the mouth of the Chicago River, a place certain to become in time the gateway to the canal and the Mississippi. Through this port, Pope contended, would come Northern and Eastern blood by way of the Great Lakes—energetic merchants and thrifty farmers of the Eastern States—a civilization which would counterbalance that of the down-state Southerners. Thus Illinois would not only become settled more rapidly, but its population would be ideal, a mixture of North and South; Illinois would develop, Pope seemed to think, into a sort of model commonwealth, bulwark against any threat of disunion which might arise in either national group.

Put the Chicago River port in Illinois and the State will become the political keystone of the Union, Pope urged. At one end you will have Fort Dearborn commanding the Great Lakes, while at the other extreme, deep down in the South, you will have Cairo, watching over the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Illinois will be in a position to crush secession North or secession South. Let Illinois contain within itself both ends of the proposed ship canal. Tie the Great Lakes to the Mississippi, upon which traffic is already enormous. One observer journeying upstream in that year counted six hundred and forty-three flatboats drifting downstream with produce for New Orleans.

Pope's arguments told. Illinois was allowed to bite a wide chunk out of Wisconsin's southern section, and the new State came into the Union with a mud village tied to it for the sake of future profits and the Union, which must be preserved.

Even with such master diplomacy smoothing the way, it took questionable juggling at the last minute to get Illinois into the sisterhood of States, for Monroe had authorized the admission upon one condition;—there must be counted 40,000

population within the borders. Here was a problem, for, count as they might, the politicians could find no more than 30,000 noses in all the backwoods. United States marshals, however, solved the difficulty by enumerating immigrants as they came across the State in their creaking, lurching, covered wagons. Tabulators caught these travelers and their families again and again as they passed—and the quota was made. Within forty years—so short a span in the history of a nation—both of Pope's visions would have become fact—Chicago would be a great port, through which had come tens of thousands of Easterners to tie the State to the Union that disunion would threaten in 1861. The cold, hard fire of the North and East would tell the story; Illinois in the Civil War swung weight against Southern secession such as no other State could show.

3

Other eyes, scientific rather than political, saw possibilities in the shabby little groups of cabins that sat in the mud around Fort Dearborn. Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, author and explorer, looking at the place in 1820, thought it destined to become "a great thoroughfare for strangers, merchants and travelers," although it presented to his eye not more than a dozen huts and barely sixty souls.

Less optimistic was the report given the national government in 1823 by Major Long, the surveyor who had been sent out to chart the proposed ship canal over the Chicago portage. That official set Chicago's climate down as inhospitable, its soil as sterile, its scenery as monotonous and uninviting. He saw only a few huts of bark or logs, filthy, disgusting, wholly without comforts, and inhabited by a "miserable race of men" scarcely equal to the Indians from whom most of them seemed to have descended.

Through the '20s the settlement was only a police station against the Indians. There was no telling what the redskins would do. Governor Cass of Michigan met them at Chicago in

1821 and dealt with the Ottawas and Pottawattomies for their lands—a treaty which enriched some "early Chicagoans"—but the old racial hatreds simmered, refusing to die. Some tribes were satisfied with money, others drowned their woes in whiskey, but there were always recalcitrants, chieftains who remembered Tecumseh.

The "Winnebago scare" of 1827 illustrated how fear could grip the whites even in a fortified community like Chicago. That summer redskins attacked soldiers in boats on the upper Mississippi, and, near Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, surprised and murdered a Canadian half-breed named Gagnier.

Out of all proportion to the damage done, grew terror in the Northwest. Governor Cass, then in the region, heard that the Winnebago tribesmen were on the warpath, hastened to Prairie du Chien, and, falling upon the Winnebago encampment as he went, bluffed the chiefs into smoking a pipe of peace.

Two days later he was at Galena, toward which on every trail frightened settlers were rushing with their families. Keeping up this record-breaking trip, he descended to the mouth of the Illinois (using a light birch-bark canoe with twelve paddlemen) and up that river to Chicago; incidentally, he passed one wretched night "stalled" on Mud Lake.

There were no soldiers then in the fort, which was occupied by the Indian agent, Alexander Wolcott, and only a corporal's guard of militia could be mustered. Among these, as Cass hurried on northward to complete his circuit of sixteen hundred wilderness miles, there was despair. The "red devils" would attack any day, it was expected. Fortunately Gurdon Hubbard was there. That boy had now become a man, had won the friendship of the Indians, and had earned from them the title Pa-ea-ma-ta-be, or "The Swift Walker." He had once walked seventy-five miles in a single day. As a trader there was none better than he.

Now in the crisis of the "Winnebago scare" he offered to set out to bring up help from Danville, and he did so, riding hard, swimming swollen streams, walking prodigiously, and

returning with the Danville volunteers to find that at Chicago peace had been made with the Winnebagos. The march ended in a drinking-bout instead of a battle, men forgetting their fright—it had been little more than that, the whole affair—in a happy orgy. However, the news of the Winnebago troubles was spread over the East, where it was sufficient to discourage many a young man from following that national injunction, "Go West."

4

Quite to the contrary operated the next, and last, of the Indian troubles, "The Black Hawk War." Black Hawk, inheritor of Tecumseh's policies, objected when the Sac and Fox tribes, of which he was an under-chief, ceded to the whites all their northwestern lands east of the Mississippi River. On the Iowa side of the river he sat nursing his spleen as runners told him how the settlers were ploughing up old Indian villages to plant corn. In May, 1832, he paddled across the river with his young men, and fell upon the whites, burning, scalping and routing the first Illinois militiamen. But the "war" was soon over, for the militiamen were promptly reinforced, and officered by United States Army generals, and in the late summer were hounding Black Hawk's little army through southwestern Wisconsin. On the Bad Axe River, in August, the clouds of white pursuers made an end of the red forces and Black Hawk stole West, to die five years later in his camp on the Des Moines River.

The chieftain had, unwittingly, hastened the settling of those regions he sought to depopulate. Into northern Illinois and Wisconsin had come Michigan and Indiana militiamen; into it, too, had come United States Army detachments from the East, all of whom carried home entrancing stories of the beautiful country and of the black soil that had seemed so firm beneath their feet that Summer. Eastern newspapers, chronicling the war-events, told their readers of the future riches

that awaited emigrants to this Northwestern country. Many hundreds of young men, reading of the land or listening to soldiers tell of it, said, "It ought to be a good place to move to."

That Chicago shared in this advertising is not a matter of record. Black Hawk had done little or nothing for it. As was to have been expected, terrorized settlers for miles around poured into Fort Dearborn at the first alarm and lived there, five or six families crowded into a single room, for days while the soldiers drilled outside. General Winfield Scott, famous Indian fighter and Congressional gold-medalist, arrived off the village with his "regulars" in a steamboat—the first to reach Lower Lake Michigan. But the soldiers brought no glory—only disease. Cholera, which had already devastated Europe and was causing a hundred deaths a day in New York, came to Chicago with Scott's men, and Fort Dearborn was immediately turned into a hospital. A great pit was dug at Lake and Wabash Avenues and into it were dumped the cholera victims.

When peace arrived, the soldiers left and so did the cholera. The traders and settlers flocked back, and the normal population of one hundred souls gathered again on the marshy riverbanks.

But it was only the lull before the storm of migration.

Seven years before, the Erie Canal, then as marvelous an achievement as a transcontinental railroad would seem in 1869, had been opened and made safe for boats over ninety feet in length. There were packets running as far west as Buffalo. Perhaps not all of them were at first comparable to the one which brought Joseph Jefferson, the boy-actor, Chicagoward with his father in 1838, for that vessel, as the youth recalled it, resembled "a Noah's ark with a flat roof," and it was "painted white and green and enlivened with blue window-blinds and a broad red stripe running from bow to stern." But these creeping arks brought people from Troy to Buffalo in comparative comfort. The remainder of the trip around the

lakes was leisurely and decent, ending in a few weeks' time at the port of Chicago, which was a lonely mudhole or a door to Paradise as one chose to view it.

The Northwest's day of glory was dawning. The Indians were whipped, the Eastern migration was stirring. The last picture of the old day is a sentimental one—the red man's farewell.

5

Fittingly enough, the funeral ceremonies of Indian sovereignty take place in the town where the white man's Western régime was to flower—Chicago. The red chieftains of the Pottawattomies have powwowed with paleface leaders and made a deal. They are to give up five million acres in Illinois and Michigan and go West to a tract of similar size across the Mississippi. For that they are to receive whiskey, money, and goods—a pitiable amount subject to further reservations, quibbles, and chicaneries. They are being robbed; family relationships, "pulls," ancient friendships, old grudges, are at work, and certain white families, already fattened upon the redskin's ignorance and love of liquor, are to grow fatter still on this last "steal."

Around the village are encamped five thousand Indians—braves, squaws, pappooses. They have come to say good-bye with all pomp and ceremony, and as they group at the Council House on this 18th day of August, 1835, their men are naked except for breech-clouts and their skins are bright with scarlet, yellow, and blue paint. Their mouths are curved, by black and vermilion paint, into horrible grimaces—as though to grin even at their own obsequies. They dance as though they are happy, their war-feathers flying. They promenade as if in triumph. Before them go the drum-beaters, thumping out the rhythms to which the horde steps, squats, bends, and howls. Slowly they weave through the village, halting in front of every log house to go through their convulsions. They are performing their ritual of war—their twisting, leaping Dance

of Blood. That crimson fluid trickles down through the shining sweat from wounds that their owners do not feel; knives and tomahawks gleam recklessly. Eyes roll, mouths foam, whoops rise staccato and spasmodic. Bending over, the braves strike imaginary enemies with their clubs or cut out imaginary white hearts in the sod.

They, who have let the palefaces rob them of their domains, are showing how terrible they are. White women, watching from cabin windows, hide their eyes; some of them faint. Even so hard-headed a newcomer as John D. Caton, afterward Chief Justice of Illinois, as he looks down at the orgy, thinks he is seeing a picture of hell itself and a carnival of condemned spirits.

At length the pathetic inferno is over, the Indians have their stingy little price; they go back to their wigwams, where their wild cries simmer steadily down as the night wears on and where, in the days that follow, they are packing up for the good-bye trip across the "Father of Waters" to Kansas and, in a few more years, to oblivion. Among them is Medore Beaubien, Princeton ex-student, half-breed and son of the white Jean Beaubien, Chicago notable. Medore has been a beau among the white belles, a business man of the village and member of the first town council, but in him the red blood is stronger than the white.

By the end of the century, Chicago's first inhabitants will have disappeared—the lost tribes of the Pottawattomies.

CHAPTER IV

Up to the year 1833 it seemed that either Milwaukee or Michigan City would be as likely to be the gateway to the Northwest as would Chicago. Both were less muddy, larger, and possessed of better harbors. In 1830 Michigan City had over three thousand people, enormously more than Chicago—and far better dressed. Its harbor had been improved by the government, its piers ran out into the lake, and vessels up to two hundred tons called for the farmers' grain. Chicago, in that year, was not even incorporated, although the commissioners of the Illinois and Michigan Canal had laid it out as a town in a survey dated August 4, 1830, and had gone so far as to name its principal streets State, Dearborn, Clark, La Salle, and so on.

Even in 1833, when Congress began discussing Lake Michigan improvements, so close a student as Stephen A. Douglas thought it better to spend money for a harbor at the mouth of the Calumet River, fourteen miles to the South, than at the spot where dismal Garlic Creek flowed into the lake. However, a young army engineer insisted that the outlet of the Chicago River was the logical place for the improvements, and under his advice $25,000 was voted to clean the mouth and erect a thousand-foot pier. The young engineer was Jefferson Davis,

for whose hanging Chicago would be calling within thirty years and less.

On July 12, 1834, the schooner *Illinois* got over the sand bar which had been lowered by a timely river-flood, and Chicago's harbor-life began.

More important to Chicago just then was the immigration that, pouring into the Northwest, found the village last in a chain of outfitting points. The East was already old. New York had over two hundred thousand people, and, with Irving, Cooper and Bryant, was "intellectual." Boston, with something like seventy thousand population, had Emerson and Harvard, the latter having seen two centuries of growth. Veterans of the Revolution were gray-haired.

As the '30s advanced, the voices of young, scatter-brained sons rose in those sedate, prosperous, and Puritan families of New England, demanding a chance to go West. New York boys, seeing no future for themselves in aged Manhattan, wanted to go out to Chicago and look around.

Grave good-byes were spoken. Prayers were offered. The villages saw those crazy wanderers start out, carting as much of their goods as they could take; Colonial bedsteads, bookcases and chairs, rare boxes of mahogany or cedar, china-ware fashioned in England, spinning-wheels—a treasury of household articles which were to be cherished for three-quarters of a century in lonely farmhouses of Northern Illinois, until the antique shops of Chicago would gather them in.

Few immigrants into the Northwest were wealthy enough to make the entire journey by boat along the canal and around the lakes. Many men with families accomplished the entire trek in wagons that were drawn by horses or oxen. Young men unencumbered rode horseback or tramped tremendous distances. Starting out with the few dollars they could earn, borrow, or wheedle from thrifty parents, they made the trip as best they could.

Silas B. Cobb, who became one of Chicago's leaders, left Vermont and on reaching Buffalo found that his pocket had

been picked; only seven dollars left. The captain of a lake schooner offered to take the boy as a deck passenger if he would supply his own food and give the officer what money was left. Cobb spent three dollars on a ham, six loaves of bread and a bedtick filled with shavings. For the remaining four dollars the captain gave him a five-weeks' ride through fierce gales that drenched his bed and half froze his body. Arrived at last in Chicago—a village still without a harbor—the captain demanded three dollars more for the passage. For three days, while the other passengers were taken ashore in canoes and boats, the youth was kept prisoner on board. At last a chance acquaintance loaned him the three dollars and he came to the muddy village.

2

On August 10, 1833, Chicago was incorporated as a town, a census showing forty-three houses and less than two hundred inhabitants. New buildings went up, however, in time for the Indians' "farewell" council and the boom marched steadily along. Immigrants jammed the meager hotels; men slept on the floors. On the outskirts of the village, on most nights, there was a ring of camp fires where the covered wagons parked.

To care for travelers and transients was the first duty of Chicago, The Town. The Sauganash Tavern was the most popular hostelry—named for an admired Indian chief known in English as Billy Caldwell. Mark Beaubien, one-time ferryman in days before bridges, was host at the Sauganash, frantically proud of the frame lean-to which had been added to its log structure. Mark was a capital "mine host," wearing, upon gay occasions, a big blue coat with brass buttons and nankeen trousers, letting the kitchen run itself, gossiping with the half-breed loungers, scraping his fiddle at dances; singing an endless ballad about the surrender of Detroit, neglecting his hotel (as he had his ferry) to race his horses. Always happy-go-lucky and busy, Mark by different marriages became the

father of twenty-three children. His brother Jean Baptiste Beaubien was fur-company agent, colonel of militia and many other things. Four scantier were his children than Mark's—the most famous of them being Alexander, who lived into the twentieth century, revered mistakenly as the first white child born in Chicago.

The town's poll-lists, which had registered half of the voters as French Canadians or half-breed Indians in the '20s, now filled with Anglo-Saxon names. Archibald Clybourn, descended by a strange mix-up of marriages from a woman captured by the Indians during the Revolution, had opened a packing-plant on the north branch of the river. Philo Carpenter was a druggist, John Caton a lawyer, P. F. W. Peck a merchant; J. Bailey was postmaster and John Calhoun was an editor, having shipped out his printing-press from New York in 1833 to found the *Chicago Weekly Democrat*.

A gigantic young man, with a Dartmouth diploma behind him, John Wentworth had in '32 walked into town barefoot, so the legend runs. Forty years later he described what Chicagoans were like in those '30s:

"We had people from almost every clime, and almost every opinion. We had Jews and Christians, Protestants, Catholics and infidels; among Protestants there were Calvinists and Arminians. Nearly every language was represented. Some people had seen much of the world, and some very little. Some were quite learned and some were ignorant."

Wentworth, describing the jocular war dance which the townsfolk held after a wedding, observed, "The Indian war dance to me is much more sensible than nine-tenths of those which are now practiced at so many of our fashionable parties."

Other diversions amused the Chicagoans when they were not hammering together clapboard houses or farming or keeping shop. A debating-society raged (Jean Baptiste Beaubien, president) with headquarters in the fort, and long hours of oratory were devoted to the passionate discussion of Andrew Jackson's policies or of the virtues of England's Reform Law.

Checkers engaged the milder citizens. At night the very wicked ones would "play at cards," properly frowned upon by the New Englanders, who considered the queens and jacks satanic portraits; and tin cups, dipping into the ever-open cask of whiskey, drove away the worries attendant upon building a city out of mud. At one end of town would rise shouting guffaws of merrymakers while at the other the "respectables," bearded gentry with demure wives, would be splashing through the mud to prayer meeting.

A piano arrived from the East in the middle '30s. It was a godsend. Ladies sat down to it and played "The Battle of Prague," "The Mogul," "The Bluebottle Fly," and other tunes of the time. But perhaps while strong men wept over these melodies, thinking of civilization "back East," and while half-breeds lounged within hearing, marveling at the miracle of the music-box, there would come word that wolves had been spotted in a grove a few miles south. Then, behind a horde of dogs, the town would take up the chase. Once in 1835 the unofficial town crier raised the populace to kill a bear, out in the wilds at a point where, after 1903, people disembarked daily from the Twentieth Century Limited.

Harriet Martineau, a woman writer from lofty England, was surprised to receive from Chicago women, when she arrived in the village, a bouquet of prairie flowers. And although it startled her to find "a family of half-breeds setting up a carriage and wearing fine jewelry," she went on to say, "There is some allowable pride in the place about its society. It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons as may be found there, living in small, inconvenient houses on the edge of a wild prairie."

Churches came to help tame the pioneers. A young French priest, Father St. Cyr, celebrated mass in 1833 on the riverbank and, before the year was out, had built a chapel. That same year the First Presbyterian Church was established, and a Baptist, a Methodist and an Episcopal church followed at once.

Yet stronger than all the delights, the pursuits, the solaces, of that day, more powerful than all other urges, loomed the pleasure of making money.

3

In the '30s the entire United States was "land mad." As a contemporary wrote, "The farmer forsook the plow, and became a speculator upon the surface of the soil. . . . The mechanic laid aside his tools, and resolved to grow rich without labor. The lawyer sold his books and invested the proceeds in lands." A fictitious prosperity grew on a swollen system of credit; a snowstorm of notes of hand fell upon the country. Paper money stuffed the vaults. Inevitably the new community of Chicago shared in the insanity.

"In our case," wrote Joseph Balestier, quoted above, "the inducements to speculation were particularly strong; and as no fixed value could be assigned to property, so no price could by any established standard be deemed extravagant."

Moreover, Chicago had something to speculate with—the Illinois and Michigan Canal. In 1827 the State of Illinois had been authorized by Congress to accept "each alternate section of land, five miles in width, on each side of the proposed canal," and the State, selling this land, saw a straggling procession of cities and towns rise along the right of way. Chicago itself had been laid out in 1830—three-eighths of a mile square—and had streets marked off, although these were indistinguishable in the mud.

Now, in the later '30s, "canal lands" became a speculative will-o'-the-wisp. "School lands" were footballs for the gamblers, too. Chicago, like every other town in the county, contained a section set aside for "educational purposes," but with unusual recklessness, even for a Western town, in 1833 Chicago sold this section—worth hundreds of millions today—for $38,865.

Through 1835 and '36 the boom held its crest. Land on Lake Street, west of State, selling for $300 in 1834, was resold

for $60,000 two years later. Another tract knocked down for $62 at an auction in 1830 increased until it sold for $96,700 in 1836. The lot on which was to arise the Tremont Hotel was said to have been "swapped for a pair of ponies and rebought for a barrel of whiskey." Col. Walter L. Newberry made smashing profits, founding a fortune which later went, in part, to establish a magnificent library.

"Hardy pioneers," Chicago has always liked to call these men of the early '30s. "Sharpers of every degree; pedlars, grog-sellers, horse-dealers, horse-stealers . . . rogues of every description, white, black, brown and red . . . half-breeds, quarter-breeds, and men of no breed at all," was the way a supercilious English traveler, Charles J. Latrobe, described them to Londoners when he had returned from his rambles in North America.

"The little village was in an uproar from morning to night, and from night to morning; for, during the hours of darkness, when the housed portion of the population of Chicago strove to obtain repose in the crowded plank edifices of the village, the Indians howled, sang, wept, yelled in their various encampments. With all this, the whites seemed to me more pagan than the red men . . . betting and gambling were the order of the day. Within the vile, two-storied barrack, which, dignified as usual with the title Hotel, afforded us quarter, all was in a state of most appalling confusion, filth and racket."

The "land craze" had brought professional adventurers, yet the whole affair was of so adventurous a character that to strange eyes the honest men seemed no different from the scoundrels. Gamblers nested plentifully, not to be driven away, even temporarily, until a "season of prayer," held by the godly wing of the inhabitants in 1835, won many young men from the devil and sent two gamblers to jail. A town ordinance was passed that year assessing a $25 fine against keepers of houses of prostitution.

To add to the booming fury of land speculation, the government itself got into the game that same year. On Lake

Street, the business thoroughfare, it opened a land office where vacant property was offered at $1.25 an acre. The office was on a second floor over a store, and so thick were the buyers that the thoughtful store-keeper each morning dumped loads of sand onto the mud in front of the door.

4

Into such a turmoil came young William B. Ogden, who had expected to be a big man in Eastern politics, but whose relatives, entangled in Chicago real estate, now propelled him Westward. One of Ogden's kinsmen had bought $100,000 worth of Chicago land "sight unseen" and had sent the young man out to appraise it. As Ogden stood on State Street, looking West at the vast acreage ankle-deep in water, he shook his head. "You have been guilty of the grossest folly," he wrote back to the buyer.

Nevertheless, he went doggedly to work platting the land, and when Summer had dried the prairie, he auctioned off one-third of the tract for the original $100,000. Watching the purchasers storm his office, he put them all down as lunatics. "There is no such value in the land and won't be for a generation," he said, as he took the money East to his kinsman.

Soon Ogden was back and learning how wrong he could be, for here were those lunatic buyers of his kinsman's land staggering now with riches. Convinced at last of Chicago's future greatness, he made the place his home, building, within a few years, a house that impressed Chicago as a palace, placing it north of the river in the center of an entire "square" of city land. Ogden's business was real estate, his avocations those of a man of leisure, and to his "mansion" came celebrities who passed through the city, Webster, Bryant, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, many others. His friend G. P. A. Healy, the portrait artist, declared Ogden to be a rival as a conversationalist of the three best he had ever known—Louis Philippe, John Quincy Adams and Dr. O. A. Bronson.

What served the city better was Ogden's incessant talk of "Chicago's future." Seeing clearly what prosperity must come to a town so strategically located, Ogden urged people to buy its land on long terms, short terms, any terms at all. Steadfastly he kept at it long after the boom of 1835-1836 had collapsed.

In 1836 there seemed sound reason for optimism. The long-discussed canal project, authorized by Congress in 1827, (thanks to the efforts of Daniel P. Cook, Illinois Congressman —he for whom Cook County is named), and made more definite nine years later when the Legislature—urged on by Gurdon Hubbard, largely—decided on the Chicago River as the lakeward end, had now come to seem real. On the Fourth of July the citizens in gala mood embarked on ships in the river and went up to Bridgeport—with large delegations on shore paralleling their path in carriages, on horseback or afoot. There the Canal was dedicated, and its work inaugurated; Chicago came home walking on thin air.

A year later the canal itself was thin air, too, for everything had crashed, head on, into the banking-panic of 1837. All balloons collapsed, especially the land bubble, and Chicago lots which yesterday had looked like fortunes now looked like the sandy swindles that they were. Money disappeared. Men went about with I.O.U.s for money. Commerce was conducted with tickets reading, "Good at our store for ten cents," "Good for a shave," "Good for a drink," and so on. John Wentworth vouched for this, as he did for the story that a crowd of small boys filled a church collection-box with the "Good-for-a-drink" tickets, and gave the deacon an opportunity to cash them at the bar of issue.

5

The first sign that the Easterners would dominate Chicago came on the first Tuesday in May, 1837. Two months earlier it had demanded and obtained a city charter from the Legisla-

ture at Vandalia, adopting the motto, "Urbs in Horto"—a city set in a garden.

John H. Kinzie, Whig, son of that first John Kinzie, one of the "old-line" families who had trafficked with the Indians and run the town ever since, ran for mayor against the rich young man, William B. Ogden. Kinzie lost two to one.

A new spirit was on the town. The easy-living, love-making Canadians were going as had their friends the Indians, pushed on by the "restless, often reckless, Yankees." They understood business, these Eastern newcomers—business and credit.

The town might be "broke," but it would come through the panic in far better shape than the State of Illinois. Young Mayor Ogden, confronted by the fact that the city bought thirty times as much goods as it sold, was also faced by the situation down-state. Illinois itself had gone bankrupt over a ten-million-dollar internal-improvement scheme—a bubble in which Representative Abraham Lincoln had held devout faith.

Mayor Ogden, himself near to bankruptcy, kept Chicago from following Illinois into shame. Before a town meeting he spoke of how forts had been saved by the pure courage of their garrisons and nothing more. To Chicagoans who urged a moratorium on all debts, Ogden replied in appeals to civic patriotism.

"Above all," he cried, "do not tarnish the honor of our infant city!"

His personality, plus the support of the cooler business men among his followers, won the day. The city issued scrip—a thing bad enough, but better than bankruptcy. Its bankers, led by the hard-fighting George Smith, issued certificates against deposit and, as they backed them with honest vigor, soon had them circulating at face value. If the State's legal tender was worthless, Chicagoans would issue illegal tender and pay their bills. The plan worked, and the city's commercial credit was dramatized for the country at large to note.

Climbing slowly toward the civilization of later years,

Chicago passed on to the ambitious '40s, its wings clipped but its organism undamaged.

However, the memory of that chaotic deflation of '37 hung on. Rising in the Saloon Building—the city's finest—one evening, a romantic speaker predicted that children then born would live to see Chicago with a population of 50,000.

In answer there came from the audience a derisive shout: "Town lots!"

CHAPTER V

As the '40s dawned, four thousand, four hundred and seventy inhabitants sat along Garlic Creek, better called the Chicago River, wondering if they had been right in calling their town "The Garden City," or whether it was only a "mudhole in the prairie," as other cities jeeringly described it.

Maybe it was just another mushroom town after all, they said to themselves; maybe that thrilling rise from nothing in 1815 to the lusty young giant of 1836 had been only a false promise.

For three years now everything had stood still—the population increasing only three hundred. Land speculators had fled, the seven hotels stood almost deserted. The seven churches —none of which had steeples—had dismally small attendance. Palsy lay on the provision-stores, hardware-stores, drug-stores and groceries which, in the absense of licensed saloons, sold whiskey. The seventeen lawyers' offices had little to do. The municipal court in the courthouse was sleepy, the jail nearly empty. The factories which made plows, wagons, lumber, and bricks for the farmers, hummed and pounded at a slower pace. The slaughter-houses, tanneries, and soap-and-candle works did just enough to preserve their reputation for filling the river with bad smells. Citizens who had been ruined in the

smash had gone to farming on the prairie. Pigs reveled in the puddles on every street.

"The population of Chicago is said to be principally composed of dogs and loafers," sneered the newspaper at Jackson, Michigan.

Cows spent the night on sidewalks. The city's three constables, who alone seemed busy, dashed about quelling fights in saloons and on the streets, or they scurried out to shoo pigs and chickens out of thoroughfares when citizens complained. Horse-thieves were abundant. Chicago was known as wicked.

John Hawkins, father of the "Washingtonian" temperance movement, visiting Chicago, said that after having carefully looked the city over, he could frankly state that in all his tours of the United States he had never seen a town which seemed so like the universal grog-shop as did Chicago.

Fires frequently swept through the flimsy buildings, once wiping out as many as eighteen structures at one lick.

To escape the nauseous river-water, the town pumped its supply from the lake through logs bored lengthwise and strung together from a common cistern. When the waves were high, the common people drank muddy water, wealthier citizens buying from water carts at five to ten cents a barrel.

Nevertheless, in this doldrums which held the masses that spirit which was to be Chicago's genius stirred. Thirty-eight bags of wheat had been shipped on an East-bound boat in '38. One hundred and twenty-seven steamboats with 241 lesser vessels had called in that year. Grain was coming in from the Northwest; 212 bushels were shipped in 1841, and in the year following, 586,907!

Exporters began to blaze the way for the wholesalers who would make the city great.

2

If, between '37 and '41, Chicago found it difficult to keep its head above water financially, it found the thing almost as hard

in reality, for the swamps and the mud hurt Chicago most of all. Farmers' wagons mired down in the streets and were often deserted. Ladies went to church in vehicles drawn by straining horses; sometimes they rode in dung-carts with buffalo robes to sit upon. Sometimes girls and their beaux, returning from parties late in the evening, stuck in the morass while crossing streets, and had to howl for the neighbors to come pull them out.

Roads leading into Chicago clutched at wagon-wheels with black, tenacious fingers. Only after mid-Summer and through early Autumn was the prairie's surface like an open palm. In most months, stages struggled along hub-deep, churning the pikes into quagmires. Passengers often chose to alight and wade rather than put up with the jolting, bruising lurches of the vehicles. Broken axles dotted the roadsides.

Still the immigrants came, national "panic" or no national "panic." Nothing could stop the "horizon-hunger" which gnawed at the natives of the Eastern States. In 1834 there had been counted two hundred and fifty wagons a day streaming out of Buffalo on the road to Chicago and the great Northwest, and the tide kept flowing through the following decade.

However, these covered wagons saw in Chicago only an outfitting point. Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, and the fringes of Iowa and Minnesota were dotted with pioneers who had gone through muddy Chicago swearing that they wouldn't take a quarter-section of it as a gift.

At Michigan City, on the State line between Illinois and Indiana, immigrant wagons and Detroit stages heading West turned off onto Lake Michigan's beach, where if the waves had been up, their wheels rolled on hard sand, making the sixty-odd miles to Chicago in six hours. If, however, the waves had been quiet and the sun hot for days, the wagon-wheels sank in powdered sand, and the trip often took six days. In time travelers gave up this route and bucked the muddy road just inland—the road that seventy-five years later was to be the nationally famous "Dunes Hiway."

Chicago, the city, lay in a semicircle of bogs and marshes. A huge "Dismal Swamp" cut it off from the interior for months. Spring held late; Summer rains melted the land.

An English tourist, J. S. Buckingham, coming by stage ninety-six miles from Peru to Chicago in 1842, found that the trip consumed forty hours, six of them spent on the last twelve miles of the way. "The horses walked at the rate of two miles an hour," he said, "with the wheels scarcely ever less than six inches and oftener a foot deep in mud and water. Altogether, this last night was by far the most disagreeable that we have ever spent in journeying through the United States."

Nature was a wet blanket on the city. By contrast it helped lake traffic. Foreign immigrants, having passed over three thousand miles of the Atlantic, chose to come the next thousand by water also. They disliked mud. Across the Erie Canal to Buffalo and then by steamer to Chicago was their path. They had read and heard of Chicago, the city of promise. What met their eyes was ramshackle, and drab. Chicago's dreadful wetness dampened their spirits and sent them on to settle in the more cheerful communities, along the canal at which workmen tinkered spasmodically. It was land that most of these Europeans wanted anyway—land, not a job, even if Chicago had had jobs to offer. They would work on the canal until they got money for the proper outfitting of a farm.

In '42 the funds for the canal gave out and work stopped. Lawyers and merchants in the towns that had sprung up along the promised waterway turned to farming now of necessity—either that or they came back into Chicago.

There they found the "panic" wearing itself out. Chicago was brightening. Its only civic improvement in the past four years might have been nothing more than a cemetery, laid out two miles north of town, but the city itself in '42 was extraordinarily alive. William B. Ogden, resolutely "booming" ahead, was refinancing the canal, showing its possibilities to London financiers as they walked along its proposed banks. Immigration from the East swelled. By 1843 the city's population was

7,580; most of its citizens were scheming how to get the trade of the farmers of the Northwest. Those covered-wagon men who passed through Chicago, scorning it as a swamp-mirage, now needed supplies as well as markets for their produce.

In counties along the canal were seventy thousand settlers; within a radius of sixty miles of the city lived fifty thousand souls. Only the mud kept them from trading lavishly with Chicago. As it was, the farmers grazed their hogs and cattle up through the marshes and down the pig-wallow streets to the slaughter-houses of the city. In 1844 butchers had covered the meat-demand of the town and were packing pork and beef for export. Chicago had caught a gleam of its future.

But to get hold of the corn, wheat, oats and barley of the region was a different matter. For heavy grain-wagons, roads were impassable much of the year. Mud held the farmers back in the Spring, early Summer, late Fall and Winter. Only those hickory-muscled Hoosiers from the banks of the Wabash far away risked Chicago journeys the year 'round. With their wagons crammed with fruit and vegetables, fresh and dried, bells on their horses, red apples dangling on strings along the canvas façades, these pioneers, half-gypsy, laughed at the mud. Practical farmers, with their bulkier loads, could not follow them in any volume.

Even if it could not capture this rich and growing trade, Chicago felt better just to know that it was in the center of a prosperous region. In '45 the city capered a little, instituting May Day and crowning a queen. Society perked up. New Year's calls were made. Circuses came to town, and a few theatrical companies. A public building was erected. Poor though it was, the city had money enough to subscribe several thousand dollars for the relief of the Irish immigrants who came streaming in, eager to escape the potato-famine which had stricken their island home. Rush Medical College, first west of Cincinnati and Lexington, had gone up in 1844.

Garlic Creek stunk to the heavens, which now seemed not quite so far away.

CHAPTER VI

THE ambitions of four men were converging upon Chicago in 1846—four men whose visions were to shape the coming metropolis.

John Wentworth, eccentric politician, Gargantuan editor of the *Chicago Democrat*, job-printer capable of turning out vast numbers of emergency campaign-posters for Stephen A. Douglas with his own long arms while the "Little Giant" inked the presses—"Long John," scheming now to force the United States of America to turn from its faith in the all-powerful South and think of the limitless future of the great Northwest and of Chicago, destined ruler of the prairies.

Cyrus H. McCormick, blacksmith-inventor down in Virginia, dreaming of Chicago as the home of his new-fangled reaper, which the South would not accept, but which would some day whirr on every Western farm.

William B. Ogden, aforementioned, the city's wealthiest man, figuring on how to get the canal open and how to get a railroad west of Lake Michigan.

John Stephen Wright, editor of a farm weekly, but busier with visions of Chicago, the paradise-to-be for realtors.

Four men, three dying rich, one dying poor, yet all accomplishing their aspirations most amazingly. (The poor man

loved Chicago's success more than his own purse.) So prodigiously were they laboring in 1846 that success would come to them in two short years.

Within that very year Wentworth had focused America's attention upon Chicago as a great "convention city." McCormick before '47 was past had made the farmers think of Chicago as the commercial center of the land. Ogden by '48 would have the canal open and in addition a railroad financed, first step in the era which was to make Chicago Chicago. Wright, press-agenting the city as no city had ever been advertised to the world before, was booming its property magnificently, incidentally inventing the great school of "civic boosting"—John Stephen Wright, remember the name, great grandfather to all the boosters and boomers, Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions and the rest who would in time become so striking an American phenomenon.

2

Long John Wentworth as Congressman from the Chicago district and editor of the best-known paper in the Northwest had that section's ear. Also he had its eye, for Wisconsin, to the North, hearing the big noise that was being made over Chicago's future, decided to kidnap him and his city away from Illinois. Wisconsin was aspiring to statehood and needed the population of Northern Illinois to make its quota, so it sent politicians down with offers that the section return to its original home. Chicago, it was recalled, had originally belonged to Wisconsin, before Nathaniel Pope annexed it to Illinois so that the Union might be forever free against any possible secession by one of its sections.

Emissaries whispered flattering bribes to Long John and to his fellow-Congressman, Joseph Hoge of Galena. "Throw your influence to the change and Wisconsin will elect you two as its first United States Senators," they said. "Also, you can pick Wisconsin's first governor." Propaganda filled the newspapers.

The two Congressmen, however, would rather be Illinoisians than Senators, and, after deep consideration, Northern Illinois followed them, saying "No" to Wisconsin.

In 1846, that same year of the attempted "theft of Chicago," Nathaniel Pope's foresight was dramatically recalled in still another field, also by Long John.

James Polk, President of the United States, vetoed a bill which would have improved rivers and harbors of the West and Northwest. He could give it scant attention, busy as he was with his task of tearing Texas away from Mexico and adding it to the Southern "slave" States. To the "free" States of the North and West, the Mexican War had been distasteful, smacking too much of a "pro-slavery grab" and when on top of their injury Polk, a North Carolinian, added the insult of vetoing their harbor-improvement bill, political revolution was born.

Of the nation's fifty-seven years, thirty-seven had been spent under Southern Presidents, twelve under Northern executives and eight under that Westerner from Tennessee, Andrew Jackson. Now in 1846 the South would hear the voice of the Northwest for the first time. Long John, brash newcomer, was barging his way around Congress, demanding that the Northwest be treated not as an empty province on the fringe of civilization but as a great section already mighty in population.

This was a new thought to the East, also to much of the Ohio River and the Mississippi River country. Those sections had expected Chicago and the Northwest to find a modest future by way of the South, employing the "Father of Waters." The Illinois and Michigan Canal, if it was ever opened, would merely give St. Louis an outlet to the Great Lakes and the East, it was commonly said. If any Northwest town could become important, it would not be Chicago, but Galena, the rich lead-mining town of Illinois on the upper Mississippi. Illinois itself had even sent its first good road from Springfield to St.

Louis. New Orleans as a trading-center was, in 1846, closer than Chicago to most Illinois towns.

But Long John knew people and politics. He knew that Northern Illinois, which had held only one-fifth of the State's population in 1830, held one-half in 1846. He knew that this half was "Yankee," thanks to the port of Chicago. So he had been organizing the Northwest, playing, too, upon the wounded feelings of the Mississippi River folk; Polk had snubbed them also. Mass-meetings were held all over the North and West and delegates were elected to meet in Chicago the following Summer, when the anti-Southern sentiment would come to a focus in the River and Harbor Convention.

"The same spirit and energy that forced emancipation of the whole country from Great Britain will throw off the Southern yoke," thundered the *Chicago Journal*, which had been founded two years before. "The North and the West will look to and take care of their own interests henceforth. . . . The fiat has gone forth—Southern rule is at an end."

3

Wentworth's plan came to a gigantic climax on July 5, 1847, when three thousand delegates, hailing from eighteen of the twenty-nine States in the Union, assembled in a huge tent which Chicago had erected on the public square between Washington and Randolph Streets West of Michigan Avenue. Twenty thousand people, more than the total population of the town, were on the streets. A spectacular military parade opened the festivities, floats bounced along over the rough streets, one display being that of a ship with sails set. Bands blared, fire companies, clubs, societies, city officials, paraded. The affair was non-partisan, Northern Democrats and Whigs marching together—first hint, perhaps, of the amalgamation which would weld Northerners of all political faiths into a new Northern party in 1856. Abraham Lincoln, who would lead that amalgamation in 1860, was at the River and Harbor Con-

vention, inconspicuous, however, for anything but his height. Bigger in Chicago's eyes were Erastus Corning, president of the New York Central Railroad, Horace Greeley, whose *New York Tribune* was the Bible of the Western farmers on subjects from lunar eclipses to Presidential elections, Thurlow Weed, Albany editor and powerful New York "boss," Tom Corwin, Senator from Ohio, entertainer de luxe, wit and sarcastic flayer of President Polk, Edward Bates, the anti-slavery Missourian whose speech for Western rights would captivate the convention crowd and make him the rival of Lincoln for the Republican Presidential nomination thirteen years thereafter.

Eastern newspapers, overlooking Chicago's ramshackle aspects, caught the spirit of the city's vitality. Thurlow Weed wrote back to his *Albany Journal*, "In ten years Chicago will be as big as Albany. On the shores of this lake is a vast country that will in fifty years support one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants."

It was sad that an affair so thrilling—first of the city's endless conventions—should bring no commensurate political results. James Polk and his Southern Congress paid no heed to the demands and resolutions of the meeting. Nothing had been benefited except Chicago. That muddy town of sixteen thousand people had been advertised to the nation as a place with a future. The bigwigs of the East had all remarked how quickly and comfortably one could get there by canal and lake; they had seen a canal about to be opened, had heard of a railroad about to be built, they had seen flimsy hotels packed and jammed, people crowding, money changing, and most of them had ridden out of town a little way to look at the prairie sweeping like a sea to the horizon.

"Deep furrows may be laid for thirty miles without striking a root, a pebble, or a log," wrote James Parton, the historian, in the august *Atlantic Monthly*. "The absence of all dark objects such as woods, roads, rocks, hills, and fences, gives the visitor the feeling that never before in all his life was he completely out of doors."

The Northwest was coming into its own, and the Eastern bankers were beginning to wonder if investments out that way might not some day be wise after all.

4

While Long John was organizing the Northwestern revolt against the South, Cyrus H. McCormick of Virginia was in his smithy, packing up some of his unsuccessful farm-machinery inventions for removal to Chicago. At thirty-eight years of age—old as whiskered men went in that day—he had heard the Northwest call. Eighteen years before he had invented two ploughs for farmers, fighting a losing battle, however, against the rustic superstition that iron poisoned the soil. He had invented a grain reaper, too, one different from and more successful than that upon which his father had tinkered. And although McCormick pleaded with Virginia farmers to adopt it across thirteen long years, they refused.

Suddenly in 1844 there came to the tiny factory on the farm orders for seven reapers—orders from the West. Pioneers in Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, having heard rumors of the labor-saving invention, would take a chance with it. McCormick hauled the seven machines to Richmond and sent them by boat around the Atlantic to New Orleans, thence by steamer up the Mississippi to Cincinnati, whence, by smaller boats and wagons, they came eventually to their purchasers. Four of the seven arrived too late for the harvest.

McCormick saw clearly where his future lay. The West was to be the granary of the nation, and as he visited it in 1845 he saw that the Northwest was his opportunity. There he beheld vast fields of wheat rattling onto the ground because there were not enough hands to gather it. He saw laborless farmers turn hogs and cattle into their standing crops. In Illinois he saw men, women, and children frantically cutting wheat by the light of the moon in order that the State's five million bushels might be saved before it shattered, overripe.

Since the wheat harvest rarely lasted over a week and usually not over four days, everything depended upon the speed with which it was cut. So McCormick decided to build his reaper-works in the heart of the wheat country, where he could deliver machines with rapidity.

He looked the West over for a site. He looked at Cleveland, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, all more prosperous than Chicago. Of all cities that he visited, his biographers say Chicago was "unquestionably the ugliest and youngest." Yet for all its mud and shabbiness McCormick saw that Chicago was the place. Here he could best assemble his materials, his steel from England, his pig iron from Scotland and Pittsburgh, his white ash from the forests of the Northwest. The boats that were at hand, and the railroads which the "boosters" said were sure to come, would give him distribution. The feel of a portentous future was in the town.

So in '47 McCormick arrived, bag and baggage, minus money but full of hope. In search of help he bolted right up to Chicago's most prominent citizen, William B. Ogden. That dynamo of energy, for all that he was up to his ears in dreams of railroads, promptly financed the new reaper-man. The gesture was characteristic both of him and of Chicago—a sample of the swift decisions that were to rocket the city upward with a display and speed unapproached elsewhere in American history.

Ogden, whose real estate speculations had made him the town's richest man, laid down $25,000, and received a half-interest in the new reaper-works—and McCormick was off on his dazzling career. With all speed the largest factory in Chicago was erected, and soon reapers were going by wagons and canal boats and steamers to the farmers.

Not only did McCormick revolutionize farming, he revolutionized business in general. The first was almost immediate, the second took longer; nevertheless, the effect of its example was quickly felt in other Chicago industries.

Up to the advent of McCormick, business had been con-

ducted upon the principle of "Let the buyer beware." Sellers got what they could for their products; trading was a matter of sharp wits, haggling a necessity, often a sport. If the purchase was not what it had been cracked up to be, so much the worse for the buyer.

In New York the foremost merchant, A. T. Stewart, was trying to break away from the practice and fix known prices, but considering the greater scope of McCormick's activities it must be said that out of Chicago, the wicked, boastful city, came the first guarantee on merchandise and the first standardization of price. McCormick, who had never been a business man or a trader, only a poor, dreaming inventor, discarded all the rules—or rather lack of rules—of business. He wanted to sell his reapers. He had no money with which to advertise extensively. Every reaper must advertise its fellows. He thought only of getting his reaper liked. So he sold each at an established price—$120—"take it or leave it," no haggling. A farmer paid $30 down and $90 more in six months if he could make it; if not, McCormick gave him more time. Never did the "Reaper-King" sue a farmer for money. He knew how farmers dreaded lawyers and their sharp ways, and how well they liked a creditor who was sympathetic enough to wait for his money until capricious Nature had brought in good crops. Incredibly little money did McCormick ever lose by this plan, although it was ruinous, in the eyes of old-fashioned business men, for the inventor to borrow money to make reapers, borrow more money to ship them, and in return receive so little.

"He's holding the bag for the farmers," they said, prophesying his speedy doom.

But McCormick had fastened his wagon to the star of the Northwest. As the region filled, his factory multiplied itself.

One farmer told another farmer of McCormick's guarantee. Each reaper carried with it an iron-clad guarantee to be perfect, to scatter grain less than had the old cradle and scythe, to permit the easy raking of cut grain off its platform, and to mow down one and a half acres an hour—more than ten men

could accomplish before. Farmers gladly gave McCormick testimonials such as, "My reaper has more than paid for itself in one harvest."

These endorsements McCormick broadcast across the Northwest. From his boyhood he had believed in advertising. Now he had the money with which to make good his faith. Handbills, letters, newspapers, bore his story.

When the gold fever struck the nation in '49, sending those Homeric covered wagons to California, ten thousand people went from Illinois alone, and McCormick warned the farmers to buy reapers quickly; labor would be scarce, he said, one man must do the work of absent hands—get a reaper now. They did.

He sent agents everywhere and risked the erection of warehouses across the country. By '49 he had nineteen assembling-plants in the Mississippi valley and the Northwest. Farmers, he knew, were slow to make up their minds, and would put off purchasing the desired reaper until the last minute. Then it would be too late to obtain reapers from Chicago in time for the harvest. From a regional warehouse the machine could be rolled out at almost a moment's notice. Agents, surging everywhere, found immigrants as ready as native Americans to try the reaper. They might not understand English, but they understood an easier way of doing work when they saw it.

To defeat his competitors, who were many, McCormick instituted "Field Day"—a sort of fair at which all makes of reapers vied with each other in a chosen wheat field. Crowds would gather. Steers or sheep would be barbecued, the reapers would roll out and cut their swaths to ringing cheers. Judges would time them, note the amount cut and how much the grain was tangled. Usually McCormick won. If he had not been sure of victory he would never have agitated the contest. For forty years "Field Day" was a great one for American farmers. Excesses at length killed it. Farmers, in the excitement of making bets, drinking whiskey, and beholding such large crowds, would stampede the reaper-drivers into foolish displays, such as attempts to mow down groves of young saplings,

or to chain two reapers together and set them pulling in opposite directions to see which would come apart first. Agents would bring secretly reinforced machines to the contest for this purpose. "Field Day" degenerated into maudlinity and was abandoned.

5

The Illinois and Michigan Canal, at which the River and Harbor delegates had looked as workmen brought it toward completion, was ready in April, 1848, and on the sixteenth it was opened with public rejoicing. Here after sixteen years of discouraging toil, now on, now off, the city had its channel to the warm Gulf of Mexico. True enough, the channel was not what Chicago had dreamed, but it was of immeasurable promise, nevertheless. Originally the plan had been to cut through the old Chicago portage and to lower the continental divide sufficiently to allow steamships uninterrupted passage between New Orleans, Chicago, and Buffalo. This "deep cut" project had been abandoned, however, when State funds ran low, and the canal builders had been forced to content themselves with the "shallow cut" alternative. They had merely lowered the watershed strip enough to allow flat freight barges to get across from one lock to another and thus into ancient Garlic Creek where the wharves waited with their wealth. The current from the Des Plaines River was often insufficient to float even craft as shallow as these, and in such times bucket-wheel pumps lifted water into the canal from the Chicago River.

There was charm and color in the realization that, now, the canal would bring rich Southern cargoes through the city. Sixteen canal boats plied on that opening day, and a week later the steamship *General Thornton* arrived from New Orleans with sugar for Buffalo. The sugar was at its destination a good two weeks ahead of former running-time between New Orleans and Buffalo by way of New York and the Erie Canal.

Now the "boosters" and the "boomers" were legion. Wild

with elation, they paid no heed to the fact that for much of the summer low water in the canal and the Illinois River held back traffic—an ominous warning. That was only temporary, it was said, and well forgotten by Autumn, when traffic was immense, lumber, clothing, furniture, and hardware from the lakes passing through to the interior and wheat, corn, sugar, molasses, and coffee rushing up and on to the East. Side-wheel steamers were disappearing from the Great Lakes, and faster, bigger propeller-boats replacing them. By 1850 twenty of these newcomers were plying regular schedules out of Chicago. Swarms of schooners, brigs, side-wheelers, carried lesser cargoes to and fro.

Sailors frolicked, sang and fought on the river-front and in the "scarlet city" that grew up along the north bank of the river. Farm boys and merchants from lower Illinois came to the town, gaped at its stir and clangor and went home to tell tall tales of the ships, the factories, the gamblers, and to whisper to their fellows tormenting descriptions of the daughters of joy up in Chicago.

The city grew wickeder as the canal traffic added its transient masculines to the crowd. Young men came from the older settlements of the midlands as well as from the East, some halting in Chicago, more striking out for the canal-towns. Soon they were hurrying home to get married and bring their brides back to the new country. In 1850 the region along the waterway from Chicago down to the center of the State held 170,000 people, a gain of 100,000 in ten years. Chicago itself in the decade had jumped from 4,470 to 28,620. The northern half of the State had grown in the same period from 209,000 to 459,000.

The canal, upon which $7,000,000 had been lavished across the years of its slow gestation, was worth all it cost, even if it never quite came up to expectations. Too often the rocks in the Illinois River would be sticking their heads up above low water to snag canal boats, and passenger traffic was apt to be uncertain due to such delays.

Nevertheless, tremendous tonnage went through in a year's time. In 1851 most of the three million bushels of wheat received by Chicago came from the Illinois River. Tolls more than paid for the canal's upkeep and dividends of 12½ per cent. were paid in its first year.

But more exciting to the spirit of Chicago than all the wealth that came flowing in, was the realization that the canal was making St. Louis suffer. Chicago, the "Queen of the Lakes," was conquering St. Louis, the "Queen of the River." The canal, which had been expected to boom St. Louis even more than Chicago, was found to work in opposite manner. In its first year it decreased St. Louis' grain market 316,000 bushels of corn and 237,000 bushels of wheat, most of this loss going to swell Chicago's gain. Lower Illinois turned its back upon its quiet old friend, the river queen, and went traipsing off after the lake siren.

However, the eclipse of St. Louis was coming not so much from the smoke of the canal steamers heading North as from the clouds that had begun to roll out from different engines—locomotives.

6

It will be remembered that William B. Ogden, whose smooth upper lip set rigidly above his firm chin-whiskers, had given the hopeful inventor of the reaper $25,000 in 1847. In 1849 Ogden, already called by his admirers "the biggest all-around man in the Northwest," wanted his money back. McCormick gave it to him and $25,000 beside—100 per cent. profit in two years. Ogden's mind was on a greater dream—railroads. Clearly he saw what steel fingers running westward would do for Chicago and for himself. Back in '36 there had been talk of a railroad from Galena, lead-mining town northwest on the Mississippi River. The panic had killed such a project before it could be born. Ten years later Ogden revived it, finding, however, Chicago united against such a plan.

The city's merchants had since the '30s been absorbed in the

idea of capturing the farmers' trade with the "good roads" bait. A turnpike had been built across the Dismal Swamp to the southwest, but since it was only prairie soil graded up, it was worse than the surrounding marsh in wet weather. So the city, casting about for something new, adopted the idea which New York State had borrowed from peasants on the Russian steppes—"plank roads." Boards nailed to timber made "the poor man's railroad." In '48 over 70,000 wagon-loads of produce rolled into town over the planking, an average of two hundred a day. Charging 37½ cents toll for a four-horse team, 25 cents for a single team and 12½ cents for a man on horseback, the roads reaped wealth. By the end of the decade plank roads ran like spokes into Chicago as the hub; men talking about them as of a revolution.

Professional teamsters developed, tough itinerants, skilled at crowding rivals into the mud, stealing chickens, and frightening farm girls along the way. For them and for the seasonal rush of farmers Chicago opened a camp on the lake shore, where once Fort Dearborn had stood, and where later the Illinois Central Railroad depot was to command the foot of Randolph Street. Prostitutes tempted the countrymen in the lantern-light. Gamblers cheated them. Pickpockets rifled them. Newspapers warned them to be cautious as to whom they shared beds with in the crowded hotels. Chicago's morals were bad, but its business was good.

Merchants, therefore, fought the railroad suggestion of Ogden, saying, "Chicago is a retail center, dependent on the farmers who come to trade. If they can ship their produce on a railroad they won't come to town. Villages, perhaps cities, will spring up along the right of way and farmers will trade there, nearer home. Grass will grow in the streets of Chicago if railroads come." Stagecoach-owners combined to fight the proposed steam road.

Ogden, shrewdest of the shrewd, took his cause to the farmers. They listened to his arguments, were convinced, and financed the road. Farm wives took their savings from behind

the loose brick in the fireplace and bought Galena and Chicago Railroad stock on the monthly installment plan. They were doing it for the future of their children. Many buyers of stock gave up their last $2.50 of cash as a payment down on one share of stock. Quickly the $250,000 was promised. Bankers in the East, whose brains were not so wise as the hearts of the pioneer women of the West, sniffed at so wild a scheme as "a mad railroad west of Lake Michigan." Ogden, flanked by J. Young Scammon, another exponent of the new Chicago spirit, kept at his work, rattling over Northern Illinois in buggies, speaking at log schoolhouses, or campaigning among the wagon-men in the camp at the foot of Randolph Street.

Still the small merchants of Chicago, sleeping on the door-sill of what was to be America's most spectacular mart of prosperity, held the city's gates closed to the railroad. They defeated an ordinance which would allow the terminal within city limits. Construction, however, went on so rapidly that by November 20, 1848, the first train of second-hand cars behind a second-hand engine ran over second-hand rails ten miles out to the Des Plaines River with directors aboard, and came back with a load of wheat.

Chicago had become Chicago.

The Northwest peopled by the Northeast of the United States, and the sons of cold Goths and fiery Celts of Northern Europe, had turned to lift the city through which they had come on their home-hunt. Unlike so many other pioneers, they had not feared the railroads. Some among them had listened to the cry, "The railroads are undemocratic, aristocratic institutions that will ride rough-shod over the people and grind them to powder," but not many had bothered with such dreads. Few of them repeated what older agriculturists had said, "The railroads will scare our cows so bad they won't give down their milk at night."

Chicago's retail-business men gasped when, a week after this first railway inaugural, the news came down into town that thirty loads of wheat were waiting at the Des Plaines River

terminal shed. Eastern bankers gaped when the first year's report showed that the Galena and Chicago Union had earned $2,000 a month. They gaped more when the second year's figures revealed a profit of $9,000 a month.

Farmers' wives of Illinois had a new light in their eyes and new promises for their children when they began receiving twice a year dividends of 10 per cent., 12 per cent., 16 per cent.

The city, awake at last, opened its eyes to the road in '49 and a depot went up. Little merchants began to change from retailers to wholesalers. Their chance had come to sell to the Northwest, instead of to Chicagoans and the farmers who came to town. Where they had dealt in hundreds they now saw that they could deal in hundreds of thousands.

Ogden had won stupendously. By 1850 the road reached Elgin forty miles away and in '54 Freeport, where it tapped another railway, the Illinois Central, and passed over its tracks into Galena.

7

The Illinois Central was the great road. Illinois' two Senators had fathered it, one the squat, dwarf-like Stephen A. Douglas, the other the solemn Sidney Breese, who went about in a cloud of long white hair and whiskers. For ten years Breese had been dallying with the idea of a railroad from Galena in the north to Cairo at the south. "Panics" had interfered. Now in the end of the decade, Douglas, the Little Giant, changed the plan. The road should run from Cairo to the Illinois River, then branch to Galena—and Chicago! Douglas, smartest of expansionists, was a master politician, incidentally shrewd enough and eloquent enough to defeat upon occasion, in Illinois, the shrewdest politician of them all, one Lincoln.

The Senators named this new road the Illinois Central, but the common people, who saw through some things, promptly nicknamed it the "St. Louis Cut-Off," understanding exactly what such a steam line would do to the Queen of the River. Seven hundred miles this proposed road must run, twice as long

as the longest railway then in America. With Douglas in Washington, the Northwest had a spokesman indeed, and in 1851 Congress donated to Illinois 2,595,000 acres of land in alternate sections in the State, also a strip of ground two hundred feet wide down through its center for a right of way—first of all railroad grants in the New World. Illinois ceded all land to the new company in return for a promised 7 per cent. of gross earnings.

No time was wasted. Seventeen million dollars was promptly borrowed on the land; materials, food, clothing, medicines, were collected. Laborers, thousands of them newly arrived Irishmen, swarmed in. Flatboats unloaded at points all along the river. Teams clustered. The Eastern bankers were opening their vaults for Western investments.

From the East another road was creeping toward Chicago, the Michigan Southern, which had previously terminated at Elkhart, Indiana, failing in its plan to reach St. Joseph, Michigan. While it waited to finance its last lap, Chicago's growth became apparent on the horizon, and, seeing what was what, the road drove in this more promising direction. On February 20, 1852, its first train steamed into the new city while the fire-bells rang, cannon boomed and the citizens cheered their heads off. The way to the East was open and Chicagoans were shouting, "Merchants who used to spend two weeks getting to New York can now make the trip in two days."

Three months later the Michigan Central came into town from the East, using the tracks of the Illinois Central for the last fourteen miles of its route. This usage precipitated the most tragic and comic of squabbles, for the Illinois Central crossed the rails of the Michigan Southern at a point where both companies claimed the right of way. Each road, haughtily ignoring the other, shot its trains across the intersection without warnings or signals. The inevitable happened. Two stubborn trains smashed in 1853 at Grand Crossing, and eighteen corpses and forty maimed passengers were brought

into the city. Mobs gathered, city dignitaries spoke, and Chicago thereafter made all trains come to a full stop at intersections.

Before the close of that same year the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific had, after only a year's work, thrown down its track from Chicago to Quincy on the Mississippi River. In the next year, 1854, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul had come down to the city from the north. The short lines that were to form the nucleus for the Chicago and Northwestern were combining in Wisconsin.

All at once, Chicago found itself the leading railroad center of the United States. Six railroads in six years. The news of it went everywhere. Immigrants came in greater droves. Young men streamed in faster and faster. In 1852 the city had held 38,733 souls, and at the end of 1853 the city fathers counted 60,662, an increase of 60 per cent. It staggered belief, and the curious poured in just to see the thing—many of them remaining.

8

As necessary to Chicago as any of these business titans, Wentworth, McCormick and Ogden, was the wordy, ecstatic editor, John Stephen Wright, later to be forgotten by the city. They were the sinews, but he was the voice of the town—the ballyhooer, the advertiser, the herald, the "man of vision."

Before Wright's noisy advent, the United States had been ignorant of the value of super-optimism in business. Such civic virtues as a city owned were viewed with complacency and satisfaction. St. Louis and Cincinnati, the great cities of the West, were as dignified and as modest as Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, or New Orleans. Chicago of the early '40s, stuck-in-the-mud, ugly, ill-smelling, needed a press agent. He appeared.

John Stephen Wright had come to Chicago in 1832 to clerk in his father's log store, which catered to the one hundred and fifty residents of the village. "Though a mere boy," he ad-

mitted afterward, "I became impressed with the advantages of the point which was the western extremity of the great lake navigation, and with a certainty of its connection, by canal, with the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, and of its being the natural commercial center of a country so fertile and so easily tilled and so vast in extent. In the Winter of 1833 and 1834 I induced a wealthy uncle of mine to take some purchases which I had made, expecting to share in the profits. He took them, and has made out of those and other operations, through me, several hundred thousand dollars, but all the benefit to me either directly or indirectly has been $100. He came to Chicago in the Spring of 1833, and the next day after his arrival said if I would sell his lot—one of those which I had bought about fifteen months previously for $3,500—for $15,000, he would give me *one hundred dollars*. I sold the lot that day for cash, and the $100 was reckoned into my credit in our final settlement in 1838."

At eighteen years of age Wright was a full-fledged "realtor," writing letters of radiant forecast back East and handling deals with skill. By his twenty-first year he was worth over $200,000, having made it wholly outside of office hours at his father's store. At twenty-two he lost it all in the financial panic of 1837, and with real estate lifeless in the mud all around him, turned in 1840 to another pursuit—publishing. Founding *The Prairie Farmer*, he sold it in the homes of the Northwest, traveling across the wilderness from farm to farm taking subscriptions, and talking interminably of the future of Chicago. The more he talked, through the first five years of his editorship, the more clearly he saw Chicago's destiny revealed to him in the heavens, and in 1845 he was in Boston, begging for funds with which to finance new realty ventures in the Western Eldorado. With Illinois bankrupt, its bonds worth only twenty cents on the dollar, and with Chicago famous only for its mushroom boom and subsequent lapse into drab, frontier wickedness, Boston bankers thumbed Wright down. Unconquerable, he switched his attack, submitting a

series of twenty articles to the *Boston Commercial Advertiser* and the *Evening Post.* The august Boston editors printed Wright's hosannahs. Soon the New York *Commercial Advertiser* was following suit.

"Though no one would see the future of the West and of Chicago as I did, my own confidence had never been so strong," he said in recalling those days. "There was not the least confidence in Chicago, it having been for ten years a synonym for all that was wild and visionary . . . and after months of vain attempts, I returned home."

Soon, however, he had hold of pieces of property here and there and was off on a trail that within a decade made him rich once more. Consecrated as he was to "boosting," he became something of a "greeter," too, meeting newcomers with words of welcome and optimism. Around the town he would lead them, talking in warm enthusiasm of Growth and Progress and the Future, so that the stranger might forget the mud that sucked at his boots and the stench that attacked his nose. On one of these missions he encountered the man who was to surpass him at "boosting"—William Bross, who described the event.

"He (Wright) gave me a cordial welcome and a great deal of valuable information. On Sabbath he called and took me to church and embraced many opportunities to introduce me to Mayor Woodworth and other leading citizens, giving me a lesson in courtesy to strangers that I have never forgotten."

Bross saw why the city was ridiculed over the country as "the slab city."

"Stores and dwellings," he said, "were, with few exceptions, built in the 'balloon' fashion. Posts were placed in the ground at the corners, and at proper distances between them blocks were laid down singly or in cob-house fashion. On these foundations were laid and to these were spiked, standing on end, 3 x 4 scantling. On these sheathboards were nailed, and weatherboards on the outside of them; and lath and plaster inside with the roof completed the dwelling or store. This cheap,

but for a new town, excellent mode of building, it was claimed, was first introduced or invented in Chicago, and I believe the claim to be true. Of course, fire made sad havoc with them at times, but the loss was comparatively small and they were quickly rebuilt. True, Chicago was ridiculed as a slab city; but if not pleasant to bear, ridicule breaks no bones."

9

Considering how dismally Chicago faced Bross in '48, the man's immediate recognition of the city's future seems remarkable. Without a question he adopted Wright's rosy view of things, although thirty years later, when age had cooled him somewhat, he was more realistic, saying, "The streets [in 1848 before the advent of plank roads] were simply thrown up as country roads. In the Spring for weeks at a time they would be impassable. I have seen empty wagons and drays stuck on Lake and Water Streets on every block between Wabash and the river. Of course, there was little or no business doing, for the people of the city could not get about much, and the people of the country could not get in to do it. As the clerks had nothing to do, they would exercise their wits by putting boards from dry-goods boxes in the holes where the last dray was dug out, with significant signs, like 'No Bottom Here,' 'The Shortest Road to China.' In fact, there was no end to the fun."

So optimistic was Bross in '48 that he opened a book-store, and when that was proved to have been too far ahead of its time, he switched quickly to publishing—a field for which he was born. He found a kindred soul in J. Ambrose Wight, who edited "Booster" Wright's *Prairie Farmer* and together the two young men started printing that paper and a little later took on a religious weekly, *Herald of the Prairies.*

Chicago's cause became a holy one to the three men, Bross, Wight, and Wright. It was all religious work, whether they were pouring their civic hosannahs into the farm or church

weekly. Each was an ardent churchman: Wight was a clergyman and later would have a Presbyterian pastorate; Bross was the son of an Eastern deacon and soon would have his own nature hit off by the town in the nickname "Deacon." Wright as a precocious New York State boy—he had studied Greek at three years of age—had been raised by his mother to be a preacher, and had, in his teens, deserted that calling for the more worldly field of business. Business, however, and progress, he saw through the eyes of an evangelistic promoter rather than through the eyes of a self-seeker.

Wright, fevered, sincere, built a schoolhouse for Chicago with his private funds. He wrote, spoke, and campaigned for the first Illinois public school law, and as much as any man was responsible for Chicago's free school system. In 1839 he had headed the Chicago Colonization Society and in '47 had fathered public parks.

At his own expense he distributed six thousand copies of a petition which begged Congress to aid in laying a railroad from both the upper and lower Mississippi regions to Chicago. Stephen A. Douglas, toiling in Washington for the Illinois Central grant, saw these signed petitions pour into the capital by the thousands. They aided the cause mightily, he thought.

He was the pioneer "booster" of them all, John Stephen Wright, making men laugh at his fantastic forecasts, going "smash" himself again and again in the deflations which struck his business, real estate. In a spasm of exuberance he once started building a grain-reaper to rival McCormick's, but either through his chronic inability to carry out his dreams or in the national panic which struck the country just then, he lost that venture, too. Unerringly he picked bargains in real estate that would have made him a multimillionaire, could he but have held them. He plunged on, orating, writing, publishing his visions of what the city must become, and even when he was coming to his end, a poor man, he was nevertheless crying the immeasurable future of Chicago, seeing it as the only true city of America and himself as its prophet.

CHAPTER VII

"Deacon" Bross, whose eyes were blazing with civic zeal under his shaggy eyebrows, had in '52 reached out for more powerful "booster" weapons. Joining forces with John L. Scripps, he had begun to publish the *Democratic Press*, which they hoped to make a "good commercial and statistical paper to the end that the world might be impressed with the present and future of Chicago." By '54 he was issuing pamphlets of such enthusiastic hosannahs that not only America but also Europe was reading them. Everybody agreed that Bross' beating of the tom-toms induced tens of thousands to seek Chicago as a home for either themselves or their dollars.

"Prairie breezes are our source of energy," Bross cried in 1853. That year one in every sixty Chicagoans died, consumption killing more than any other disease, although "teething" ran it a close second. Two years later the city's death rate would be higher than that of any other city in the country.

"Our lowness of land is an advantage," shouted John Stephen Wright, Bross' fellow-booster, "Chicago does not have to grade hills and fill valleys."

Meanwhile streets, alleys, and vacant lots reeked with filth. The slops from houses were tossed into gutters for travelers to smell and see. Michigan Avenue was spotted with manure

heaps. Cleanings of stables were piled on the lake front to be washed into the water which the city drank. Cows still spent the nights on the sidewalks.

"Men who paid $100 for lots in 1833 are selling them in 1853 for $60,000 to $70,000," exulted Bross. Houses that cost $500 to put up were renting for $400 a year.

Since 1833, Chicago had been letting water currents, guided by the pier erected in that season, eat away acres of lake frontage, until the waves were biting at Michigan Avenue. In 1850 it had sold the Illinois Central its priceless land where Fort Dearborn had stood and where the wagoners camped. For it, Chicago had received $45,000. Now, in '52, it asked the Illinois Central to have some more of Chicago, giving it the whole lake front from Randolph Street to Park Avenue in return for a breakwater that would save the city. Property worth incredible millions was traded for a quicker realization of that "Manifest Destiny" of which Bross was singing. The Illinois Central spent $2,000,000 on the work, laid down its tracks, and went on its way to create the suburban service that Chicago was, no doubt justly, to call the greatest in the world. The city had asked the railroad to help. It couldn't refuse.

"For fifteen years after it began its rapid increase, Chicago was perhaps of all prairie towns, the most repulsive to every human sense," said James Parton, the historian.

"The city is seventeen years old," orated Bross in 1854, "and it has a hundred and fifty-nine miles of sidewalks and twenty-seven miles of planked streets, four miles of wharves, fifty-six miles of sewers, ten bridges, gas-works and street-lamps." Well might he exult over such achievements, since both himself and Editor Wright had annually campaigned for better paving.

As early as 1836, the city had tried to cover that slough which lay west of Michigan Avenue well past State Street—a slough in which the frogs sang to the city, "Better go round, better go round." The streets had been lowered and planks put down, but the boards broke under heavy hauling and slapped the horses in the face. "Water accumulates under the

planking, steams up through every crack of the rotting boards, and poisons the town," said Wright. Cholera and smallpox came every year. The level of the town was but two feet above the river. Then the streets were graded up and dressed with sand. Horses, wagons, and men still stuck fast. Cobble-stones were tried,—they disappeared.

But that same copious historian Parton saw the spirit by which Chicago was to pull itself out of the mud. The town was full of simplicity, originality, and boldness, he thought. "There are no men of leisure in Chicago. In all the Western country, the richer a man is, the harder he toils. . . . Too-respectable Bostonians, staid Philadelphians, self-indulgent New Yorkers, acquired, after living in Chicago, a vivacity of mind and interest in things around them, a public spirit, which they did not acquire at home."

With such a population, Chicago caught hold of its own boot-straps and yanked recklessly.

There was only one thing to do about the streets and that was to raise them. Engineers said that they must come up twelve feet. Twelve hundred acres must be filled. That meant, of course, jacking up every building in town, too.

It was as preposterous as moving the city itself. Nevertheless, the thing was begun in 1855. The river was dredged and at one swoop Chicago had a better channel for boats and tons of dirt for the fills. New houses going up were built with cellars, and the excavated dirt used for the elevations. It all took time, and for ten years the sidewalks ran on erratic levels. In front of one row of houses, pedestrians would walk high in the air, looking down upon carriages and teams; in front of another they would be walking six feet lower. Between the various levels, steps went up and down. The town was a giant jack-in-the-box, with crowds popping up, scurrying, dropping down. The sight was animated, dizzy, making the city appear even more hectic than it was.

Elias Colbert, the Chicago historian, recalled how "it was reported that when a genuine Chicagoan visited New York,

he found himself unable to walk on a level surface; he was obliged to turn into an adjacent building every block or so and run up and down a stairway for the sake of variety."

Newspapers and magazines over the country laughed at Chicago, but they wrote about it unendingly. The town was universally felt to be bold, wild, amazingly strong, magnetic.

2

In all this hurly-burly appeared a man, more dynamic than most, who would leave a record for gigantic achievements in building sleeping-cars and in sharing dark labor-troubles with his workmen. He came unheralded, an incoming New Yorker, to the Tremont House, Chicago's skyscraper, four stories high. The Tremont House at Lake and Clark was dejected. The street had risen in front of it, giving it the appearance of having sunk into the mud. Strangers wrote home that the big hotel was settling into the bottomless swamp that underlay Chicago. In reality, the proprietors of the Tremont House saw no way in which to raise it, for it was of brick.

This New Yorker said that he could raise it, that he had jacked up buildings along the Erie Canal, and that he could lift this Chicago colossus without breaking a pane of glass or keeping a single guest up at night.

"All right, go ahead," said the Tremont owners. "What's your name?"

"George M. Pullman."

Quickly Pullman had twelve hundred men around five thousand jackscrews in the basement. When the signal was given, each man gave four jackscrews a half turn. Gently, surely, the building went up inch by inch. Hotel life above went on, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing. Out-of-town papers wrote about the thing as though it were a miracle.

Another giant had come to town.

3

In '54 Chicagoans were proud of the new water-works which had just been installed, reconciling themselves as far as possible to the fact that dead fish came through the pipes and stuck in the faucets or splashed in bathtubs. Housewives might fret somewhat when fish, boiled into a "nauseous" chowder, made their hot-water reservoirs hideous, but it all meant progress, and pioneers were accustomed to unhealthful things, anyway.

That summer a building "boom" began, more violent than that of the '30s. Chicago's merchants were recovering from the hysteria of fear that had gripped them when, at the opening of the canal and the first railroads, retail trade had slumped. Farmers no longer came to town in former numbers. Direct sales crumbled. But by the middle fifties the storekeepers saw immeasurably greater profits in wholesale trade and began replacing residences with business property. Streets were jammed with houses rolling out to the suburbs. Brick and lumber heaped the downtown region and builders swarmed. Wright, "the booster," was vindicated doubly, triply.

Subdividers splashed like beavers in the suburban swamps. Real estate salesmen, not yet risen to the dignity of "realtors," hawked Chicago lots in every Eastern city, where eager buyers crowded around maps of "Chicago additions," and laid out their savings. Much of what they bought was still under water. By '56 the city had expanded to eighteen square miles and its property, which had in '52 been valued at ten millions of dollars, had more than tripled in four years' time.

"In '53 Chicago shipped over six million bushels of grain, in '54 nearly thirteen million, in '55 more than sixteen million, and in '56 over twenty-one million," rejoiced the delirious Chicagoans. The Soo canal at the north outlet of Lake Michigan had been opened in '55 and with the advent of steam power on the Great Lakes had made Chicago a tremendous port. Since

1850 passenger steamers had been palatial. For the four-day trip from Buffalo $10 was charged, and for that amount a passenger got meals equal to those of the best hotels and music in addition. Cabin passengers ranged from three hundred to five hundred per steamer and immigrants were carried in "hundreds," not so carefully numbered as the precious bags of wheat.

Yet all this glory was passing. The railroads were killing passenger-steamer trade of the lakes just as they were killing the passenger-packet trade of the canal and the Illinois River. Soon the lakes would see almost no boats but freighters, and traffic on the canal was dwindling fast.

Loud rose the voice of the "boosters" repeating some orator's pronunciamento, "The iron horse that sipped his morning draught from the crystal waters of Lake Michigan can slake his evening thirst upon the banks of the Mississippi River."

Out-of-town papers, admitting all that, admitting that Chicago was the railroad queen of the State that had built more railroad mileage (2,235 in all) than any other commonwealth of the Union, nevertheless spoke of the corruption and the bribery that had been employed to bring the roads through favored spots, and as for Chicago, that seat of Manifest Destiny, to many an outside editor it was the "Gehenna of Abominations."

"Chicago is the Greatest Primary Grain Port in the World," trumpeted "Deacon" Bross in '55. "Chicago last year exported 12,000,000 bushels, New York 9,000,000, Archangel, 9,000,000, Odessa 7,000,000. Chicago exceeded St. Louis by 250 per cent., Milwaukee 400 per cent.

"The world has never seen so much physical progress in so short a period," he cried, pointing out that in 1855 2,933 miles of completed track touched Chicago, ten trunk lines and eleven branch lines coming to the metropolis. Four years ago, he said, there were only ninety-five miles of track in Illinois. Now there are 2,410. Ninety-six trains a day are entering or

leaving Chicago. These roads have been built without Chicago money. "All financing has come from the outside."

Passenger trains were averaging thirty miles an hour and varying no more than ten minutes from schedule. One hour before train time section hands cleared the track of cows.

Even Wright, the "booster," protested against the slaughter that was due to train wrecks. "They have killed nine people in ten months, and injured 100 more," he said in 1854. He said nothing of the cholera which killed 5.5 per cent. of the city's population that year.

"Every element of prosperity and substantial greatness is within Chicago's grasp," Bross told the world. "She fears no rival, confident that her energy and enterprise, which have heretofore marked her progress, will secure for her a proud and preëminent position among her sister cities of the Union. She has to wait but a few short years the sure development of her Manifest Destiny."

As he said it, delegates from the whole Northwest were heading for Chicago and the great Sabbath Convention. The Puritan spirit, so strange a blend of progress and intolerance, had begun to demand that the urge of "Manifest Destiny" listen to the voice of God. In convention it was demanded that all these railroad trains quit desecrating the Sabbath. They must not run on the Lord's Day. Chicago listened to them and did nothing. But when they cried aloud that liquor drinking be outlawed on Sundays, Chicago listened and acted. It was one thing to move against the railroads and another to move against the Germans.

4

Great groups of native-born Americans had been spoiling to have at the "foreigners" for years. The "first people" of Chicago were Puritans, who had inherited from their ancestors the assurance that they were justly the social and moral mentors of the nation. They were orthodox Protestants by faith; many of the immigrants were Catholics from Ireland. They

were conservative in politics; many of the newcomers were "Forty-eighters" from Germany, radicals who had rebelled against the tyrannies which aristocracy was heaping upon them, and had sought freedom in America. How like the American Revolutionists they were was a thing that escaped many of the grandsons of George Washington's ragged Continentals.

Partly because of hereditary prejudices and partly because of a desire to have dramatic entertainment, which was scarce in pioneer America, the native-born citizens organized a "Know-Nothing" political party, which for a time concealed even its name, and always hid its purposes in the cloak of ritualistic secrecy. Vaguely it declared that it was out to protect "American institutions from the insidious wiles of foreigners," but in reality it was hitting at Roman Catholicism, thereby overlooking the far better-grounded American institutionalism of Thomas Jefferson and his Declaration of Independence. Into it went even liberal men, who welcomed an opportunity to avoid the slavery controversy which was rising to dominate the old Democratic and newly born Republican parties. Only native Americans and those Protestants who had been naturalized should rule the country, the Know-Nothings said, and although Chicago's population in '55 was more than half foreign-born, the "nativistic" ticket swept the city. "Put none but Americans on guard," was the slogan.

Extending its proscriptions outside the religious boundaries, the new organization struck at the Chicago Germans, a majority of whom were Protestants. The temperance crusade of that period had blended with Know-Nothingism and "native American" Mayor Levi D. Boone obeyed its orders when he raised the saloon-license fee from $50 to $300. This smashed scores of small lager-beer saloons in the highly domestic German and Scandinavian sections of the North Side, and a thunder of growls arose. Soon German-born leaders of unquestioned temperateness and respectability were speaking for their kind. Irish, both calm and wild, met in stormy mass-meetings of protest. Norse voices, like grating steel, were heard.

As the anger mounted, Mayor Boone suddenly brought out from obscurity the village law forbidding the sale of intoxicants on Sunday. He clapped it onto the quiet little German beer gardens, but failed to fix it upon native-owned bars. The "foreigners" rioted. Armed with shotguns, rifles, pistols, clubs, knives, and bricks, they came down the river, cheering for war. Their rights must be retrieved, even if it took blood. In a mob they surged to the river in two detachments, the first of which passed over the bridge. Before the second had arrived Mayor Boone ordered the bridge-tender to "swing the draw," and there the main body of the rioters stood, unable to cross, howling their disappointment. When Boone had his policemen in line across Clark Street, he ordered the bridge swung back to let the rioters come across.

"Shoot the police!" rang the orders. "Pick out the stars." A rebel blew off a policeman's arm with both barrels of his shotgun. Another officer killed the German. A fusillade began, clubs popped on heads, the fight was general, although when the rioters retreated only one corpse could be found on both sides.

The mayor planted cannon around City Hall and waited. But the storm had passed. From the great body of native citizens came a wave of reaction against Know-Nothingism and prohibition. The new administration was "liberal."

5

To the roaring frontier city in 1855 there comes a certain Kentuckian with a black slouch hat on his massive head and a ten-year-old Yale diploma behind him in some Lexington attic—a gusty youth of thirty, familiar with Paris and Berlin, leaving St. Louis now to have a look at this place called Chicago. The girl whom he has just married is with him, yet even on his honeymoon he falls in love with the city—so much in love that all the rest of his life he will call Chicago his "bride."

He walks around the streets, then says, "I think Chicago

is destined to be the greatest city on this continent. I have decided to cast my lot with it." And, like a Doge of Venice marrying the Adriatic Sea, Carter H. Harrison the First weds himself to the city whose young figure he can see ripening under its blowsy homespun dress.

6

Welcoming the Toronto Board of Trade visitors to Chicago in 1855, "Deacon" Bross directed their attention to the fact that the Great Northwest out and beyond Chicago held 700,000 square miles, "a territory larger than twenty-three older States East of the Mississippi. . . . It contains the largest and richest deposits of lead and copper that exist on the globe. . . . Where the buffalo now range in countless thousands, must, after all, become the greatest corn-growing sections of the Union. There, too, will be reared the countless herds of cattle and hogs, to be driven to Chicago and packed in beef and pork to feed the Eastern States, with an abundance to spare for all the nations of Europe." He quoted a certain Captain Hugunin, veteran lake sailor, who had said, "The great God, when he made the mighty West, made also the lakes and the mighty St. Lawrence to float its commerce to the ocean."

Chicago, as Bross pictured it, was the place where the future centered. With fifty-seven hotels, eight of them first-class, Chicago had become a convention city. Delegates saw stone and brick houses, standing shoulder to shoulder with dingy huts and squalid shanties. They saw broad, filthy streets lined with shade trees. In 1856, the city had more than 84,000 people. It had formed its Historical Society.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" drew unprecedented throngs. Seven daily newspapers, fifteen weeklies, and six monthlies were being published in the city. Horace Greeley, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Lucy Stone, the "woman's rights" agitator, and Fred Douglass, the negro Abolitionist orator, were heard. Rice's Theater brought the leading New York stars.

In two years, Chicago would have its first full orchestra, grand opera would have begun its annual "season," an art association would be incorporated and give exhibits. Steel-rolling mills had come to the North Side.

Dr. William Mason, the Boston pianist, traveling over America in the '50s on the first pianoforte tour ever held, was given a grand reception after his Chicago appearance. Beaming upon his hosts, he asked, "Where are your married women?" Only girls seemed to confront him.

The reply was, "They are here. They were girls in New England, but our fellows went after them, and they are all married now."

Ever afterwards Mason explained Chicago's greatness and her energy by pointing to those "sweet New England girls."

7

"In 1856, the four railroad lines running west of Chicago carried out 107,653 more persons than they brought back," said Bross in the annual report of progress which he sent out from Chicago to the curious world. "We have eleven trunk railroad lines and seventeen branches, one hundred and four trains arriving or departing each day. By various routes two hundred and fifty thousand have gone west of Chicago and north of Missouri this year. Three million, three hundred thousand passengers entered the city. A steamer, loaded with wheat at Chicago, unloaded it at Liverpool. In grain and lumber we surpass any city in the world."

At the end of the next year, he was saying, "In 1857 our two Eastern railroad-lines brought West 94,998 more passengers than they took back, while four of our western lines carried 76,837 more people West out of Chicago than they carried back into it. Two hundred thousand more people at least have found homes west of Chicago."

This in the face of the national "panic," which struck in

'57, was felt by Bross to be pretty good. The glorious city, as he described it, was marching ahead, panic or no panic.

Meanwhile, in Chicago crime was rampant. Idle men walked the streets, or came and went riding the railroad bumpers. Wages for those lucky enough to find work were fifty cents a day. Immigrants finding legal difficulties in getting homesteads turned back into the city, adding to the congestion. Burglaries, street hold-ups, safe-blowing, were almost a nightly matter. Many old and prominent commercial houses smashed. Distraction was in the air. The police were denounced viciously. "The city is at the mercy of the criminal classes," shrieked the *Tribune.*

The city's good name must be saved. So many travelers had been robbed and so many stories of Chicago's crime had been broadcast that business was suffering.

Long John Wentworth, mounting to the mayor's chair, decided to clean house. He looked first at the "Sands." This was the name given to that vice-area north of the river where the farm boys and the sailors got fevered pictures of Chicago, which they carried away with them. Cheap lodging-houses, rattle-trap parlors of assignation and prostitution, low saloons, gambling-dens, clustered there on land which nobody owned. For years the section had been a source of diversion to the amateur fire-fighters of the city. Blazes were frequent all over Chicago, and at the alarm, which was usually sounded by small boys rushing delightedly through the streets, volunteer firemen swarmed out with their buckets to run with the engine. If the fire was in the Sands then there was sport indeed, sport chopping up the property of frowsy old "madames," sport in throwing water on the fleeing Jezebels, who had no recompense under the law, sport in knocking down whole buildings, whether the fire demanded such a sacrifice or no.

According to the *Chicago Tribune* of April 21, 1857, "a large number of persons, mostly strangers in the city, have been enticed into the dens there and robbed, and there is but little doubt that a number of murders have been committed by

the desperate characters who have made these dens their homes. The most beastly sensuality and the darkest crimes have had their homes in the Sands, so famous in Chicago police annals.

"Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to break up the Sands, but the land upon which they stood was in litigation in the United States courts and the litigants, in view of the uncertainty of the law, were disinclined to take any violent measures to eject the occupants.

"A short time since, Hon. W. B. Ogden (still Chicago's richest citizen and now 'railroad king') purchased the interest of one of the litigants, and a few days since, Mr. Ogden's agents notified all the occupants to vacate the premises forthwith, or their buildings would be torn down, and at the same time, to avoid as much difficulty as possible, purchased the buildings of such of the owners as would sell them at a reasonable price."

Finance, and better business, and the righteous rule of the strong were all playing behind the scenes on April 20th, when Mayor Wentworth frowned upon the Sands. Next day he struck. One legend has it that he drew off most of the male habitués by advertising a big dog-fight on the outskirts of the city. At any rate, there was small resistance when a deputy sheriff, accompanied by thirty policemen and the real-estate agent of the "Railway King," bore down upon the district and began tearing down five of the disreputable houses. Four shanties soon joined these houses in ruin. As soon as the inmates had lugged their pitifully scant property to the street, hooks and chains were sunk in the structures and teams pulled them down.

A tremendous crowd of sightseers gathered and swelled as the news spread. At 4.30 that afternoon, fire broke out and six more buildings disappeared—the *Tribune* laying the blame on the inmates, who had supposedly done the thing for spite.

Out-of-town newspapers said that Chicago had done another thing characteristically violent and bold; the incident was alternately praised and condemned from one end of the country to the other. In reality, the results were unfortunate for

Chicago, serving to scatter criminals into residence sections just at a time when financial depression was turning hungry workmen into burglars and garroters.

Succeeding Wentworth as mayor was John C. Haines—"Copper-stock" Haines, so-called on account of his dabblings on the stock market—and his police were nicknamed "coppers," a slang word that was soon adopted by the whole country.

8

With the extension of the railroads, Chicago "drummers" at this period appeared before the astounded eyes of the country merchants. The city, turning to wholesale trade, pursued new business relentlessly in all directions, including the mighty East. Merchants employed traveling salesmen whose distribution of cigars, whispered anecdotes and big-town talk enlivened the rustic scene. Small-town girls were warned to beware of them, just as they were told to yield nothing to the smart brakemen who swung off and on the railroad cars so dashingly. The West awakened to the fact that Chicago, not New York or St. Louis or Cincinnati, was henceforth the center of its trade.

Even when the national panic of '57 cast the country into despondency more spectacular than that of '37 or '47, Chicago seemed to suffer less than Eastern cities. True enough, twenty thousand of its workers faced starvation, while its warehouses were packed with produce that merely waited for higher prices; true it was that 117 out of its 1,350 business establishments failed, but Chicago's business men stood close together, and their "drummers," although a little brash and far less numerous, kept plying the midlands and the great Northwest. With the cities crippled, the "drummers" concentrated on the farmers and their village merchants, thus winning to Chicago's markets many who had previously looked to New York.

Fifty-six churches and eighty ballrooms were open. In the latter, bands played from morning to night, waltzing con-

tinuing without intermission. Two theaters displayed seductive women in "tights" and "very short garments." Saloons closed the front door and drew the window-shades on Sunday, but kept the side door open and busy. Dogs roamed the streets as they did a generation before, biting many people. Newspapers said hydrophobia was too frequent. Smallpox still stalked, and the cholera came and went.

Clark Street was paved from Lake to Polk with wood blocks in '59. In that year the horsecars appeared, running on State Street south to the city limits, on Madison and Randolph west nearly to the city's edge, on North Clark from the river to the boundary, also on Larrabee and Clybourne Avenues.

Yet the Chicago *Weekly Democrat* was asking, "Why do so many children die in Chicago?" adding that "nine out of every ten quarts of milk come from cows fed on whiskey slops, with their bodies covered with sores and tails all eaten off."

In 1860 Chicago shipped 31,108,759 bushels of grain; property had increased seventeen per cent. in four years, and stood at $37,053,512.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, reporting the American tour of the Prince of Wales that year, described Chicago as "an extraordinary mélange of the Broadway of New York and little shanties, of Parisian buildings mixed some way with backwoods life."

Charles Dudley Warner, deserting his lawyer's desk in Chicago that year for the East and authorship, carried with him a parting impression of "one of the shabbiest and most unattractive of cities." He remembered that "its streets were mud sloughs, its sidewalks a series of more or less rotten planks. Half the town was in process of elevation above the tadpole level and a considerable part on wheels—a moving house being about the only wheeled vehicle that could get around with any comfort to the passengers."

When the distant world thought of Chicago, as it did so often in 1860, it thought of crime, filth, outlandish indifference to culture, yet it thought more about Chicago's prodigious growth, and its incredible handling of Western commerce. British, as well as Eastern, newspapers were reprinting Bross' statistics and civic hallelujahs with exclamations of wonder. St. Louis and Cincinnati were still ahead sixty thousand each in population and were commercial giants, too. However, the world talked not of them, but of Chicago. They had had no "boosters" of Bross' genius.

The town might be bold and bad, but it was rich, even considering the panic, and it was thrilling!

Arrogant it was, already sneering at its older rivals of the West, as when the Chicago *Times* boasted, "Chicago is the halfway house on the great commercial thoroughfare across the continent. St. Louis is a way station on a side track." But with this "blowing," as "boosting" was called in those days, went so much accomplishment that Eastern capitalists poured in the money with which the town's amazing railroad and industrial progress was achieved.

As Chicago came to the portcullis of the Civil War, it was apparent that the "boosters" had triumphed amazingly. Over in England, Richard Cobden would be reflecting Bross propaganda a little later when he would say to Goldwin Smith, as that Oxford professor set out across the Atlantic, "See two things in America, if nothing else—Niagara and Chicago."

CHAPTER VIII

It is the morning of May 16, 1860.

Chicago, which has had its first convention thirteen years before at the River and Harbor meeting, is now to have the first of a spectacular series of national political conventions.

To house the assemblage of the new Republican party that will nominate its candidate for the most portentous election in the republic's history, Chicago has erected a huge, ramshackle affair on Lake Street, where the old Sauganash Hotel once stood, a wooden shed, the "Great Wigwam," holding, it is estimated, from 10,000 to 20,000 people, so reckless are the statisticians.

Chicago is excited over something more than the mere immensity of the throng; it is afire with zeal for the Illinois candidate, Abraham Lincoln. For days the common people of the Northwest have been streaming in on the railroads and plank roads. They too are whooping it up for the "Rail-Splitter," friend of the pioneer, the worker, and the poor man. Newspaper men think there are 40,000 of them in town. Mobs cheer around the Tremont House, where the Lincoln men cluster about the rugged David Davis, pioneer judge in Lincoln's circuit-riding days.

The spirit of the Northwest grips the town, declaring that

the Republican party shall not be so priggish as the defunct Whigs, nor so Puritan and narrow as the Abolitionists. It must be a thing of the West—of the common people. Straight whiskey, the drink of the pioneer, flows freely. Champagne suppers are given delegates who are to go away with everlasting dreams of that fiery, patrician delicacy.

Over at the Richmond Hotel, on Michigan and South Water Street, is the headquarters of the Seward men—William H. Seward, cultured, eloquent New Yorker, whom "thinking people" agree is obviously the best man to nominate. The Seward crowd has money, organization, brass bands, flags, and Eastern manners.

The Lincoln managers are rougher in dress, more given to chewing tobacco; their finances are low, but they have brains of superior cunning.

While the Seward delegation with its followers parades the streets, cheering and singing to impress their candidate's distinctions upon the people, Judge Davis and his backwoods politicians are packing the Wigwam with Lincoln partisans. Lank farmers are taking all available seats in the convention hall. They have been told to save their breath for the moment when Lincoln shall be nominated. On the roof Illinois men are mounting a cannon. On top of the Tremont Hotel, across town, they are mounting another. Odds in the convention are against them, but they are sure they will win.

Up to the doors come the Seward paraders, their bands blaring. They cannot get in. At length the accredited delegates are squeezed through to their places, but only a handful of the "workers," who have come West to stampede the convention for their candidate, can find standing room.

William Evarts, the famous New York lawyer, nominates Seward in classic prose. The New York delegates shout and are joined by most Eastern delegates. But without the claque that cools its heels in the throng outside, the demonstration is disappointing.

Then comes to the platform Norman B. Judd, the Chicago lawyer, sharp, vigorous, practical, and when he has nominated Abraham Lincoln, the Wigwam shakes to prairie yells, splitting thunder as against the pistol "pop" of the Seward acclaim. Indiana seconds the name of Lincoln. A moment later the Ohio delegation splits, and a faction sends up a speaker to join Illinois and Indiana in proposing Lincoln. The yells dwarf those that have gone before. Governor Henry S. Lane of Indiana climbs up on the stand and does a comic, capering dance with hat and cane.

"It wasn't a shout," one observer remembered later, "it was worse than a shout. It was an unbridled shriek such as I never heard before or since. It was almost unearthly. It made the Wigwam quiver. It made a cold sweat come out on the brows of the members of the New York delegation."

At length the noise subsides. Other States put forth their favorite sons, Cameron, Bates, Dayton, Chase. The fight is between Seward and Lincoln, the East and the West.

On the first ballot Seward has 173½, Lincoln 102; necessary to nominate 233. Lincoln's managers, deciding to disobey their candidate's express order that they keep his hands free of pre-nomination promises, offer Pennsylvania a place in the Cabinet if it will swing to Lincoln. Pennsylvania comes over.

The clerk reads the third ballot—Lincoln 231½, one and one-half votes from the goal. Ohio rises to change its vote, taking four away from Chase and giving them to Lincoln.

A man on the roof bellows to the street crowds, "Abe Lincoln is nominated!" and the cannon on the roof fires, making the Wigwam rattle above the din of yelling Westerners.

The cannon on top of the Tremont Hotel takes up the salute and repeats it one hundred times, while Chicago turns itself upside down with rapture. The telegraph shoots the word to the North and the South. In the East, radical anti-slavery men shake their heads, thinking that this man Lincoln is not

going to be stern enough with the Southerners. "He is too weak, too uncouth, too simple-minded. He doesn't see the wickedness of the slaveholders. They'll outwit him."

In the West and Northwest the people are saying, "Abe Lincoln hates slavery. He sees that it's morally wrong, but he isn't going to persecute the South on that account. The South isn't all to blame, Abe Lincoln won't free the slaves, as Seward might, and provoke war. All he'll do will be to preserve the Union and that's what we want."

Down South the people make ready to follow their firebrand politicians out of the Union. They have been told by their leaders that Lincoln, the "gorilla," will trample Southern rights under foot, take the slaves away, confiscate property, loose the Northern rabble of "nigger lovers" to rule the proud old aristocracy of the South. Secession is the only answer as they see it.

2

It is Chicago in November, 1860.

Down the muddy streets come the "Wide Awakes," smartly drilled marching men—young men in glazed fatigue-caps, capes of oilcloth, shining in the light of the gasoline torches that they carry. Behind them come other companies, similarly uniformed, but carrying long, thin fence-rails with lanterns dangling from the ends and bearing portraits of their Rail-Splitter candidate.

The Wide Awakes are Chicago's contribution to the Lincoln campaign. The whole North copies the idea—a half-million youths have joined the semi-military bodies and travel to all the rallies for miles around their homes.

Six months will pass, and most of these same young men will have changed the oilcloth uniforms to army blue, and in place of the torches and thin fence-rails they will be bearing Union muskets.

Now in November Chicago has turned its back on "Steve" Douglas, whom it loves in spite of his heresies. It cannot vote

for him and his Northern Democratic party, which is for compromising with the South. The slave-barons have gone too far. They must be curbed. Lincoln will hold them in check without, it is hoped, provoking them to war. Besides, "Steve" hasn't a chance. The Southern Democrats have broken away from him because he is too Northern. They will vote for Breckenridge on another Democratic ticket, one that clamors defiantly for Southern rights.

At the polls Chicago is to go for Lincoln by almost 5,000 majority, Illinois by 11,646. Nathaniel Pope's old dream has come true. Chicago has held the State to the North, although Mr. Lincoln, who will preserve the Union, is himself one of those Southern immigrants who have come up across the Ohio on that migration which Pope sought to offset when he kidnaped Chicago for Illinois.

CHAPTER IX

FORT SUMTER'S guns on April 13, 1861, announced disunion to the republic. There was no question as to how the native-born population of Chicago and northern Illinois would take the news. Yankee blood flung out the flag at the first echoes of those cannon down in South Carolina.

Where the city's fifty thousand foreign-born would stand was a different matter. Would they risk their necks at the call of the Republicans, one great wing of whom had told all "aliens" that they were unfit to hold office in city, state, and nation?

From the North Side came a reassuring answer. The Germans, the Jews, themselves German, the Scandinavians, and the French overlooked past wrongs and for the sake of the anti-slavery cause supported the Union.

Anxious eyes turned to the South Side, where lived the Irish. There the rub would come. As a unit the Irish had opposed the Abolitionists and all who planned to set the negro free. From the day that the average Irish immigrant landed in the New World he took this stand. He had fled poverty and starvation at home, and arriving in America without funds and without education, it was necessary that he work with his hands. Along the rivers this put him into competition with slave labor. Natu-

rally he became anxious to preserve race distinctions, and even after he had risen to boss other laborers, as he usually did within a remarkably short space of time, he held to the notion that slavery was the just thing for the colored man. This brought him, with his genius for politics, into the Democratic party, which would leave slavery alone. Furthermore that party, under the broadly human leadership of the Protestant Stephen A. Douglas, had welcomed the Irish Catholic newcomers into its ranks, while the Whigs, priggishly vain of the "old American stock," repelled them.

Then when the Know-Nothings, preaching racial and religious hatreds, joined with the Abolitionists in the newly forming Republican party, an Irishman was doubly a Democrat. It bound him to that party with bonds of rage when he heard Know-Nothings say, "The Roman Catholics are all Democrats because the Pope has ordered them to support the Southern slaveholders."

Furthermore, any Chicago Irishman was living in the midst of unusual Abolitionist sentiment. Since the '40s Chicago had been called a "nigger-loving" town by Southerners. No other city, unless it be Philadelphia, was so kind to the colored man. In it terminated many lines on the "Underground Railroad," that semi-secret chain of Abolitionists who spirited runaway slaves from the Ohio River up through the midlands from house to house until they reached Chicago. Consignments of as many as fifteen and twenty fugitives went through the city at a time, boarding the lake boats, which took them to the safety of Canada. United States marshals trying to recapture this Southern property were mobbed by Chicago citizens while the police laughed. No slave was ever taken back once he reached the city. Freed negroes—there were 1,500 in Chicago by 1860—openly menaced the Federal officers. In their debating and literary societies the Chicago freedmen openly denounced the Fugitive Slave Law, which obligated citizens to help slave-owners recover their runaway chattels.

Even "Steve" Douglas, whom Chicago loved and who was a true friend of the city, sneered at it as "Abolitionist Chicago." In the late summer of 1854, Douglas clashed with this spirit when he attempted to explain to the city his reasons for having introduced into the United States Senate the hated Kansas-Nebraska Bill. The Senator, anxious for Southern votes in his Presidential race, which was to come four years hence, had broken the old agreement which said that new States carved out of the Northwest should proscribe slavery. "Let the people rule," was the position of Douglas. "If they want slavery, let them have it." To the anti-slavery North this act seemed deepest treachery, and Douglas came back to Chicago from Washington by the light of his own burning effigies, as he described it.

In North Market Hall, on Michigan near Clark, he appeared. Since six o'clock the church bells had tolled in protest against him. Flags all over town were at half-mast. Whatever applause there was to meet him was drowned in the hisses, groans, catcalls and boos of his enemies. The Irish, battling for him, were overwhelmed. Douglas squared his shoulders in the face of the tornado, shook his fist at it, and shouted that he'd stay till morning.

"We won't go home until morning," answered the mob, singing derisively.

Both Douglas and the mob kept their word. After midnight he gave up, roaring:

"It is now Sunday morning—I'll go to church and you may GO TO HELL."

Only his perfect fearlessness kept the crowd from killing him, cool observers thought. If the Irish needed nothing else to make them idolize Douglas, his actions that night were enough. They voted almost solidly for him and against Lincoln in 1860, believing that the Republicans were bent on free-

ing the negro and proscribing opportunity for the "foreign born."

Now in the Spring of 1861 Lincoln was calling upon them to fight for the Union which he represented. It warmed "native-born" hearts—perhaps made them blush a little for the past—to read the poster that, on April 20, spoke the Irish answer:

"RALLY! All Irishmen in favor of forming a regiment of Irish Volunteers to sustain the Government of the United States, in and through the present war, will rally at North Market Hall, this evening, April 20th. Come all! For the honor of the Old Land, Rally! Rally! for the defense of the New."

It was signed by James A. Mulligan, Alderman Comiskey and a dozen others, including "Mike" McDonald, the gambler. In two hours three hundred and twenty-five men, many of them veterans of European wars, had signed, and a week after the first news had come "The Irish Brigade," with Mulligan as colonel, was waiting in green shirts, fuming because the Illinois quota had already been filled.

By April 25th, the Irish as a bloc were pro-war, for their idol, "Steve" Douglas, had come home from Washington to whip his followers into Lincoln's line. "No one can be a true Democrat without being a patriot," Douglas declared, assailing secession with all his unmatched eloquence.

The Little Giant had laid aside all thoughts of self and of his ancient rivalry with Lincoln. Like any soldier, he began fighting, forgetful of his career, his former power, his disappointment at losing the Presidency. Not long did he spend his energy on Chicago Democrats; they were already loyal. Douglas' problem lay in southern Illinois, where the sons of Virginia pioneers were declaring for the South in open mass-meetings. Williamson County had declared itself for the splitting of Illinois. "Egypt" would attach itself to the Confederacy. Congressman John A. Logan, whose father had come from the "ould sod," had stirred Franklin County with a

speech in which he compared the Southern seceders with the Revolutionary heroes of 1776.

Logan's law partner, William H. Green, had announced that the people of southern Illinois "would stand like a wall of fire against any attempt to invade the North," but that "if the North marches upon the South, her forces will be met upon the prairie and made to walk over dead bodies of the men who will meet them." Ex-Governor John Reynolds was telling the Egyptians that "before God and man, the revolution in the South is the greatest demonstration of human greatness and grandeur that was ever performed on the globe."

Douglas met such sentiment head on. To the State Legislature and to crowds over the State he spoke as he had never spoken before, arguing, pleading for loyalty. Illinois, for all that it had voted him down four months earlier, loved him better than any man of that day, and under his spell those who had once been Kentuckians, Virginians, or North Carolinians stood for the Union.

Tragically for Lincoln, his old rival Douglas, now a supporter, wore himself out in this feverish speaking-campaign, and by June was dead, his life given for the Union cause as truly as those of the soldiers who fell before secession bullets—himself a greater loss to the North than the battle of Bull Run.

But he had done enough to hold southern Illinois in the Union. His friend Logan—"Dirty Work" Logan, as the Republicans had called him for the unscrupulous work against Lincoln in the campaign of 1860—was joining the Union army even as Douglas died. He soon would be the chief volunteer soldier of the North, and a major-general. Massac County, where William Green had said the citizens would fight Northern armies, had begun to overcrowd its Union quotas. In the next four years it would put four-fifths of its voters in blue uniforms. The Cairo region, hotbed of secession sympathy, had sent companies to join the South, it was true, but it had sent many more to join the North, and would by the end of the

conflict have furnished more fighters to the Union army per quota than had "Abolitionist Chicago."

3

Three weeks after the first drums rolled, Chicago had enlisted thirty-eight companies, 3,500 men in all. Its banks had offered Governor Yates a half-million dollars. Its soldiers were spiriting guns and ammunition by night out of the beleaguered government arsenal at St. Louis. Its crack militia company, Ellsworth's Zouaves, was making ready, although its organizer, Elmer E. Ellsworth, had gone East to lead a similar body South, and had fallen hauling down the "rebel" flag at Alexandria, Virginia, first man to die in the Civil War.

By July, Illinois had enrolled four times as many troops as could be accepted, and by September, The Irish Brigade had set Chicago cheering with its exploits at Lexington, Missouri.

Sixty acres at 34th and Cottage Grove, opposite the grounds of the first University of Chicago, which had also been a part of the Douglas estate, were opened as a camp in September, and as Camp Douglas it remained until the end of the war, used both as a training-ground and as a prison for the captured Confederates, of whom as many as ten thousand were often confined between its thin stockade of one-inch boards.

In October, forty-three regiments were in service, more than New York State could boast. Thousands of youngsters from Illinois and Chicago, impatient at delay, had joined Wisconsin, Michigan, Missouri, or Indiana regiments in order to get to the front. The State had, in that month, seventy-three thousand men under arms. All classes, all creeds, were represented. The Jews of Chicago in 1862 raised and armed a company.

Four years later, when the war was done and the provost marshal was checking up on his statistics, it was found that Illinois had sent 231,488 men into the Northern army, a showing that was, on the basis of population, far above that of any

other State. Only a handful of men in a few townships had been drafted, and that was an act savagely attacked at the time as a clumsy mistake on the part of the provost marshal, who had ignored the fact that the State was then well above its quota.

Chicago had sent fifteen thousand men out of a population that numbered one hundred thousand in 1861 and one hundred and seventy thousand in 1865. Of these fifty-eight were conscripts. During the war Chicago had introduced the sanitary fairs, most effective of all civilian devices for raising funds with which to aid sick and wounded soldiers. Its two fairs, the first in '63 and the second in '65, collected something like a half million dollars, while those of other cities, held in imitation, swelled the total of Union relief to five million.

4

The city which had stood still in numbers since the panic of '57 reeled, like all other American cities, under the impact of that first year of war. Then in '62 it held 138,186 people, and by '64 it had climbed to a total of 169,353. More significant was its export of grain, which in 1859 had been 16,000,000 bushels and which had risen in 1860 to 31,000,000. In that first year of war, the figure soared to 50,000,000 bushels and in '62 to 65,400,000.

Cyrus McCormick, the Chicago Reaper-King, was responsible for that.

As the war began, it found the prairies full of wheat and McCormick reapers. His Chicago factory hummed. And as the war progressed, drawing off every third man for the army, wheat production went up instead of down—European economists saying that the thing couldn't be true. They did not yet appreciate the reaper. If the negroes did the work behind the lines for the Confederates, the reaper did it for the Yankees. The duel between the wheat States and the cotton States was on, with the North using the invention of a Virginian and

the South using the invention of a Northerner—Eli Whitney of New England having supplied the cotton gin for the "Cotton Kingdom."

Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, said in 1861, "Without McCormick's invention, I feel the North could not win and that the Union would be dismembered."

With cotton disappearing from the markets, Eastern capital turned to the West, where the new giants, wheat, corn, and hogs, were provisioning the army and where new myriads of workers in factories turned out sinews of war. Money had all but collapsed in the West, owing to the ruin of Southern securities, which had been widely held there. Chicago bankers, those who weathered the storm, plunged into the new fields and with the establishment of a government purchasing agency there waxed fat. Factories multiplied. The city was safe from invasion and yet close, by means of the railroads, to the whole front. People in Missouri, Kentucky, lower Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, dreading the cavalry raids that threatened, made their investments in Chicago.

Taking a hint from McCormick's triumph, Chicago manufacturers began making other kinds of farm implements, which the short-handed prairie farmers bought avidly. Speculation kept the town in a turmoil that often threatened to overshadow the war. Fortunes were made. Men who had walked to work in 1860 drove about town in fine carriages in '63. Canadians streamed down into the city to get the war wages.

The four-year war added over seventy per cent. to the city's population and over ninety per cent. to its property values. Taxes rose almost four hundred per cent.

More dramatic to the life of Chicago than any battles on the distant front was the fact that in the winter of 1862-1863 the city became "hog-butcher of the world," as its chief poet of the following century would sing. Nine hundred thousand hogs were packed in three months—one-third of all those killed in the West, and a number that dwarfed anything like it on earth. Cincinnati was "Porkopolis" no longer. Where in '60 Chicago

killed but half as many hogs as "The Queen City," it had, in the winter of '63-'64, killed almost three times as many.

With that promptness in coöperation which made other cities look on with envy, Chicago business men in 1863 and '64 held conclaves to better the packing-situation. Up to then each packer had bought his hogs and cattle from independent yards, widely scattered. Prices had been hectic. Trade might swamp one yard while another was empty. The railroad men lost profits in switching carloads of animals here and there. Eastern roads, groaning with the packed meat that would supply the seaboard and Europe, wanted organization at the source.

So in 1864 the Union Stock Yards were laid out on paper and the capital stock, one million dollars, was immediately subscribed, the nine railroads terminating in the city taking $925,000 worth. Out beyond the southwestern limits of the city, four miles from the downtown section, the Yards were begun on a square mile of land whose level was two feet below the river.

Chicago would lay down a better city for hogs and cattle than for humans. Thirty-one miles of sewers turned the quagmire into land hard and dry. Seven miles of streets and alleys were laid in wood blocks for the hoofs of the animals—three hundred and forty-five acres turned into a town, methodical, convenient, sanitary.

When it was opened on Christmas Day, 1865, it was large enough to accommodate 75,000 hogs, 21,000 cattle, 22,000 sheep, 200 horses, all together 118,200 animals. Three miles of troughs brought clear artesian water from a well a thousand feet deep for the herds there, while back in the city people drank lake water which the Chicago *Tribune* was to describe as a "nuisance that has made Chicago scarcely endurable. . . . There is no room to doubt that a large proportion of diseases of the alimentary canal, which figure so largely in the death rate of this city, are due to the use of the nasty stuff, for being poisoned with which the people of Chicago pay such heavy

water rates. Longer poisoning with the filthy slush, miscalled water, is not only unnecessary, but sinful."

One thousand men at a time worked on the nine railways as they came into the yards, each road owning a thousand feet of platform, onto which, by double chutes, both top and bottom tiers of hog cars could simultaneously unload.

Back in the city the depots for Chicago and the traveling world were already outgrown.

The new-rich appeared on the scene. Fat with war profits, manufacturers and merchants began to build mansions in the suburbs. In '63 the city spread out to a new area of twenty-four square miles. In '64 not less than six thousand buildings, costing $4,700,000, went up—a slight increase over the figures of the year before. Public buildings were erected. The built-over area of the city doubled in the two years.

In 1860 only five streets could boast of buildings as far out from town as two and a half miles. Clark and State, running north and south, had them, so did Madison, Randolph and Lake to the west, but outside of these scattering houses, nothing ventured further than a mile and a half from the Court House. By 1865 the city had well settled eighteen square miles, and occupied all streets to a distance of three miles from the center—along the five main streets much further.

Chicagoans could afford stone fronts now; iron office buildings appeared. Stone sidewalks were laid downtown. The banks established their first clearing-house in '65. The Chamber of Commerce building went up at Washington and LaSalle, and the Board of Trade with its fourteen hundred members was housed there. Grain shipments in '66 stood at over sixty-six million bushels, more than twice the figure for 1860.

The city, rich at last, increased its sewer mileage to seventy-five. The sewers both helped and hurt. They emptied into the river and the river emptied into the lake. As from old days, Garlic Creek had a terrific odor. Factories and docks multiplied along the banks, and up until the opening of the Stock Yards, the slaughter-houses grouped there, stifling the

various sections of the city according as the wind chose to blow. The shallows in front of the city were contaminated by the horrible waters of the river, while only six hundred feet from shore stood the crib through whose wooden inlet the city had pumped drinking water since 1853. Disease was so common that in 1862 the position of health officer was created and a policeman appointed to fill the job.

"At times the stench in dwellings from the fearful water was intolerable," wrote two editors of the *Tribune*, as they later recalled the '60s. "It was not only black, with a shocking odor, it was greasy to the touch."

Vainly the city had been trying to solve its drainage problem by use of the canal pumps at Bridgeport. It was thought that the machinery which lifted Chicago River water into the Illinois and Michigan Canal could be made to pump fast enough to create a backward current in the river. Then the stream could cleanse itself. But the pumps, suck and cough as they would, could never quite keep ahead of the fresh floods of refuse which the city—growing so rapidly—dumped into the river. Less than a year after the new drainage "solution" had been reached, Garlic Creek was foul enough to be blamed for an epidemic of erysipelas that gripped the town.

On March 18, 1864, ground was broken for a venture which Chicago was to proclaim as another one of the wonders of the world—the lake tunnel. Out into the lake a tunnel five feet square was laid from the foot of Chicago Avenue, twenty-six feet under the surface and sloping downward and outward for a distance of two miles. Nineteen months later a monster crib was there anchored and attached. To stand the lake storms this crib was weighted down with 4,500 tons of stone. Mule cars brought excavated material through the tunnel back to shore and returned with brick and cement. Scows plied to and from the crib. Engineers across the world wondered about the thing. Newspapers stormed because it took so long. The death rate in the city was shameful.

Not until March, 1867, was it ready. Then, after civic cere-

monies, the pumps were set to work sending pure water, at last, through the one hundred and fifty-four miles of pipe which the city had waiting. Chicago showed its gratitude by using three million gallons more a day than it had under the old system, giving rise to the suspicion that its bathing must have been somewhat curtailed in the past.

5

As the war period came to an end, Chicago's "boosters" were louder than ever. They were too numerous to need Bross' pioneering spirit, as they trumpeted their city's supremacies into the ears of a world which already knew and talked of Chicago's unbelievable progress during the years of destruction and wastage.

In crime, that other item of its world-fame, the city had gained in equal measure. More than ever it was the wickedest place in the world to speakers and writers from other cities. Quite likely they were correct, for the war had brought in "bad men" from all over the West—thugs, vagrants, sluggers, yeggs, pickpockets, confidence men—attracted to the city by the tales of riches and of bounties for army recruits. Cook County, which Chicago dominated, was paying $300 to men who would enlist, help fill the quota, and thus prevent the necessity of conscription, and by '64 the figure was raised to $400. "Bounty-brokers" and "bounty-jumpers" became common. The former were dealers in flesh, who took commissions for placing men where they would command the highest cash return, and the latter were professionals who made it a practice to desert shortly after having accepted the bounty, in order to return and repeat the process under another name in another regiment.

The railroads centered criminals in Chicago. Around Roger Plant's resort at Wells and Monroe Streets, poetically called "Under the Willow," they nested with prostitutes. Every window-shade of Roger's establishment bore the legend in gilt

letters "Why Not?" Andy Routzang's saloon on Clark near Van Buren kept the police in a frenzy. The river was lined with "as desperate a class of men as ever disgraced a city," the police maintained.

In "Conley's Patch," a group of shanties at Adams and Franklin Streets, flourished the "Bengal Tigeress," a gigantic procuress who catered to sailors. So powerful was she that it required four or five policemen to drag her to the station. No patrol wagons existed, a handicap which forced policemen to commandeer any sort of vehicle at hand for the transportation of drunken or unconscious prisoners. One Lieutenant Beadell acquired fame by bringing Jimmy Kilfoil, notorious criminal, downtown two miles in a wheelbarrow.

The central section of the city was alive with street-walkers, whom the slang of the times named "chippies." The *Tribune* estimated their number at two thousand. Many of them kept their parlors on the fourth floors of the office buildings which had risen so thickly. Since there were no elevators, these upper floors were too high for business customers to reach by stairways, and were rented to the ladies of leisure. Policemen let street solicitations go on without disapproval. "Waterford Jack," eminent adventuress, was best known of her kind.

Lou Harper's establishment at 219 Monroe Street was the city's most splendid "parlor-house," and because it discarded the traditional red window-curtains and gigantic house-numerals of its kind, it was popular with those young men who set the fashion in the half-world. Its sole advertisement was the neat letters "Miss Lou Harper."

It was in this palace of sin that Carrie Watson, who was to become a notorious "madame," had her Chicago beginnings. Carrie had come from Buffalo to be one of Lou Harper's girls, and soon attracted the favor of Al Smith, the proprietor of the gambling house at 91 Clark Street. With Al's funds, Carrie established the gaudy brothel at 441 Clark Street that was famous clear up to the World's Fair in '93.

South of Van Buren were other elegant bawdy-houses,

among them at Clark and Polk that of Lizzie Allen, who was to hold forth past the turn of the century, second only in transcontinental notoriety to that of the Everleigh Sisters, Minnie and Ada.

With the "red light" district so close to the business section of the city, and with cheap boarding-houses full of young bachelor clerks and workmen standing within or close to the downtown center, Chicago's sins were apparent to all travelers. Few visitors could escape the sight of "Gamblers Row" on Randolph Street between State and Clark, and along Clark to Monroe. Frank Connelly's "Senate" was the show place of the district, while out toward the river were scores of lower dens. Keno was the game and so popular was it that at times crowds blocked the streets outside the halls.

When the street-lamps were lit and the downtown section blazing, the gamblers, picturesque dogs in the main, from the Mississippi River boats, were the city's most conspicuous figures. Farm boys who had poured into the city to work, Eastern youths who had come to the magnetic new city, gaped at them admiringly and copied their clothes and manners.

The war had driven this gentry from the steamboats, where they had thrived so long, and Chicago, booming sensationally, had attracted them. Southern they were, and feeling their power, hesitated not at all to talk "rebel talk" in the saloons and first-floor gambling-houses. Indeed, it was said that of all the resorts for men-about-town the Tremont House was almost the sole spot where unadulterated Union talk could be heard.

Amusements were few, athletic sports non-existent—the men outnumbered the women hopelessly. What was there for Chicago, so full of money, to do of evenings but gamble? Wages in the latter half of the war period were high. Soldiers delirious with the joy of escape kept pouring into town as their varying terms of enlistment closed, to spend their pay in one fling before reënlisting or going home to the farm. The police grafted liberally. Raids were occasional, drastic, and soon forgotten.

"War widows" were plentiful. That nickname was applied to erring wives of absent soldiers as well as to the women who, at their husbands' deaths in camp or battle, turned to the easiest road of self-support.

Among the prostitutes the gamblers were kings to be fought for. The black-legs, as the gamesters were called, were notoriously generous, maintaining their mistresses in fine quarters at Lou Harper's, Lizzie Watson's, Nellie Costello's or other parlor-houses. They delighted to ride about town in grand victorias, their strumpets beside them.

With money, liquor, and women all so free to hand, fights were common among the gamblers. That stretch on Randolph between Clark and State was known as "Hair-trigger Block," as a result of its many shootings. In this block occurred, at the war's end, a killing which pointed up Chicago's ill fame from the Atlantic to the Rockies.

Horse-racing had sprung up and with it, George Trussell, former bookkeeper in a Chicago bank, had risen to prominence. As half-owner of Dexter, the nation's greatest race-horse of that day—Dexter who had gone a mile in "two-eighteen" with Budd Doble up—Trussell was national news. The country, in its reaction from war horrors, was frivolous, and across it, in September 1866, eyes scanned the papers eagerly to see the results of the races between Dexter, General Butler, Medoc, Cooley, and George M. Patchen, Jr., at the recently opened Chicago Driving Park.

Around the track and paddock clustered the racing-men, gamblers, "sports," and their lights-of-love, the latter a gay spectacle in their multi-colored dresses and spread of parasols. With them mingled many of Chicago's first business men. Trussell, silent, hawk-faced, slim, and military of bearing, was the social lion of the day, but his familiar consort, Mollie, who was or was not his wife, was not with him. They had quarrelled. Trussell had wearied of her.

Ten years before, Mollie, after having been seduced in Columbus, Ohio, had come to Chicago as a chambermaid. Not

long did she cling to a broom, however, for her gayety and figure made her a favorite with the fast young men of the town. She had a child, whom she soon put in school at South Bend, Indiana, where, so the newspapers had it, the youngster grew up in ignorance of its mother's profession. Before long Mollie had become attached to George Trussell, the romantic dream of a prostitute's heart. In '64 she branched out as a "madame" of a parlor-house on Fourth Avenue, and was so occupied when Trussell made his attempt to forsake her.

On the night after the grand opening of the Driving Park track, Mollie, perhaps especially jealous of Trussell's enthusiasm for Dexter, put on "a gorgeous white moiré dress," as the newspapers described it, and went down Gambler's Row looking for her man. In a saloon she found him. He pushed her toward the door, where she twisted out of his grasp, and, drawing a pistol, shot him, after which she fell upon his body, shrieking, "Oh, my George, my George! He is dead!"

It was a glamorous tragedy for the whole country to read, and to fasten onto that wicked city, Chicago, and an early sign of the chivalry of Cook County juries when Mollie went free.

Scarcely less famous was the murder at the Chicago Driving Park two weeks after Trussell's death. General Butler with Driver McKeaver in the sulky behind, was racing Cooley, whose reins were held by Riley—famous horses and crack horsemen. Three heats they went to a tie. A fourth was run, even though twilight hid them from the judges' stand as they went round the back course. As they thundered out of the darkness toward the wire, it was seen that General Butler's driver was missing. McKeaver was found on the far stretch, his skull crushed by a stone. All bets were declared off and the coroner's jury found that the thing had been done by "persons unknown."

Numerous as they were, the Southern gamblers were not enough to give Chicago anything more than a superficial appearance of sympathizing with the Confederacy. Deeper into the body of the city ran the disaffection of the majority of the Irish and other inheritors of the Douglas tradition.

Lincoln himself alienated them in the Fall of 1862 with his Emancipation Proclamation, which freed the slaves in Confederate States. They felt that the President had got them to fight for the Union and then, when once they were committed to the cause, had switched war aims, making them fight for the liberation of the negro.

When news of a Confederate victory was announced, Archer Road, where their chief colony lay, would celebrate. In the Bridgeport region, where they clustered, they found an outlet for their feelings in chasing any unwary colored man who unluckily passed at such a time. Nevertheless, many, perhaps a majority, grimly held to the Union in spite of a feeling that Lincoln had "duped" them. Their men in the field still carried on.

News of a Union victory, coming all too seldom in those first years of war, set the North Side alight with torches and resounding with bells as the Germans voiced their elation, while from the South Side, where the Irish dwelt, there was silence upon all such occasions. During 1863, Chicago lay within the jurisdiction of General Ambrose E. Burnside, famous for his sideburns, for his inventions in firearms, his nobility of character, and his military mistakes. Maddened by anti-war sentiments of the *Times*, he ordered it suppressed, and soldiers from Camp Douglas out at 34th and Cottage Grove marched downtown on June 1, 1863, and seized the plant. Immediately two mobs gathered, one of "Copperheads," as anti-war Democrats were called, the other of uncompromising Union men. The former was all for marching against the pro-war

Tribune and dismantling it in retaliation. The latter was for breaking "pro-Southern" heads.

Twenty thousand people were on the street, it was estimated, that night when the Copperheads made speeches on the Court House Square. In the Court room of Judge Van H. Higgins, conservative leaders of both parties were meeting. The Judge was a stockholder in the *Tribune*, and didn't want it burned down. The police, under a Democratic administration, were with the Copperheads. Judge Higgins, Lyman Trumbull, Congressman Isaac N. Arnold, representing the Republicans, parleyed with William B. Ogden, S. S. Hayes, A. W. Arrington, and M. F. Tuley of the Democrats, and telegraphed resolutions to the President asking him to revoke Burnside's order. The spirit of the town was against any suppression of free speech.

While they awaited Lincoln's answer, the Republican mob rejoiced to hear that Colonel Jennison, Western desperado and lieutenant of John Brown in the days of "bleeding Kansas," would defend the *Tribune* plant. Jennison, dressed like a cowboy, was a familiar man about town, and reputedly a willing killer. The tale ran through the town that Jennison had put armed men in all the lofts around the *Tribune* and that at a signal from that plant, where he was stationed, Clark Street would be carpeted with Copperhead corpses.

At news of Jennison's preparations, confidence, even arrogance, swept thousands of Republicans into a mass-meeting, in which they denounced their leaders for having asked Lincoln to withdraw the ban against the *Times*. "You're a traitor," they howled at Senator Trumbull. "We want Jennison. Jennison's the man for us." But on June 4th, Lincoln's order came rescinding Burnside's edict and the crisis was over. Union victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg within a month carried immense numbers of the Copperheads over into the pro-war camp.

Not until August, 1864, did Chicago tremble again for its safety.

At that time the Democratic National Convention brought an immense body of anti-war Northerners to the city. Vallandingham of Ohio, but lately exiled from the North for his attacks upon Lincoln, was the center of enthusiastic Democracy. At the Sherman House, where he put up, crowds pressed to see him, anxious to commend his stand against a continuation of the bloody, "useless" war. Two years before, the Democrats had made tremendous gains in the "off-year" elections. Now, from the eagerness with which the people, weary of the indecisive struggle, seemed to be welcoming the campaign for peace, it seemed that Lincoln was doomed to be defeated for reëlection that Fall.

Long John Wentworth, originally a Democrat but since 1860 a Union Republican, stepped into the breach so far as Chicago was concerned. He challenged Vallandingham to a debate on the Court House Square, and worsted him prodigiously. The local tide was turned, but the Union men were still worried, for a fearsome rumor was over the town. It said, "The Sons of Liberty are rising." This dread organization was a secret society of anti-war Democrats that had grown out of a similar but smaller lodge, the Knights of the Golden Circle. Into it, across the North, had gone Copperheads, Southern sympathizer riff-raff, and solid citizens alike. Many patriotic men had joined it from no other reason than to have some moral force against the petty tyrannies that the super-patriots of the Republican party were forcing on their enemies. The Republican citizens, through their secret organization of Union Leagues, were often overbearing toward their political enemies and so strengthened the Sons of Liberty.

Aid and comfort to "draft-dodgers," to escaping Confederate prisoners, and to anti-war propagandists came out of enough Copperhead lodges to create a gigantic "scare" now and then in the North. The Chicago chapter was supposed to hold desperate cabals in the dead of night at its clubrooms on the top floor of the McCormick Block at Dearborn and Ran-

dolph Streets. And when the city was full of Democrats in August, 1864, a horrible plot was scented in that loft.

United States Government detectives spread the word that at the height of the convention fervor, thousands of Sons of Liberty, armed to the teeth, would set free the eight thousand Confederate prisoners who cooled their heels at Camp Douglas. Then, joining forces with this Southern army, they would raid the banks, burn the town, and march down through Illinois, merging with other Sons of Liberty until with so great an army they could force the North to capitulate and declare the war at an end.

To Chicagoans this fantastic tale seemed likely enough, for Camp Douglas had been a worry to them ever since "Rebel" captives had been brought there early in 1861. The prisoners were always working their way out of the wooden stockade in ones, twos, threes, or more, and although few got out of town, they were a reminder that some day a giant jail-delivery might be effected. Now in August, '64, only 736 Union soldiers, and they members of the Veterans' Reserve Corps, older men, were guarding 8,350 prisoners. Considering how the town had contributed food and clothing to the shivering captives in the early part of the war, it felt outraged at the danger of an uprising.

The story of the conspiracy as they listened to it was detailed. Jacob Thompson, Confederate agent in Canada, had sent bold desperados into town with bags of gold. "General" Charles Walsh, head of the Chicago Sons of Liberty, was handling the collection of firearms.

Wildly Chicago telegraphed the Government for protection and, while the Democratic Convention indulged itself in abuse of Lincoln, calls for peace, and a general clamor for the restoration of civil liberties, the 109th Pennsylvania Infantry, less than a thousand strong, marched in and sat down on Camp Douglas to await the fun.

Nothing happened. The convention, after all its fevered

talk, ignored Vallandingham and nominated for President George B. McClellan, the Union general, who it knew would repudiate its plank calling for peace.

Detectives arrested a half-dozen leaders of the Sons of Liberty, including "General" Walsh, and some Kentucky members of General Morgan's raider-band. In January at Cincinnati they were convicted of conspiracy, but were released when Spring brought the collapse of the Confederacy. In time Chicago felt a little sheepish at having been frightened by the childish hocus-pocus of the Sons of Liberty.

CHAPTER X

WHEN the war was done, Chicago looked at itself in delight and amazement. Then it peered across the prairies at its old rivals, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and let out a whoop of elation. In the hurlyburly of the last four years it had passed the former in population and was now hard on the heels of the latter. The Queen City was down and the River Queen was weakening. Hail to the Queen of the Lakes.

It was St. Louis that Chicago was after. The two cities hated each other, always had, always would. Chicago felt that, in spite of the Germans who had held northern Missouri to the Union, St. Louis was Southern, and Chicago, seeing how ephemeral had been its own anti-war spoutings, knew itself to be Yankee.

St. Louis, wealthy and contented, had rested on its oars while Chicago had promoted capital with which to forge onward. When St. Louis sneered at Chicago for having contributed no money to the building of its railroads, Chicago answered that it didn't have to, that it was so wonderful that Eastern bankers were glad to invest in its future.

As a matter of fact, Chicago, so poor in cash, had been forced to seek outside help. Ugly and dirty, it had been compelled to fight desperately to be noticed. Its very deficiencies

had made it all the more eager to realize its destiny as center of the Northwest.

As early as 1861 the St. Louis newspapers were warning their readers that Chicago was taking from it each year 200,000 barrels of flour, 400,000 bushels of wheat, and 17,000 barrels of whiskey.

The Chicago and Alton Railroad, which had connected the two cities in '54, had in the last of the decade, by additional spurs, gone far South, tapping the rich agricultural region between Jacksonville and Monticello for Chicago's benefit. The lake city drew trade from within fifty miles of the river city, paying higher prices for produce and charging less for goods bought in return. All around and past St. Louis into the West went roads that fed Chicago's markets. Iowa, Kansas, and eventually Nebraska sent their products to the Chicago roads, notably the Burlington and Rock Island.

St. Louis newspapers alternately berated both cities, itself for sloth and Chicago for grasping egotism. Henry Cobb, a St. Louis booster, writing to the *Missouri Republican* on November 26, 1867, called his city the Samson of the commercial realm from Allegheny to the Rocky Mountains, a strong man fallen a sleepy victim to the artful Delilah, Chicago.

"Chicago, the tool of the Philistines in the East who were jealous of the strength of St. Louis," he wrote, "Chicago, the Delilah, has been furnished with money by the lords of Eastern capital for shaving St. Louis of his strength, in cutting off by means of iron railways the trade on his rivers.

"Not only is the trade of the upper Mississippi River, from St. Paul to Hannibal in Missouri, cut off from St. Louis by Chicago, but also the trade of the Missouri River from St. Joseph to Omaha, and even the Rocky Mountains; not only is the trade of the Lower Mississippi, in winter cut off by the same hand, using the Illinois Central Railway, but even the trade of the Ohio River at Pittsburgh is this day being clipped

by the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway (part of the Pennsylvania Railroad system)."

Bitter humiliation it was for St. Louis to find the iron for Missouri railroads diverted from more direct routes to one by way of Chicago.

"The Chicago capitalists," said Cobb, "are bridging the Mississippi River at Quincy, and even the Missouri River at Kansas City, and propose to draw off the trade not only of our Missouri Pacific Road, but also of the Southwest, even daringly striking at the center of our State through Booneville and Sedalia."

2

Answering St. Louis point by point with patronizing confidence, John Stephen Wright crowed loudly in newspapers and in pamphlets with which he heralded the virtues of Chicago real estate. When St. Louis said that the Civil War had paralyzed her Mississippi River trade, Wright produced clippings from her newspapers showing that she admitted, before the war that her supremacy would disappear unless she fought for the Northwest trade, which Chicago's railroads were gobbling up. When St. Louis declared that the Rocky Mountain trade must eventually come to her, Wright flaunted forth quotations from the newspapers of those regions showing that commerce was flowing to Chicago by way of the Northwestern Railroad, which had been expanding rapidly since William B. Ogden had formed it from many smaller lines in 1864.

The completion of the Union Pacific railroad made the defeat of St. Louis certain. Linking the east and west coasts, the new line routed transcontinental travelers and shippers through Chicago and Omaha.

Proudly Wright recopied and broadcasted what the Atchison (Kansas) *Free Press* said about the battle of the cities:

"There was a time when St. Louis was the center of all the trade of the West; that was when nearly everything depended upon the trade in furs. Its merchants were staid, substantial

men. The current of their business flowed on as smoothly as the placid waters upon which all their commerce floated. The nervous, far-sighted, often reckless Yankee was not there.

"Chicago had not begun to spring up until long after St. Louis had become opulent in her quiet wealth and ease. But at length shrewd and active merchants set their stakes at Chicago. At first they bought grain by the wagon-load and sent it in schooners down the lakes. Then they commenced the construction of railroads. . . . St. Louis merchants clung to the fogeyism and the faith of their correspondents away down the Mississippi. Chicago merchants comprehended the most progressive ideas of modern commerce; and they sent out their iron rails, and erected their towering castles for the reception of all the grain of the Northwest. Chicago railways cut St. Louis off on the East, away down to Cairo, long ago; cut off the State of Missouri to the Missouri River, long ago, and penetrated to the heart of Iowa and cut across Wisconsin to Minnesota. Now they reach across Kansas by two lines—one by the way of Cameron, Kansas City, and the Eastern Division, Pacific; the other by the Central branch, Pacific, from Atchison. They cross Nebraska by the Pacific Trunk to the Rocky Mountains. They reach the Territory of Dacotah at Sioux City.

"Chicago has kept her exchange-accounts even. The grain-merchant gets a bill of exchange. This is transferred to the Chicago dry-goods and grocery merchant. To every point from whence comes grain to the Chicago market, Chicago dry-goods and grocery merchants send bills of goods. Every Northwestern town is visited by the Chicago merchants and orders are solicited. Shipping arrangements are complete, transfers, if any, are made with the utmost facility. The unceasing enterprise, the unfailing energy, of the Chicago merchant is wanting among the merchants of St. Louis."

Kansas swarmed with Chicago "drummers," who crowded out salesmen from other cities, so the Kansas papers said. St. Louis raged at the Chicagoans as "blowhards." Salina,

Kansas, said that everything its farmers bought,—wagons, reapers, mowers, threshers, shovels, spades, hoes, cooking-stoves—bore the stamp of a Chicago manufacturer or wholesaler. "All the active business men here hail from Chicago," it reported.

The *Missouri Republican*, analyzing Chicago's gains in '67, asked its readers: "Have these people greater enterprise than ours? They do not appear to have greater industry or greater economy; they haven't greater natural advantages or acquired capital, yet wherever anything is to be done for the good of Chicago, somebody is found to do it; whether to build a railroad or an elevator, or a cattle-pen, or a bridge, or to prevent others building them for the advantage of some other place, there Chicago is, to do or to hinder the doing, as may be her interest. Keen, sharp-sighted and long-sighted, quick and bold to the verge of audacity, persistent and, the censorious say, unscrupulous, they rush on, rejecting doubts and conquering difficulties, to triumphant success and prosperity. Even just now, here in our midst, she is thought to have emissaries, and they of her most wily, seeking her advancement by hindering our progress."

Citizens of Illinois, according to the Jacksonville (Illinois) *Journal* were given to wild boastings about the greatness of Chicago when on trips outside the State, yet when they had returned home, they invariably fell to abusing the city, cursing it for the "many scamps and rascals hailing from there, who go through the country cheating people." Chicago, this newspaper observed, was not given to investing its money in savings-banks, but in new enterprises.

In 1868 the *Missouri Republican* was charging that a $3,000,000 fire in Chicago was criminal, "selling out to the fire-insurance companies." That year the tonnage on the Mississippi River was 1,086,320, while Chicago's lake-traffic was 2,588,570 tons; Chicago led St. Louis in wool-receipts by 400 per cent. and in grain almost as much.

"Chicago's superiority in shoes and boots was demonstrated

during the war," said the lake "boosters," pointing out that in 1867 the city had three thousand workers in that trade. Chicago was turning out one farm-wagon for every seven minutes in a working day. Melodeons and pianos were made on a large scale. A watch-company at Elgin was announcing that soon it would produce fifty watches a day. Over 600,000,000 feet of lumber had been sold in the city in 1866. Ready-made houses, churches, court houses, hen-houses, were shipped widely. Chicago's streets were as crowded as New York's, it was said, and nothing exhibited in the Eastern metropolis was missing from Chicago's show-windows. In the whole city there was not one tenement house. Workmen owned or rented houses. Commercial colleges were clogged with students, and the city's business offices were glutted with "white collar" men who couldn't find jobs. This was the city's only idle class. "In all the Western country," a proverb ran, "the richer a man is, the harder he toils."

Parton the historian thought that Chicago ladies giggled less than New York ladies during musicals, but that Chicagoans, as a rule, prepared meals badly and bolted their food. "Chicago has the pick of the best food and nothing remains but to learn how to cook it," he observed, noting how the railroads cascaded supplies in upon the town.

Amusements, so meager during the war, flourished in the joyous reaction. Baseball, capturing the nation, made Chicago the scene of a gigantic tournament in 1865, fifty-four clubs competing. Opera in English was given at the Academy of Music, and in '68 there were, all told, sixteen weeks of grand opera. Literary magazines rose and fell.

When one of the city's many schemes for turning the canal into a passageway for large ships went wrong, St. Louis crowed in its *Missouri Democrat* of May 1, 1868:

"Chicago, that Babylon of houses that fall down, located on a flat along that lake-shore, which was to become the one and only great commercial city of This World, if not of another as well, and the iron arms of which were stretched out

in all directions, reaching after trade to support its fast horses, faster men, falling houses, and fallen women, has at this present moment a touch of the 'blues.' Chicago is unhappy. Neither fast horses nor any other fast creature has power to charm away the melancholy which overshadows with its dark wings the depressed spirit of the Chicago merchant."

St. Louis was sending grain down the Mississippi River for England, and thought it saw itself as Chicago's master in this field.

"Beware, O Chica-geese!", jeered the *Democrat*. "That river dries up in summer. It freezes up in winter. Your canal will be of no use to you, for it will send all your dealers to St. Louis to buy iron and goods of foreign manufacture, imported directly by river. . . . Those houses of yours are built of remarkably slender splinters, O philosophers of the lake school!"

The hoped-for rivalry did not develop, however, and soon St. Louis was turning to an ambition that, though equally fruitless, was more logical, resolving, through its Common Council, to have itself, instead of Washington, made the capital of the nation.

3

"I wish I could go to America if only to see that Chicago," said Bismarck in 1870 to the American hero, General Sheridan, who was visiting with the German army as it riddled the French forces of the second Napoleon. Queen Victoria and Carlyle were also reported in Chicago to have expressed similar desires.

It was a sight for wondering eyes, indeed, this boom-city, as it flowered in 1871. Stores, hotels, theaters, crowded between State, Adams and the river, an area three-quarters of a mile square, with property valued at $1,000 a front-foot. Outside this district, the city sprawled in alternating pastures and rows of houses north to Fullerton, west to Crawford and south to Thirty-ninth Street. From the Court House, business blocks ran fairly solid two miles in the three directions.

A mile north along the lake on the "Kinzie addition" lived

the first families in "all the graciousness and repose of an old aristocracy," as the London *Daily News* put it. Crowding onto Michigan Avenue south by the lake-shore were rising the homes of the "new rich" living, with some of the more ancient families to encourage them, "in princely structures of marble, that vied, both in architectural beauty and internal adornment, with the most ornate edifices of Europe." Hyde Park to the south, Lakeview to the north, were the most aristocratic suburbs.

West of LaSalle lived the workers, among the clanging machine-shops and foundries, in a district that was spreading north and south swiftly.

Magnificent, for the times, were the hotels, the office-buildings, the huge retail stores—notably the Potter Palmer structure at State and Washington, which Field and Leiter were renting at $1,000 a week, the city calling it the "most splendid commercial structure of the world." Twenty-five big young banks, theaters—Crosby's Opera House with 2,500 seats, and bridges, twenty-seven of which now spanned the river, with 200,000 people crossing a day.

"The golden-crowned, glorious Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West," sang Will Carleton, better known for his "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."

The seventeen grain-elevators, holding 6,500,000 bushels, were a crown, true enough, for the whole Northwest, linking the railroads with the ships that came to the fourteen miles of river-wharves. All along the river stood the coalyards, the gigantic warehouses, wholesale storage-buildings, distilleries, flour mills, while beyond, planing-mills droned and factories clanged. Produce and materials received in the city during 1870 had been worth more than $260,000,000.

More important to Chicago's reputation for daring and originality was its success in making the Chicago River run backward. The city slapped its thighs and bragged that it had made Nature reverse herself. Who but a Chicagoan would think of making water run uphill?

In reality the city was only putting on a brave face to hide

its disappointment over an ironic situation. For the great feat had not been accomplished in the name of commercial conquest so much as of sanitation. The city had outgrown the system by which its sewage was pumped up into the canal, and, in '67, work was begun on the old "deep cut" plan by which the continental divide was to be lowered so that Garlic Creek might have a gravity flow through the canal to the Illinois River. On July 18, 1871, the new channel was opened, and Lake Michigan, after all, sent waters into the warm Gulf of Mexico, but with a traffic how different from that which men across two centuries had visioned. Instead of the phantom ships of the sea, which men, since Joliet, had watched sailing down the dream route to the South, there now went only sewage.

"In every sphere of exertion these Western men improve upon Eastern models and methods," wrote James Parton in describing the event. The "improvement," however, was questionable, for the lake, at times, was too low to flush the city's refuse down the canal. Also, to complicate matters, William B. Ogden and John Wentworth dug a ditch through their swamp acreage near the mouth of the canal, and loosed torrents which frequently choked the waterway, forcing the Chicago River to stand motionless and odorous. So, after a few months, the city turned again back to the pumps and for twenty years the hybrid system of drainage went on, sometimes by gravity, sometimes by force.

Overshadowing the river now, as they had already overshadowed the canal, were the railroads—two union depots standing in the city. Six bridges over the river had been built by the railroads. From the North, as far as Lake Superior mines, came the Chicago and Northwestern and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. From the West, over the old Galena and Chicago Union right of way, came the Iowa division of the Northwestern—tapping the Great Pacific, and thus strange commerce from China and Japan.

A little to the south came in the Rock Island and Pacific, bringing Pacific trade, too, by way of Council Bluffs. In from

the Southwest ran the Burlington and Quincy, with Denver ores, Texas steers, Missouri mules. Up from the South came the Illinois Central, with the trade of the Red River and limitless Mississippi River valleys. From the East four roads came disputing, the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis, the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne, the Lake Shore, once the Michigan Southern, and the Michigan Central. Another, the Grand Trunk, in '71 was nearly completed to Port Huron. Thirteen trunk lines the city counted, with 10,000 miles of track contributing.

4

In Chicago, this dramatic year, was a little factory destined to fatten Chicago and its railroads beyond estimate, the shop where George M. Pullman was making "palace cars." He was that same George M. Pullman who had come on from New York in '57 to raise Chicago's big buildings. Coming West he had lain awake on the train between Buffalo and Westfield, finding it impossible to sleep in the narrow pigeonhole which, in that time, passed for a berth. Some day he would better that, and when he had his house-raising done in Chicago, he set to work. From the Chicago and Alton he got two old cars in 1858, and on these he experimented, introducing the upper berth. Being originally a cabinet-maker, he finally produced in 1864 a $20,000 model car, "The Pioneer," that was handsomely finished, elaborately frescoed, upholstered, carpeted—and comfortable. Passengers could hope now for at least some sleep. By 1867, when the Pullman Palace Car Company was incorporated, the sleepers had been adopted by Western railroads, the New York Central following suit. Dining-cars were added the following year, and in '69 de luxe trains traveled from Chicago to San Francisco.

Transportation around the city itself, as well as in and out of it, was as good as horsecars could make it. William Ogden had tunneled under the river at Washington Street to let traffic escape the horrors of "bridging." Arrogant lake-traffic

kept the pivot bridges open much of the time, the people standing in dense throngs at the open street-ends waiting, choking in freighter-smoke, and cursing. For appointments across the river, to be sure of arriving on time, people had to start an hour early.

Crowds on all the streets—306,605 people in the whole city, half of them foreign-born, some 25,000 of them German, almost as many Irish—a church-going population of 150,000 a Sunday—27,023 children in school. Of the 156 churches, 25 were Catholic, 21 Methodist, 20 Baptist, 19 Presbyterian, 5 Jewish, the rest of scattering denominations.

Parks north, west, and south occupied 36 square miles, and with connecting boulevards were regarded, as they were later, as "the finest in the world."

The University of Chicago, built on land given by Stephen A. Douglas out near 34th and Cottage Grove, had "the largest and best refracting-telescope in the world." The Academy of Science and the Historical Society were the only fireproof structures in the city. There was no public library in 1871. The downtown section bristled with hotels. Conventions jammed them. Theodore Thomas had begun to play symphonic music. McVicker's Theatre had been rebuilt, and Crosby's Opera House remodeled in grandiose splendor. Its lobbies were heavy with art. The Academy of Design displayed over 300 paintings by American artists, among them Rothermel's famous "Battle of Gettysburg."

Chicago, which the world in 1870 more than ever called "the wickedest on earth," said that Cicero, a town on its western limits, was the wickedest spot in Cook County, a denunciation which Chicago would repeat often enough in the 1920s when its own gunmen, anxious to escape the jurisdiction of its police, maintained elaborate hangouts in this same Cicero, terrorizing the law-abiding citizens of that town. "A more lawless, uncivilized, uncontrollable settlement does not exist in the whole country," so the *Tribune* described it. "The greater portion of it is peopled with a set of riotous, untamable, half-

savage rowdies." Its hoodlums burned the houses of respectable citizens who objected to their infernal din, and murders among them were frequent.

On February 25, 1870, there occurred a horsewhipping that gave the city national notoriety as a wild town. Lydia Thompson, audacious burlesque actress of "Black Crook" fame, clashed with Wilbur F. Storey, harsh and able editor of the *Chicago Times*—Storey who is reputed to have said that a newspaper's duty was to print the news and raise hell. Lydia had brought her scandalizing company of "Blondes" to Crosby's Opera House, where their bare bosoms and hips, outlined in tights, stirred the wrath of the Puritans. Storey's *Times* began by accusing the girls of "capering lasciviously and uttering gross indecencies" and concluded by urging Miss Thompson, as little better than a strumpet, to leave town. The fiery actress waylaid Storey outside his home on Wabash Avenue and whipped him briskly.

On Dearborn Street, "Newspaper Row," loomed the four-story skyscraper of the *Tribune*, which had been founded in '47. It introduced the first telegraphic news-service to the city in '49 and consolidated with Deacon Bross' *Democratic Press* in '55, with Joseph Medill as one of its four managers. The *Journal*, the *Evening Post*, the *Republican*, the *Evening Mail*, the *Staats-Zeitung* and the *Volks Zeitung* were the other papers, aggregating 78,500 copies daily and sending weekly and tri-weekly editions to the surrounding States.

Merchant princes, railroad kings, gamblers, prostitutes, toilers, art-collectors—not many, but a few—Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, musicians, actors, more bookstores in proportion to population than in any other American city—so it was claimed.

> "The rich and voluptuous city,
> The beauty-thronged, mansion-decked city,
> Gay Queen of the North and the West,"

rhapsodized Will Carleton.

Elias Colbert, the historian, thought the city had become "another Pompeii in luxury, if not in licentiousness." Property was valued at $620,000,000.

The *Tribune*, noting six or seven new manufacturing-enterprises arriving to furnish jobs for two thousand new workers, noting the five new railroads looking for a way into the city, and the subdividers' mad way with suburban buyers, declared in warning irony, "Everybody seems to be swelled up with big schemes."

Sharper irony lay in its declaration of September 10, 1871, that the city held "miles of fire-traps, pleasing to the eye, looking substantial, but all sham and shingles. Walls have been run up a hundred feet high and but a single brick in thickness."

Pompous, flimsy cornices of wood or iron painted to look like stone hung dangerously over the streets, frequently falling. Most of the showy marble fronts were thin, weak walls.

Among and behind the hastily built commercial palaces were rotting shanties where the poor and the criminal roosted. Flimsy boarding-houses and hovels shouldered "magnificent retail emporiums" and fashionable homes. South of Monroe Street from lake to river were the ramshackle houses and rookeries of the underworld. There was no fire-law observed. Landlords, through bribery and political power, kept fire-traps in the heart of the city. Anything was forgiven if it made money. Prosperity and progress ruled.

Westward were acres of frame houses, barns and cowsheds. Chicago was a pine town. Lumber had been cheap and plentiful, and it was quickly turned into a profit-making house or store. The city had 60,000 buildings, of which 40,000 were wholly of wood, only a handful of the remainder were fireproof. Roofs were made of felt and tar, or of shingles.

"Chicago is a city of everlasting pine, shingles, shams, veneers, stucco, and putty," repeated the *Tribune*.

Fires were frequent, but dismissed readily in the pioneer way. They were to be expected. Insurance would always come within a few dollars of replacing a building. Chicago's mind

was on conquest, not conservation. It was now, more than ever, "the booster city."

5

Of those five original men of vision, Ogden, Wentworth, McCormick, Bross, and Wright, all in '71 have been made to seem conservative by the rush of events. Their optimism has not been strong enough. Their prophecies have been so quickly outdone. Their dreams of what might be are dull compared to what has happened.

Ogden is "railroad king," still the city's most prominent man, but smaller now in the crush of new builders. Long John Wentworth has been out of Congress since '67; it has been fourteen years since he was mayor that one wild year when he served Ogden—and perhaps the city—so well in despoiling the underworld. Now he sits on boards of directors, thinks up reminiscences of the old days, gets ready to give bequests to colleges, and looks at property, of which he owns more than any man in Chicago. Few men in the history of the world have seen what he has seen—log huts in the mud changing to a metropolis, trappers giving way to millionaires, canoes to railroads. As he stares at the huge railroad station on the lake-front, he remembers the Fort Dearborn soldiers' coffins sticking out of the sand banks there.

McCormick has shown his reaper before crowned heads of Europe and now makes and sells 10,000 a year. Much of his profits have been spent in the close, hard patent-litigation for which he is nationally known. The public does not know this, and seeing that he is a millionaire assumes that he has ground vast wealth out of the poor farmer. In reality, McCormick had made his money in real estate. The people call him a hard, ruthless man, forgetting what his reaper has done to save the Union. Labor troubles are ahead of McCormick—bad ones.

"Deacon" Bross has been Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois from '65 to '69 and, throughout the decade, too busy with Abolition and war work to issue his rousing broadsides as of

old. Nevertheless he has found time to carry out John Stephen Wright's teachings in another line. For ten years he has been the city's "greeter," doing to others what Wright did to him in 1848. Whenever a visitor of distinction comes to Chicago it is the hearty voice and proud finger of the Deacon that point out the glories of the city. When he toots the civic horn visitors hear stirring music.

John Stephen Wright, whose reaper has served him differently than McCormick's has served him, is in '71 "boosting" ahead as though both Chicago real estate and business had not wrecked him. He still has St. Louis by the nose, and cries the "Manifest Destiny" of front-footage in the Garden City. He will keep on so to the end—a man in love with a town. But his great days are done.

The pioneers have all seen their best days—all but Bross.

The Deacon has one last—and most thunderous—broadside of "booster" shot in his locker. He will let the world have it in the days after the great fire, which is now at hand.

CHAPTER XI

It was Sunday night in the home of Patrick O'Leary, and the small frame dwelling at 137 De Koven Street held music. O'Leary, his wife, and five children were in bed, but the two front rooms were rented to Patrick McLaughlin, the fiddler, who with his family and friends was entertaining his wife's "greenhorn" cousin, newly arrived from Ireland. During the evening one or another of the five young male guests went out for a half-gallon of beer. Otherwise nobody left the house—so the McLaughlins always said.

"Before God," said Catherine McLaughlin when called to testify about the evening's events, "I didn't cook a thing. We didn't eat anything and I didn't cook anything. Nobody went out to get milk for punch. I never had such a thing in my life."

There was mystery about that milk a little later, when the whole city of Chicago, the whole country of the United States of America and much of Europe was asking who had milked Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Many legends of the famous animal have lived in Chicago's history.

One story in the neighborhood was that the McLaughlins, along between eight and nine o'clock that evening, decided to have either a milk punch or an oyster stew, and that some

member of the party had visited the cow which the O'Leary's stabled in a shed at the rear.

Another rumor was that Mrs. O'Leary herself had risen from bed to get the milk. This she denied, saying that she hadn't gone near the animal after giving it its regular five-o'clock milking that afternoon. She and her husband and children were in bed, she declared, and resting in peace, when their neighbor from over the way, Daniel Sullivan, the drayman, came knocking at the door to say that their barn was afire. All Pat O'Leary knew, in addition to what his wife had said, was that if they had called him earlier he could have saved the cow.

All Daniel Sullivan could say was that at 9.25 he had seen fire in O'Leary's barn and had cried the alarm as loud as he could, which was very loud indeed, since God had given him strong lungs. He had rushed for the stable to save the cow, but his wooden leg had caught between two loose boards and he had barely escaped with his life and a calf whose hair was on fire.

That was about the sum total of what the official investigation discovered concerning the ill-timed milking of Mrs. O'Leary's animal, and to this day it is not certain that anybody gave the famous bovine a second milking that evening. A broken lamp was found among the ashes of the stable a couple of days later, and gave rise to the legend that the cow, either resenting the lateness of the milker's intrusion or her—or his—sharp finger-nails, had kicked over the lamp and started the Great Chicago Fire.

2

Little time anybody had for hunting clues or fixing responsibilities that night of Sunday, October 8, 1871. By ten o'clock the fire had spread from O'Leary's across the West Side in two swaths so far and wide that all the engines in town were clanging on the streets, and the court-house bell, in the downtown section, was booming wildly, unceasingly.

Many things had operated to give the flames such headway in so short a time. The neighborhood of its origin was of pine shanties. The watchman on the City Hall tower had misjudged its location and had called for a fire-company a mile and a half out of the way, thus causing ruinous delay. A terrific southwest wind was blowing. Furthermore, the fire-companies had been exhausted by a $750,000 fire on the West Side the day before, and many of their workers, following the custom of American firemen in that time, had celebrated the defeat of the earlier blaze by getting drunk. All Summer Chicago's firemen had been going day and night—thirty fires between the last day of September and the 5th of October—and they needed relaxation.

Fires had been bad that Summer across the whole West and Northwest. The worst drought in history was on the land. The leaves had fallen in July. Only an inch of rain had come down between July and October. Rivers had turned to gulches of dust; live stock died around dry mudholes from Minnesota to Texas. Locomotive sparks set the prairies blazing. Forest fires ate down to the edge of the plains and touched off the tinder-grass. Train-crews came into Chicago with eyebrows singed.

Still, Chicago, the city of "shams and shingles," sitting on a powder-box, had thought that it would never burn. Fires might devastate little neighborhoods, but not the great city.

So on the night of October 8th it listened to the fire-bells and said, "Oh, it's just another fire on the West Side."

But before ten o'clock had struck, all Chicago was on the streets, heading for the river, for the sight was out of the ordinary. Flames miles wide and a hundred feet high were lashing their way downtown on the southern gale that kept starting little fires blocks ahead of the inferno. By 10.20 blazing brands were falling on roofs of the big stores north of the river, and clerks and bystanders were dancing upon them like red Indians. Owners of downtown buildings began throwing water on roofs and walls.

Even then, the crowds felt sure that the flames would die when they struck the blackened area—four blocks wide—that had been left vacant by the fire of the night before. But with the force of a hundred and fifty acres of burning houses and factories behind it, the blaze jumped the cinder-path at a bound, licked up the grain-elevators by the Chicago River, and fell upon the Union Station.

From the West Side crowds now poured into the downtown section, jamming the bridges and threatening the tunnel with panic. Two fire engines had been surrendered to the flames. Sailors threw water on their ships in the river, tugs hauled manfully at vessels in the confusion, cries rose at times higher than the thunder of the fire itself.

The river would stop it! Chicago expected nothing else.

But at twelve o'clock a blazing board rode the wind over the river and settled on a shanty-roof at Adams and Franklin, one third of a mile from any burning building. As if it were shavings, the shanty disappeared, and its neighboring hovels as well. Flames now swept northeast across the business section while, in little sorties, streams of fire raced ahead of the conflagration, darting up alleys "as though through a field of straw." Parmelee's $80,000 stables lit up Franklin and Jackson as though they had been soaked in gasoline. Conley's "Patch," that home of sin, was gone in what seemed but a second, its wretched women and children fleeing, tripping, screaming, smothering, some of them dying, its prostitutes racing like mad, many of them in their shifts, its desperate men helping their families and women or breaking for the rich harvests of loot that lay ahead.

Back over the West Side bridges came the fire-engines, frantic to save the more valuable property of the business section. Ruthlessly they crushed through masses of fugitives. The gas-works blew up with a sound like the crack of doom. In moments when the wind whiffed the fire back for a second, the court-house bell could be heard at its hopeless clangor.

Mayor Roswell B. Mason dashed for the City Hall and began to dictate telegrams begging help from neighboring cities. La Salle's "fireproof" buildings began to pop and crack in the awful heat, cornices fell, false façades peeled off, roofs of tar-and-felt broke into flame. Among the lodging-houses that filled the upper floors of many business structures, women threw children down to the firemen, sometimes falling back into the flames. Expressmen, anybody who owned a horse—there were immense numbers of the animals in the city—dashed about threatened districts demanding exorbitant sums of cash —$25, $50, $100—to rescue household property or a merchant's trunk of papers.

At 1 P.M. the court house was afire and three hundred and fifty prisoners were loosed from jail. With elation they fell upon a jewelry-store and looted it.

From north of the river, where the flames now seemed certain to come, people, stopping in their flight, could count over one hundred large downtown buildings blazing at once. The average structure of stone, iron, and brick lasted five minutes.

Great blankets of flame, detached from any particular conflagration, swept across the sky. Except around the mountains of coal by the river, there seemed to be little smoke, observers thought. One theory was that the flames consumed it. Walls thudded to the ground. Every street was a blow-pipe. Iron columns melted like butter. Everything was consumed. No piece of wood, however charred, was to be found in the wake of the fire. Iron, bronze, gold, silver, brass, turned to puddles, but wood, far down in foundations, disappeared utterly. Car-wheels were destroyed, many safes consumed. Several hundred tons of pig iron, standing two hundred and fifty feet from any building or inflammable material, melted into one liquid mass. Gas seemed to form ahead of the flames and to fill the buildings, so that deafening explosions took place when the fire reached them. The pier out into the lake blazed. Two miles

from shore, the crib-tender, almost stifling from the heat-waves, barely saved his wooden pumping-shed by incessant dousings of water.

The wind from Chicago was so hot the next afternoon at Holland, Michigan, a hundred miles away across the great cool lake, that men had to lie down behind ditches and hedges to let the scorching blasts go by.

The hoodlums whose dens had been burned, the vagrants and unfortunates who had nothing to lose, the criminals who saw chance for gain, all swarmed upon shops and stores, taking what they wanted. To their number were added weaklings who went mad with horror and otherwise staid citizens who got drunk in desperation. Saloons kept open ahead of the fire, scooping in silver until the flames were overhead.

"The rogues smashed windows reckless of the severe wounds inflicted on their naked hands," said one observer, "and with bloody fingers rifled impartially till, shelf, and cellar, fighting viciously for the spoils. Women, hollow-eyed and brazen-faced, moved here and there stealing, scolding shrilly, and laughing with one another at some particularly 'splendid' gush of flame or 'beautiful' falling-in of a roof."

Alexander Frear, a New York alderman, caught in the holocaust, remembered what he saw—Wabash Avenue choked with crowds and bundles, "valuable oil paintings, books, pets, musical instruments, toys, mirrors, and bedding were trampled under foot. Goods from stores had been hauled out and had taken fire, and the crowd, breaking into a liquor-establishment, was yelling with the fury of demons. A fellow standing on a piano declared that the fire was the friend of the poor man. . . . In this chaos were hundreds of children, wailing and crying for their parents. One little girl in particular I saw, whose golden hair was loose down her back and caught fire. She ran screaming past me and somebody threw a glass of liquor upon her, which flared up and covered her with a blue flame."

On Lake Street, Frear saw a man loading a truck with loot from Shay's "magnificent dry-goods store."

"Some one with a revolver shouted to him not to drive away or he would fire, to which he replied, 'Fire and be damned,' and the man put his pistol in his pocket again. I saw a ragamuffin on the Clark Street bridge, who had been killed by a marble slab thrown from a window, with white gloves upon his hands."

Bundles on the heads of fleeing women were often blazing. Little children, sometimes alone, sometimes hand in hand with others for company, wandered sobbing while mothers, in distraction, rushed in and out of danger calling for them.

Everybody seemed to be yelling at the top of his or her voice. Frear saw people pushed off bridges into the river to drown, while boat-crews fought to keep crowds from clambering onto their decks.

Rough-looking men carried strange women and children to safety and went back into danger for more. The police saved lives everywhere, firemen dashed into the flames and carried out unconscious persons. Horses broke out of stables or away from drivers and tore frenziedly through the streets. Their screams as they perished in glowing stables ripped through the steady din. Rats, smoked out from their burrows under houses and wooden sidewalks, died squealing under foot on the main streets.

So tremendous was the wind that firemen, facing it, could get water no more than ten feet past the nozzles of their hose. Streams would not carry above second stories. Fire-engine after fire-engine was caught by the flames. Companies were separated from their officers. The department was gone.

4

In the small hours of the night the flames jumped the river to the north and went through that section of 75,000 people as fast as a man could run. Wooden headstones were burned in the graveyard, stone vaults cracked open, exposing skeletons.

The distraught citizenry ran ahead of the fire, edging east-

ward, when it could, toward the lake-front, the cemetery, and Lincoln Park. Women's dresses flamed. Sick people, borne on mattresses, stretchers, and in chairs, were knocked to the ground and trampled. Some fugitives, blind with fear, ran into blazing alleys and perished. Old people went under in the frantic crowds of the streets. Housewives, rushing back into their homes for some last cherished possession, were burned alive. The Chicago Historical went, taking with it city records of incalculable value, and the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, which Abraham Lincoln had given to the Sanitary Fair in Civil War days.

On the lake-front thousands took refuge far from any building that might burn. But here the heat and the snowstorm of embers were torturing. Men buried their wives and children in the sand, with a hole for air, splashed water onto the sand-blanket, then dashed into the water to stand chin-deep, breathing through handkerchiefs. Babies and weaklings here and there were smothered in the heat. The city water-works fell, robbing the fire-fighters of their last ammunition.

Meanwhile the flames worked eastward through the business section. Field and Leiter's store, for all that its employees had hoped to save it by pouring water down its marble front, went with a roar. Newspaper Row fell, cheating the *Tribune's* reporters and compositors out of the edition that they had almost ready for the street.

In the phantasmagoria men rushed about screaming, "Where is General Sheridan? Why don't he do something?"

"Phil" Sheridan, fresh from the full fame of his Civil War exploits, was in Chicago commanding that section of the War Department. He must be in town somewhere. He had ridden twenty miles to save the Union army at Winchester; why didn't he save Chicago?

Sheridan was working with the tools he knew—gunpowder. Securing a supply, he fell to blowing up buildings in the path of the fire, and the first blasts as he swung into work at Harrison and Congress sent a belated wave of confidence over those

Chicagoans who thought that part of the downtown section might yet be saved. Gunpowder was as useless as anything else, as it turned out, for the flames whisked across the vacant spots without a pause.

All day Monday the fire kept to its wind-driven task of finishing the business section and the North Side, and by night only two structures stood in the first section and only four in the last.

On the Sands, by the river, where Long John Wentworth had cleared another tract of Ogden's land for him in 1857, were now penned thousands of rich and poor, squatting among their bundles, trying to breathe in the suffocating heat, edging out from under the hoofs of herds of horses which had been led to this empty spot by their owners. It was estimated that some 30,000 persons were cowering among the smouldering headstones in the cemetery by Lincoln Park.

5

Dimly, on Tuesday, the ruined city looked at itself. Three and one-half square miles of its area had been blackened; 98,500 people had been burned out of their homes; 17,450 buildings had been destroyed; $200,000,000 worth of property had been turned into vapor. In the business section everything was gone between lake and river north of a line from Congress Street to Wells and Polk; 3,650 buildings, including 1,600 stores, 28 hotels, 60 manufacturing establishments, and no one knew how many shanties had been burned. The loss of the hovels and the upstairs lodging-houses over the "mercantile palaces" had thrown 21,800 downtown residents out of home. Within the city limits on the North Side were 2,533 acres, over 1,450 of them now ashes—13,300 of the 13,800 buildings in ruins. On the West Side 500 buildings had been consumed, 2,250 people had been burned out.

Of the dead, 250 were counted. Authorities agreed that the total number must be far higher, since the flames had struck

like lightning into the hovels where vagrants and night-birds hid. John McDevitt, billiard champion, had wandered, tipsy, into the flames. Henry J. Ullman, a banker, had returned once too often to snatch currency from his safe, and failed to reappear.

Of the 341 fire-insurance companies hit by the catastrophe, 57 suspended business, knocked out by losses. Chicago, trying to collect on $88,634,022 in policies, never realized more than half of the amount.

On Tuesday sightseers poured into town, among them hundreds of criminals from neighboring cities, avid for pillage. Past them, as they came in, went droves of ruined men and their families, going out. Back East went many a business man who had been drawn to Chicago by its prosperity, and who now was through with a place that collapsed so quickly.

But among the emigrants was one man whose eyes burned as keenly under their shaggy brows as ever they had flashed in the boom-days of the city—Deacon Bross, bearing on his shoulders the symbol of Chicago's hope—the old "booster," heading for the money marts of the East to get cash and to cry "Chicago Resurgendam" to the world.

His home was gone, his fortune, too, in the *Tribune's* destruction, his family, like the rest of the populace, at the mercy of "cutthroats and vagabonds who had flocked in like vultures from every point of the compass," as he described the situation, but the Deacon could not stay. He was off to refinance his paper—and the city. His heart was booming like a big bass drum under the thumpings of his gospel—"Chicago and Manifest Destiny."

Like Fort Dearborn, the Garden City was burned, the Queen of the Lakes consumed, but as Bross, arriving in New York, pictured the situation to the newspaper reporters and Chamber-of-Commerce crowds, there was no opportunity in the whole world quite so tempting that minute to a smart capitalist as an investment in Chicago.

CHAPTER XII

Down Wabash Avenue, the morning after the great fire, strolled John Stephen Wright, who, by all human expectation, should have been at some friend's home, prostrate with grief.

But here he came walking among the ashes as he had once walked through the mud, looking not so much at the shambles about him as at the dream-city that forever floated before him. Chicago had always been an enchanting mirage to him. Whenever the city had caught up to him, his imagination had already rushed on to vision new glories for the future.

This morning he was still himself, undaunted, untouched by the calamity, as Chicago quickly discovered. At the corner of Wabash and Congress, he came upon the publisher of his "booster" books, D. H. Horton, sitting in dejection upon a dray. Horton was ruined, and in bitter sarcasm he asked, "Well, Wright, what do you think now of the future of Chicago?"

Serenely, tolerantly the old prophet answered, "I will tell you what it is. Chicago will have more men, more money, more business, within five years than she would have had without the fire."

And with that he passed on through the wreckage like an

evangelist who sings in his heart hymns to the beautiful city of God.

When word of his forecast had spread widely through the town, men laughed bitterly, saying that Wright had always been crazy, but never so crazy as now. Technically they were correct, for the old man's mind had begun to go. Within a few months he was to be locked up in a Pennsylvania insane asylum, and within three years the city's biggest men were to be carrying him to a Chicago graveyard while his disciple Bross declared, "He lived a generation ahead of his time."

2

The fire, which in the minds of many had ruined Chicago forever, proved in the end to have advertised the city's prowess most amazingly.

For weeks—months—afterward, everybody talked about Chicago and as the magnitude of the disaster dawned upon the nation, it was perceived how enormous the city had been. Reading the statistics of loss, America was impressively informed of what incredible amounts of business Chicago had handled. People who had only dimly realized the sudden rise of the city now appreciated how it had come to dominate the great Northwest, and how, when it was rebuilt, it would do the thing all over again.

Chicago's fire was one of the great events of the nineteenth century. Scores of books and pamphlets were written about it. Lecturers with magic-lantern slides, showing the city before and after the fire, for years reaped a harvest from curious rustics. Peasants in Central Europe, in China, all over the world, heard of the disaster. Foreign countries, in the weeks immediately following the news, gave $600,000 to relieve the sufferers.

Among the armies of sightseers who streamed into town to gaze at the ruins were midwestern village storekeepers destined to resolve, before leaving, that Chicago wholesalers, rather

than New York merchants, should have their trade thereafter. Among the telegrams of sympathy, grief, and condolence were offers from Eastern firms of unlimited credit to Chicago business men. New stocks of goods for the local merchants rolled into the city, just behind the tons of food and clothing that were given. Those "restless, often reckless, Yankees" of Chicago had in the past appalled the Southern civilization of the Mississippi River Valley with their drive and brashness, yet they had begot confidence in their ability to pay. They might be coarse and "slick," but their credit was good.

"None of Chicago's rich men are rich by inheritance," was said at the time, implying that what the city's business men had lost in the fire was, after all, only an incident in the career of self-made men to whom ups and downs were an old story. Ten days after the fire almost all the Chicago banks, in one makeshift building or another, were paying all demands in full.

Sympathy was as practical as it was immediate. The nation not only succored Chicago, it set it up in business again. By Tuesday morning fifty carloads of food and clothing arrived—thirty-two hours after the outbreak of the fire. The railroads, who owed Chicago a debt of gratitude, hauled supplies free. The telegraph-companies carried without charge pledges of money and requests for help. Milwaukee, forgetting its old rivalry, had put three fire-engines into the fight on Monday, and followed with carloads of provisions. By Monday night St. Louis, all jealousy laid aside, had a train of supplies on the way and eighty tons more waiting at the depot. In a few days it had given Chicago $500,000. Cincinnati had raised $160,000 by Monday's sunset. When mid-November had come, $2,500,000 had been contributed by America and Europe. All told, Chicago received $4,820,148.16, over $900,000 of it from foreign donors.

Poems galore, poems noble, comic, sincere, extravagant, were written about the stricken city. Clergymen made it the subject of sermons for months, some saying that the heart of humanity was bleeding, some that the fire had been God's way

of punishing the sins of the world, many declaring that God had destroyed the wicked city even as He had laid the righteous torch at the gates of Sodom and Gomorrah. The Rev. Granville Moody, Cincinnati Methodist, attributed the calamity to the fact that Chicago had recently given a majority vote against the closure of the saloons on the Sabbath.

"It is retributive judgment on a city that has shown such devotion in its worship of the Golden Calf," he preached, going on to link Chicago to Babylon, to Tyre, to Pompeii, and to Sodom and Gomorrah.

Memories of "Abolitionist Chicago" came to light in the editorial view of the calamity as voiced by the Rushville (Indiana) *Democrat*, Copperhead organ. God had stricken the Northern city to avenge the "wanton" destruction which the Union armies had visited upon the South during the Civil War, so said the Hoosier village editor. When those twin monsters, Sherman and Sheridan, had laid waste Georgia and Virginia, Chicago, like the rest of the North, had exulted.

"The property destroyed in the South is estimated at over one thousand millions," said the Indiana newspaper. "Chicago has lost perhaps three hundred million dollars by the fire. The fire in Chicago was the result of accident. The destruction of property in the South was done purposely, by Northern soldiers, and compares exactly with the acts of the Goths and Vandals. But we are living under a higher civilization. Chicago did her full share in the destruction of the South. God adjusts balances. Maybe with Chicago the books are now squared."

Down in New Orleans, the voice of the Mississippi River spoke its ancient grudge against the lake metropolis, an editor declaring:

"Despite the remarkable boldness and dash manifested by Chicago in her outward evidences of prosperity, it was all seen through a glamor of unsubstantiality. The rampant spirit of speculation haunted all her operations. The growth of St. Louis, on the other hand, though slower, was more sure and solid. Gradually the trade of Chicago was being diverted

toward the nearer, the more accessible and larger market. This was the condition of affairs when the fire-fiend came to sweep the Lake City with his besom of destruction, inflicting a blow from which she will scarcely recover in the present generation. . . .

"Chicago will never be the Carthage of old. Its prestige has passed away like that of a man who turns the downward hill of life; its glory will be of the past, not of the present; while its hopes, once so bright and cloudless, will be to the end marred and blackened by the smoke of its fiery fate."

Such provincial gloatings, however, were rare. St. Louis itself joined in the general prophecy, made by newspapers from the London *Times* to the smallest rural weekly of the prairies, that Chicago would quickly regain her former glory. England, in particular, was confident of the city's ability to recover. British eyes had been focused on Chicago by Richard Cobden, the statesman and political economist, whose imagination, years before, had been kindled by the city's rise. "English schoolboys," he had protested, "are taught all about a trumpery Attic stream called the Ilissus, but nothing of Chicago."

Deacon Bross' propaganda had been particularly effective in England, glorifying as it did Chicago's friendship for Canada, the city's destined use of the St. Lawrence River, and warmer relations between the British steamers and the Chicago grain-merchants.

This spirit spoke when news of Chicago's calamity reached England. At the suggestion of Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown at Rugby*, the most distinguished British authors gave books to launch a public library in the wrecked city. Following the example of Tennyson, Browning, Darwin, Kingsley, and other renowned Victorians, including the Queen herself, the English public sent more than 8,000 volumes, which the city used, in May, 1872, as a nucleus for its first public library.

The Deacon's horn-blowing after the fire was directly effective upon public sentiment in the Eastern cities of the United

States, as well. It will be remembered that he struck off for the Atlantic seaboard while the city was still smoking. Arriving in New York as the first eye-witness of the catastrophe, he was front-page news for days. Reporters swarmed about him and, master publicist that he was, he gave them a story of the fire that is perhaps the most vivid thing of the kind on record. But every other sentence of his tale was a toot on the "booster" horn, a promise of the city's rebirth. Bross seized the opportunity to make hay while the sun of attention shone upon him.

"Go to Chicago now," was his message. "Young men, hurry there! Old men, send your sons! You will never again have such a chance to make money."

Invited to address the New York Chamber of Commerce, Bross poured into the ears of the capitalists not so much a plea for help as a clarion call for them to invest quickly in Chicago industry and grow rich.

"Thousands anxious to locate in this focus of Western commerce have been deterred from doing so for the reason that the business in each department had become concentrated in comparatively few hands. There has not been for the last twenty years so good a time for men of capital to start business in Chicago as now. With few exceptions all can now start even in the race for fame and fortune. The fire has leveled nearly all distinctions.

"Now, therefore, is the time to strike. A delay of a year or two will give an immense advantage to those who start at once. . . . A couple of months, at most, are all that is needed to start business with the best prospects of success. Farmers, merchants, and capitalists of the East who have sons whom they wish to put in as partners with men of integrity and business knowledge will find no opportunity like the one which Chicago offers today.

"I tell you," he cried, "within five years Chicago's business houses will be rebuilt, and by the year 1900 the new Chicago will boast a population of a million souls. You ask me why?

Because I know the Northwest and the vast resources of its broad acres. I know that the location of Chicago makes her the center of this wealthy region and the market for all its products. What Chicago has been in the past, she must become in the future and a hundredfold more. She has only to wait a few short years for the sure development of her 'manifest destiny.' "

Back in Chicago, Joseph Medill, copartner of Bross in the *Tribune*, had scrambled among the ruins, reassembled his staff of reporters and printers, leased a job-printing plant out of the fire-zone and on Wednesday, two days after the fire, was screaming in an editorial:

"CHEER UP

> "In the midst of a calamity without parallel in the world's history, looking upon the ashes of thirty years' accumulations, the people of this once beautiful city have resolved that CHICAGO SHALL RISE AGAIN."

A Chicago realtor, W. D. Kerfoot, had put up a temporary shack among the hot ashes, declaring that he was back in trade with "all gone but wife, children and energy."

3

By November 18, a week after the fire, 5,497 temporary structures were up and within five weeks from that date, over 200 imposing permanent buildings were rising. In the next twelve months over 100,000 carpenters, teamsters, masons, hod-carriers, workmen of all sorts, were busy on 10,000 new structures. The city that had spent years on jack-screws now lived in a forest of derricks.

Fire-laws, building-regulations, were stricter. False fronts were condemned. Houses were narrower and taller. Estates

of first families were split up into slimmer lots. Business blocks were excessively heavy with stone and mortar. Joseph Medill was elected mayor on a "fireproof" ticket. Railroads erected larger and finer depots.

The Northwest which, by the middle '70s, had tripled its population since 1857, built more than half as many miles of railway in 1872 alone as it had built in the ten years preceding. Over the rails there came to Chicago in 1873 fifty per cent. more grain than had come in 1869.

The Union Stockyards had come through the fire unharmed, and to them in '72 rolled almost twice as many hogs as had been received in 1870. By 1878 the figure had again doubled, and by 1881 had mounted to over 5,000,000 hogs per annum. And with this gain went, concurrently, Chicago's invitation to the world to witness the exquisite manner in which the hog-butchering for the nation was performed. An apotheosis to Chicago's genius in packing, made by S. B. Ruggles, the New York orator-politician, was regarded by Chicagoans as a thing that everybody ought to know by heart:

"The manifest destiny and high office of this splendid granary [the Northwest], of which Chicago is the brilliant center, stands out as plain as the sun in heaven. It is unmistakably marked by the finger of God on these widespread lands and waters that it is to be our special duty to feed not only ourselves of this New World alone, but that venerable moss-backed fatherland, to carry abundant food and with it the means of higher civilization and refinement, and that too in the truest Christian spirit, to the overcrowded but under-fed European Christendom to which we owe our common origin. . . .

"Let us talk of the glorious West as a gigantic hog-pen. The hog eats the corn and Europe eats the hog. Corn thus becomes incarnate, for what is a hog but 15 or 20 bushels of corn on four legs? . . .

"Heretofore the quadruped has passed after death into brine, obedient to the traditions of New England, where a pork-barrel in every family is a sacred institution. But Eu-

rope did not relish and would not eat the hog in brine, so that a great hog-reformation is now in vigorous process through these interior States in packing the animal not in brine, nor in a barrel, but in dry salt in a light, cheap wooden box. In that shape Europe has recently consented largely to eat him."

It was the hogs, the cattle, the wheat, and the corn pouring into Chicago after the fire that saved the city's honor in the financial panic that clapped down upon the nation in 1873.

Many reasons have been given by economists for this disastrous depression. The country had not yet recovered from the wholesale destruction of property during the Civil War. Business all over the land had been dealt two terrific blows in 1871, when large sections of both Chicago and Boston had burned. Moreover, the United States had been on a railroad-building spree since 1869, building over 24,000 miles by 1872. Money for these new roads had grown scarce when European investors tightened their purse-strings in the foreign depression of 1873, and American capitalists, straining their credit to float new bond-issues, plunged ahead into a panic of their own. On September 8, 1873, Jay Cooke and Company, supposedly most solid of all New York's bankers, closed its doors, and the New York Stock Exchange went wild with cascading prices. The public withdrew tons of greenbacks from circulation and hoarded them. Industry was paralyzed. Wall Street, quickly followed by Boston and Philadelphia, stopped cashing large checks and merely certified them as "good through clearing houses," which meant that the banks were pooling their resources as an expedient to carry them through.

But out in Chicago, the bankers, although hard hit, went on handing out cash for checks, declaring that the New York use of clearing-house certificates was "in a way, suspension of payment."

As William B. Ogden long ago had persuaded the city to save its honor in panic-time, so in 1873 Lyman J. Gage, George Schneider, and C. B. Blair stiffened the resolution of their

fellow bankers to keep on paying cash. Chicago weathered the depression—which lasted until 1879—better than did any other large city.

This was not all a matter of heroism. It was considerably a matter, as has been said, of hogs and grain. Where Eastern cities were helpless, unable to sell their industrial bonds and mortgages, Chicago's livestock and grain could always command a market, even if a declining one. People still had to eat. Europe bought heavily. Money still flowed in to the "Phœnix City" as Henry Ward Beecher had nicknamed it from the pulpit.

Even in the curtailment of receipts due to the panic, Deacon Bross found cause for joyful blasts upon his battle-horn. To him the bad news was good news, since it showed that Chicago's loss was far less than that of St. Louis.

"There has been in 1875 a decline of 1,222,300 hogs raised in Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois," he said, "yet Chicago's receipts have dwindled only 189,089 for the year. And this decline of less than 30 per cent. compares favorably with the 60 per cent. which St. Louis has lost. Chicago has gained over 75,000 cattle in the face of the depression during 1875, while St. Louis has lost 24,000."

In that year the Queen of the Lakes handled almost three times as many cattle as did the River Queen. But neither the Deacon nor his fellow boosters wasted much breath on St. Louis any more. In its quick rebuilding after the fire, Chicago had at last passed the Mississippi River metropolis in population. It was New York upon which Chicago now turned its guns. Chicago might still be only fourth in size among American cities—New York, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn still outclassing it, but it seemed to be giving Philadelphia and Brooklyn no thought. Brooklyn was obviously drifting into New York's limits, and although it would be late in the '80s before Chicago would pass Philadelphia as the second city, there was an evident feeling in the lake metropolis that the Quaker City was no bona-fide rival. New York was its business adversary.

Bross had sounded this antagonism as far back as the Spring of 1871, when he was calling upon Canada to trade with his city instead of with New York. Chicago, in '71, was campaigning for a deeper waterway down the St. Lawrence to the sea—a dream, like that of the ship canal to the Mississippi, which was to haunt the city's "boosters" and "boomers" for two generations thereafter.

"What the West wants are the cheapest and the largest possible outlets to the ocean," said the Deacon. "She cares not a rush for New York."

With all the fervor of a clergyman lambasting the devil, Bross denounced New York for harboring such scoundrels as Commodore Vanderbilt, "who waters the stock of his railway two or three times," Jim Fisk and Jay Gould the railway-stock gamblers so typical, thought Bross, of the city whose ways were dark and whose tricks were villainous.

"What if our trade builds up Toronto and makes another New York of Montreal or Quebec, always we trust beating the rascality of Wall Street? Canada and the Northwestern States of America have a common and an absorbing interest in all that can elevate and ennoble our common humanity."

To Europeans in 1875 he was sending propaganda urging them to ship goods "direct to Chicago, where customs duties can be paid and where they will be free from the exactions of New York sharpers. The difference in rents and modes of doing business here more than balance the cost of freight from the seaboard and hence goods are sold as cheap or cheaper here than they are in New York."

"No country merchant in the North, nor in the Southwest," he told America, "need now go to New York."

Later on, a mayor of Chicago was to be world-known for his slogan, "Throw away your hammer and get a horn." He was only carrying on Deacon Bross, whether he knew it or not.

There were horn-blowers for the city in other quarters as well in 1875. *Scribner's Monthly* in September of that year waxed eloquent over the place in such words as "Chicago! The

name has a strange fascination for the American people. The name is familiar in the remotest villages of all parts of Europe. It is the best advertised city in the country. . . . The wickedness and the piety of Chicago are in their way marvelous."

Those who owned hammers might have said in the '70s that Chicago was still infamous, over the nation, as the "wicked city," and that its population in the decade had not kept pace with its incredible past. Where its people had increased 264 per cent. between 1850 and 1860, and 173 per cent. from 1860 to 1870, they had waxed only 68 per cent. between 1870 and 1880.

The horn-blowers could have replied that in the decade the city's wholesale trade had gained steadily and that, considering the fire and the panic, Chicago was really more amazing than ever. It had added clubs and societies to its social structure. In the previous decade it had founded its first two clubs, the Chicago and the Standard, the first, a Gentile organization, on March 25, 1869, the latter a Jewish club, ten days later. By '73 the Fortnightly was founded, by '75 the Chicago Literary Club, by '79 the Union League, a Republican society, and by '80 the Iroquois, a Democratic political body. It owned the largest chapter in the Grand Army of the Republic, the George H. Thomas Post. From the ashes of the old Academy of Design it formed in 1879 the Art Institute, and began the collection of works of art, its millionaires giving generously.

4

In one regard Chicago was patronizing the older East. Like a lusty youth who woos a senile parent away from certain ancient dietetic superstitions, Chicago approached the task of educating the Atlantic seaboard to eat Western-dressed beef. Easterners, accustomed to local butcher-shops, would have none of the first carloads of Chicago beef that came in over the Winter railroad tracks. Chicago's killers of hogs and cattle

had developed the refrigerator-car, too, before the decade was done, and by main strength broken down the Eastern prejudice. Armour and Swift had both come to Chicago in the same year, 1875.

P. D. Armour had come West in 1851, a boy of nineteen headed for the goldfields of California. From a lake schooner, this Stockbridge, Massachusetts, Yankee had landed at Milwaukee to take an overland wagon-train. As he went, the memory of the Wisconsin port stayed with him, telling him that there he might well settle down some day. In 1863 he was back, settling down as a partner of John Plankington, the produce and commission man. One of his brothers, Joseph F., he placed in charge of the Chicago branch, and by 1867 Armour and Company had been founded and were packing hogs in the Illinois city. When Joseph fell sick in 1875, P. D. Armour moved down from Milwaukee to the wild town whose business men were as famous at taking chances as were its underworld gamblers.

Armour was a "packer" in the true sense of the term long before the word was used to describe anybody who killed stock and shipped meat. In Winter Armour and Company slaughtered, pickled, cured, and smoked hog-meat, shipping their preparations all over the world. Salt pork, smoked sausage, smoked tongue, corned beef, hams, and bacon were their specialties.

Fresh beef was not at first Armour's concern. That trade was dominated by a German Jew, more of a pioneer than most of the "native Americans" who preserved the prejudices of Know-Nothingism under the now suaver masks of culture and trade.

"Little Nels" Morris, born in the Black Forest of Germany in 1839, had reached America at twelve years of age and Chicago at fifteen. He had gone to work in the old Sherman stockyards, precursor of the great Union Stockyards, and having no funds, nibbled around the edge of the trade buying hogs and steers whose legs had been broken in crowded shipments.

These, good for quick butchering, he sold to meat-shops, and soon he had funds for larger operations. More valuable than funds, Nelson Morris had the best cattle-buyer's eye in the history of the Chicago livestock trade, and by 1875 he was a rich man with an organization that dwarfed all others in furnishing fresh beef to the city.

Powerful concerns, then, headed the trade in 1875, Armour and Company, Morris and Company, and Libby, McNeill and Libby, who had been packing since 1868—enough to have frightened off any new competitors with less boldness than that which led West a certain butcher's boy from West Sandwich, Massachusetts.

Gustavus F. Swift, born, like Morris, in 1839, had progressed from butcher's helper to slaughter-house operator in New England and had, in his middle thirties, brought his family to Chicago to be nearer the cattle supply. He had come to buy steers in the Union Stockyards, where the Texas longhorns arrived by the trainload, escorted by sombreroed plainsmen in chaps and thin, high heels, and where genuine cowboys punched animals through chutes or roped runaways to the tune of their own strange yipping and ki-yiing.

Swift, whom his son Louis F. called the "Yankee of the Yards," saw a better way to make money than to ship live steers. Instead of paying freight eastward on a whole steer, why not merely pay on the edible portions? So he began slaughtering cattle and shipped the dressed meat to New England in the Wintertime. Where a live steer had weighed 1,000 pounds, its trimmed carcass weighed but 600. Naturally Swift got rich, although it took him years to convince the conservative Easterners that Western beef was all the better for having hung and cooled for several days. In order to get his beef into the New England homes, he sliced prices ruthlessly, taking losses with bold finality. Time and again he verged on failure, but with something of the same persuasive genius that had made William B. Ogden, George M. Pullman, Cyrus H. McCormick, and other Chicagoans giants in their fields, Swift

labored with Eastern butchers until he had won them and, with them, the housewives.

Through 1878 and '79 he worked on the refrigerator-car, which would permit Chicago to export fresh meat the year around. Many inventors competed with designs, and as the decade ended both Swift and Armour had their own fleets of these revolutionary cars carrying supplies to all sections of the country out of season as well as in.

Both men were busy, too, eliminating waste, finding uses for those parts of the cows and hogs and sheep that had been theretofore useless. They developed glue, fertilizer, soap, knife-handles, a thousand and one by-products, to swell their incomes. They had begun the record for incredible efficiency which was to culminate in the universally known jest, "The Chicago packers use every part of a hog but his squeal." That boast, in legend at least, is credited to Swift, and may well have been true, since Chicagoans used to see him, dressed often in his frock coat, prying around the outlet of his packing-house sewers on Bubbly Creek, looking for traces of grease on the water. If he caught a sign of fat going to waste, some superintendent of his caught the very devil before sundown. Small wonder, with such an energy at its head, that Swift and Company should in time rank as a business Titan.

The packers were something indeed for the horn-blowers of Chicago to "boost" as the '70s ended. They were launched on a career that was to run through dark scandals, threats of combination that would make public opinion shiver, government regulation, and both political and literary "exposés." But it was to be a career of stupendous achievement, and sight-seers by the million would come to Chicago asking first of all to be shown how the packers worked their miracles in the Union Stockyards.

That circus-like fame of the "Yards" was to come in the two decades that followed; at the close of the '70s Chicago was more famous as the place where the bloody "Railroad Riots" of the nation had reached their crest.

CHAPTER XIII

MUCH of the strong, hard metal which immigration had poured into Chicago's pot had melted with exceeding slowness. Nor could it be said that the native American stock, still insisting upon predominance, stirred the mixture with care. The old Know-Nothing prejudices smouldered under the surface. Reformers still hampered the Germans in the free enjoyment of their Sunday beer, and in 1873 hounded Mayor Joseph Medill into closing the saloons on the Sabbath.

The Germans spoke out loudly in protest. Many of them had been residents of America for a generation and more, men who had fought for the Union flag, and who resented it when the reformers said, "The foreigners want to dictate to us and force their lower standards upon our civilization."

The Puritan spirit organized the Law and Order League, and every Sunday shut up the famous Exposition Hall, where a permanent exhibit of machinery, fabrics, educational displays from all over the world, stood among amusement booths. Wealth, the Protestant churches, and the Yankee aristocracy backed the Sunday closing, a situation which prompted spokesmen of the masses to declare, "We are not against the arrest of Sunday-drunks, but we are against the dictation of men who go to church on Sundays with long faces and then go

to the Board of Trade on Monday to swindle their colleagues out of many bushels of grain."

A. C. Hesing, German newspaper editor, stout old battler for "the people" and one of Ulysses S. Grant's political wheelhorses, stirred the Germans, the Irish, and the native "liberals" as he assailed the Law and Order League.

"They give you no cheap concerts and lectures to educate you," he thundered. "They will not even let you go to the Exposition on the day when you can dress up and appear like them, but they go whenever they please and make you and their clerks do their work. They go there and look at the machinery and furniture and fabrics you have made at wages of a dollar and a half a day. I ask Dr. Kittridge and Dr. Fowler [two reformer-clergymen], who preach morality and try to crowd their words down your throats, to lay their hands on their hearts and answer if it is right for them to rob the poor of their privileges.

"I ask them what harm there is, after you have been working hard in a dirty, dusty shop all week, for you to go to Lincoln Park on Sunday with your wives and babies to breathe a little of the fresh air the Lord they pray to made? I ask them what harm it would be for you to hear a little music there as they hear it in their churches? I ask them what harm there is if, when you return, you take a glass of lager or wine to refresh you? You are a pack of slaves if you suffer laws that prohibit this."

Organizing the People's Party, the liberals swept the fall elections of 1873, and in the mayor's seat put Harvey D. Colvin, certain to let the people have beer on their day of leisure.

But the Sunday-closing forces were not done. Defeated at the polls, they turned to evangelism. Out of Ohio in the Spring of 1874 came "the praying women"—crusaders of pious soul who marched, overwrought, into saloons, knelt in the sawdust praying for God to lead the bartender to repentance. They pleaded with embarrassed patrons of the saloons, wept and

sang, not yet ready to fall upon the barrels and bottles with the axes of Carrie Nation and her fanatic followers.

In Chicago the dean of women at Northwestern University resigned her post that year to become head of the Illinois Women's Christian Temperance Union, and to go about charming audiences with her religious eloquence. She was Frances E. Willard, who in 1883 would form the W.C.T.U. and organize the women of America for the Prohibition that was destined to arrive.

"The praying women" of '74 got nowhere in Chicago. The temper of the town was against them, although they did drive on City Hall one March morning, singing and praying, hundreds strong, with a scattering of male clergymen on the fringes of their phalanx. Both the Mayor and the Council refused to obey their command that the saloons be closed on Sunday, and they left amid the witticisms of street-mobs.

2

The temperance agitation was only part of the unrest that was in the air. Another panic was on the city and nation. The workingmen of the German, Irish, Scandinavian, Bohemian, Slavonic, and French groups—half the town still foreign-born or children of foreign-born—all stirred as their pay shrunk or their jobs disappeared altogether. To the leadership of many dissatisfied groups stepped educated Germans, "radicals," as the "nativists" called them, intellectuals and philosophical realists who understood well the Communist Manifesto which Karl Marx had issued in 1848. That they should take issue sooner or later with the Yankee rulers of Chicago's industrial and social life was inevitable. They differed with Puritans on religion, for while both were Protestant by blood, the German radical faction had long ago dismissed orthodoxy and the fundamentalists' idea of Jehovah. They laughed to see native iconoclasts like Robert J. Ingersoll, down in Peoria, assailing the Puritan clergymen. They were more interested in better-

ing the lot of man on this earth than in considering the problems of the hereafter.

Labor unions had taken timid root in Chicago in 1850 with the organization of the printers' union, but the German philosophers had not embraced the cause until 1869. The Civil War, in which they were absorbed—battling for the freedom of the negro slave—prevented an earlier enlistment. Then, as they took up the idea of Socialism in America, the fire of '71 interrupted, and it was not until the hard times of '73 had descended that they got whole-heartedly into the cause.

With the panic came unemployment to tens of thousands of workmen who had poured in to help rebuild the Phœnix City. Six months before the fire, carpenters, bricklayers, stonemasons, drew from $7.50 to $10.00 a day. Three years later they were lucky if they got work at the prevailing prices of a fourth of that. Educated, well-bred "tramps" were as common as ordinary hobos. Of the 25,000 arrests made by the police in 1874, the bulk were jobless tradesmen and laborers. Squads of police stood at Chicago depots turning the vagrants and job-hunters away from the city. The lumber-shovers, down to 75 cents and a dollar a day, and living in one-room hovels of thin clapboards, struck when their wages were threatened with further reduction. Hordes of starving "scabs" rushed for their jobs, and the laborers abandoned the strike suddenly. Walk-outs in other lines failed as quickly. The unemployed paraded under signs "Bread or Blood." Jobless sons of Yankee pioneers forgot their ancient distrust of "foreigners" and began to mingle with the idle Germans, Scandinavians, Irish, as they all listened to the doctrine of Karl Marx. Dissent and protest became national, many socialistic groups fusing in July '76, into the Workingmen's Party of the United States. The Chicago section was strong enough to put forward an aldermanic candidate—luckless but brilliant—in the Spring of 1877.

He was Albert R. Parsons, who had come to Chicago shortly before with his Spanish-Indian wife. Born in Alabama, he had

entered the Confederate army at thirteen, had served throughout the war, and in '65 had gone to Texas to run a newspaper. In his Waco weekly he had begun to fight for the negro's rights, calling upon the South to make the freedman a citizen and a voter. Naturally the South moved Parsons along out of town, and in '73 he reached Chicago with his wife, joining the Typographical Union and going to work as a typesetter for the *Times*. While his hands composed columns that denounced the workingmen as robbers because they demanded higher wages, his mind boiled with anger, and, before long, he was active in the party of protest. So eloquent was he that he speedily overcame the distrust with which the foreign-born members regarded the English-speaking members of the Workingmen's Party. The Germans whispered among themselves that the "damned Yankees needed watching," but Parsons in '77 won them, and although defeated for alderman as their candidate, was famous as a "moral victor."

When the railroad riots of that year were raging, Parsons was addressing thousands of idolizing strikers.

On July 17th, Chicago newspapers began describing the battles between striking locomotive-firemen and the police in Baltimore. The trouble spread to Pittsburgh, where the militia fired into the strikers and were chased into roundhouses while $10,000,000 worth of railroad property was destroyed. The trouble spread to Philadelphia, Wheeling, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

Chicago shivered.

3

Almost hourly the city read of the epidemic's approach. A little evening newspaper, only eighteen months old, the *Daily News* was tossing "extras" into the excited streets. Its circulation of some 20,000 a day doubled in a day's time, then trebled and more, as its hard-driving editor, Melville E. Stone, later general manager of the Associated Press, sent squads of reporters through the city to note the workingmen. Back in the

business office of the *Daily News* sat the owner, always calm, always cool, Victor F. Lawson. Stone and he had established their penny-newspaper by Herculean importations of copper cents into a town which had recognized nothing smaller than a nickel. Persuading merchants to advertise 99-cent bargains, they arranged it so that buyers had a penny left over—and nothing but the *Daily News* to buy with it. Now thousands of idle men bought the *Daily News* because it was within their means. Other thousands bought it because it "covered" the national strike with fresh editions in rapid succession.

Chicago's "big" men, an imposing array of merchants, bankers, and business men, headed by Levi Z. Leiter, walked in upon the *Daily News* on Monday, July 23d, demanding that it suspend for the time being. They felt that it should be obvious to anybody that the strike was a premeditated plot of anarchists to cripple industry and society all over the nation. These extras, they said, were inflaming the masses. The paper must stop.

Stone and Lawson refused. Their paper was "made."

Mass-meetings, peaceable enough, were held that night. The Michigan Central switchmen struck against threats that their pay, already cut from $65 to $55 a month, was to get another slash. On Tuesday morning all the railroads, the pride of Chicago, were paralyzed, the police rushing and running—the patrol-wagon had not yet been invented—halting now and then to pour blood out of their shoes.

Mayor Monroe Heath, prodded by business men, sent for Albert R. Parsons and told him to quit addressing the strikers, to go back to Texas, for "those Board of Trade men would as leave hang you to a lamppost as not." Parsons refused to quit Chicago, indeed seemed amazed that the Mayor should not understand that this was only a pacific strike for a living wage, not an armed revolution. He was thrown out by His Honor, branded in the newspapers as "leader of the Commune," and walked, unrecognized, about town pondering upon the violence of the capitalists. That night neither he nor any

one else had a chance to address the three thousand workers who assembled, for the police scattered the waiting crowd with clubs and blank cartridges.

Hurriedly Parsons and his comrades in the Workingmen's Party tried to direct the strike, which, they always insisted, was not of their fomentation. By circulars they sought to hold down violence and to solidify sentiment behind demands for an eight-hour working day and a 20 per cent. raise in wages. But they could not ride the storm.

On Wednesday blood splashed on the "Black Road" which ran along Blue Island Avenue up to the great McCormick Reaper-works. Policemen had fought with strikers who, a thousand strong, stood howling at the "scabs." The lumbermen, the tailors of the North Side, the workers generally, were out. Twenty thousand men, police and citizens, were under arms. Squads of householders shouldered rifles and patrolled the residence districts, fifty different mobs were chasing militiamen and volunteer "specials." Saloons were closed. J. V. Farwell and Field and Leiter gave their dray-horses to transport the police. Citizens brought rifles and horses to City Hall. On Randolph Street Bridge the police fought with a mob. At the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy roundhouse on West 16th, locomotives were destroyed and volleys fired. A pitched battle was fought at the viaduct between Halsted and Archer Avenues. Terror had the business men by the throat, and at a meeting on Thursday in the famous Moody and Sankey Tabernacle on Monroe between Franklin and Market, they demanded 5,000 additional militiamen to put down "the ragged commune wretches."

Carter Harrison, home from Washington where he was serving a second term as Congressman, defeated the plan for a military "rescue."

"Trust the police," he said. "The people of Chicago are industrious, the laborers are workingmen of the truest stamp, and today there is the remarkable phenomenon exhibited of a city of 500,000 men, women and children—a city composed of industrious workingmen—controlled by a mob of two or

three hundred idlers and ragamuffins. It is not laboring people who are making the strike. A few laboring men commenced it, but it is the idlers, thieves, and ruffians who are carrying it on. We have stopped the railroads, and what can Chicago do without the railroads?"

The Workingmen's Party kept urging its members to be peaceable, though firm. "The grand principles of Humanity and Popular Sovereignty need no violence to sustain them."

Scores among the "upper classes" left town, and fright swept everywhere until two companies of United States regulars, still dusty from Indian campaigns in the Northwest, arrived on Thursday afternoon and marched through the streets with Lieut.-Col. Frederick Dent Grant, son of the illustrious Ulysses, at their head. The strike was broken. That day the *Daily News* attempted to explain the trouble:

"For years the railroads of this country have been wholly run outside of the United States Constitution. . . . They have charged what they pleased for fare and freights. They corrupted the State and city legislatures. They corrupted Congress, employing for that purpose a lobby that dispensed bribes to the amount of millions and millions. . . . Their managers have been plundering the roads and speculating upon their securities to their own enrichment. Finally, having found nothing more to get out of the stockholders or bondholders, they have commenced raiding not only upon the general public but their own employees.

"The people have no sympathy with the rioters, but they have as little for the Vanderbilts, the Jay Goulds, and the Jim Fisks who have been running the property until they have ruined one of the most expensive and finest the world had ever known. Every child in the United States over the age of ten knows this.

"The frightful evils we now endure were brought upon us by a course of legislation in the interest of capital and against industry," said the *News* a day or two later. "It is simply nonsense to say that there are not two sides to the question."

Such sentiments appealed to the average citizen of Chicago when, fear gone, he had time to think. All of the three hundred rioters who had been arrested were let go in the general feeling of relief. No policemen had been killed. Of the twenty to thirty-five persons dead, some were strikers, many were hoodlums. On Friday the strikers were back at work, the Board of Trade open again, the city, as from that moment, regaining prosperity. Good times were returning. The terror could never happen again, people said.

4

But within nine years something worse had terrorized Chicago—dynamite! The first bomb had been thrown.

After the strike of '77 socialism gained dizzily, then waned as its leaders despaired of relief through political measures. Anarchism, more radical in its methods of winning better education, freer opportunity, and higher wages for workers, supplanted it, and in Chicago anarchism was stronger than in any other city. True enough, it had no more than 3,000 members, a ridiculous number among the 850,000 Chicagoans, but it had the gifted Parsons and such able publicists as August Spies and Michael Schwab of the German paper *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Samuel Fielden, once an English weaver, later a Methodist lay preacher and teamster, Oscar Neebe, organizer of the beer-wagon drivers, Adolph Fischer, a typesetter, George Engel, a toy-maker, and Louis Lingg, a fantastic organizer for the Brotherhood of Carpenters.

For all their zeal their meetings on the lake-front were attended by crowds of less than fifty, and their newspapers were wretchedly edited, "obscure little sheets with scarcely any circulation."

They talked vaguely of revolution, spoke of dynamite as a symbol of the people's rights, mooned dreamily over the words "Humanity," "Human Rights," "Human Progress." Now and then one of their number would discuss dynamite with a re-

porter from the *Tribune* or *Times* or *Daily News* and gain publicity for the "cause" in the resulting sensation which was made of the "menace." In private, it is creditably said, they laughed at the public excitement over bombs, knowing how few if any of them had ever seen one of the dread missiles.

Just as the "anarchist" scare was about to perish, much as the "bolshevist" phantom was due to fade in America some forty years later, another of those national panics began, lasting from '84 to '86 and throwing armies of workmen out of their jobs. The Federation of Trades Unions countered with demands for the eight-hour day.

As in 1877, trouble began on the Black Road. The McCormick plant, having cut workers' pay again, saw strikers jeer at "scabs" along this somber cinder-path. This time the managers would not rely wholly upon the police. From the headquarters of the Pinkerton Detective Agency they hired operatives to guard the plant and its non-union laborers.

5

Allan Pinkerton, who had died the year before, had come a long, ironic way after his arrival in Chicago in 1842. As a youth in Scotland, he had been for the workingman and human rights, even joining the Chartists, those headlong political reformers who in 1838 advocated the use of arms in winning universal suffrage, equal representation, better political conditions for the masses—a program known as the People's Charter. The British Isles knew them as "physical force men" and prosecuted them relentlessly, with the result that many, including young Pinkerton, fled to America to escape imprisonment.

In Chicago the boy became deputy sheriff of Cook County, then in 1850 the first detective of the little city. That same year he established Pinkerton's Detective Agency, largely for work on the "underground railroad." The passion for liberty still dominated him, and into "Abolitionist" Chicago he and

his men brought hundreds of runaway slaves, speeding them to the safety of Canada. "John Brown," he once told his son, "is a greater man than Napoleon and just as great as George Washington."

By 1860 he had added a corps of night-watchmen to guard business houses, an enterprise so successful that before the outbreak of the Civil War he had offices of both his detective agency and his "preventative watch" in several other cities. Soon he was guarding the United States mail for the Chicago district and in 1861 helped protect the person of Abraham Lincoln as the Springfield lawyer went East for his Presidential inauguration. By Lincoln he was assigned in 1861 to organize the United States Secret Service and, until November, 1862, served in the tempestuous duties of such a post.

Now, in 1885, the whirligig of existence had shifted the name of Pinkerton from "left" to "right." No longer would it be associated with movements that set human rights above property rights, and as the massed detectives marched out to serve the established order of things in Chicago's labor strife, they were commanded by William Pinkerton, that boy who had been told by his father to think upon the greatness of John Brown of Osawatomie.

The "Pinkertons" whom the employers brought to the Black Road were hated by the strikers more viciously than were the "scabs" themselves, and soon the detectives were exchanging blows and shots with the workingmen. As the skirmishes became known, the idea of a general strike grew among Chicago's laborers, and swept on even after the McCormick plant had settled the strike, giving employees a 15 per cent. salary increase. On the night of April 28, a mob gathered at the foot of La Salle Street to howl at the city's leading financiers, who had gathered in the new Board of Trade building for its inaugural banquet.

Parsons and other radical leaders, arrayed now in the International Working People's Party, addressed a street-throng that bore red and black flags—red for the common blood of hu-

manity, black for starvation. Parsons said they would march on the "Board of Thieves" singing the Marseillaise. Fielden denounced the Board of Trade men for toasting their $2,000,000 Temple of Usury while 2,500,000 men were jobless in the nation.

"How long will you sit down to 15-cent meals when those fellows inside are sitting down to a banquet at $20 a plate?" he shouted.

Parsons derided Bishop Cheney, the prelate, for baptizing the cornerstone of this Temple of Mammon, adding, "What a truthful follower that man must be of the tramp Nazarene, Jesus, who scourged the thieves from the Board of Trade of Jerusalem!"

Armed police were massed before the new building when the singing paraders arrived, and they shooed the mob away—an incident, on the whole, merely frothy and harmless, yet looming large a little later when Parsons, Fielden, Spies, and others were on trial for their lives.

Over the city rules the man who had taken Chicago for his "bride," Carter H. Harrison, entering now, in '85, on his fourth consecutive term as mayor. He has grown rich in real estate, loves silk underwear, and owns the town's aristocrats as his personal friends; yet he champions the proletariat, loves the common people, and is adored by them. He is for progress, for union labor and a wide-open town. Even his enemies, the conservative newspapers and the Protestant clergy, admit that he is honest and that the city's integrity owes much to him. Reformers who share United States Senator John A. Logan's opinion that Harrison has made Chicago known as a Gomorrah concede that "our Carter" has been good for business. Every day on the streets, people cheer the 225-pound mayor as he thunders by on his galloping horse, his slouch hat and big beard rakish in the Chicago winds. The masses love his hot, witty head, his habit of listening to their woes, his private and eternal ambition to catch a burglar some night in his mansion—and kill him. Harrison lets the saloons stay open and

believes that gambling and prostitution are ancient, unkillable sins. He is Chicago. "The young city is not only vigorous but she laves her beautiful limbs daily in Lake Michigan and comes out clean and pure every morning," he trumpets. Never will he allow troops to be brought in to shoot down striking workingmen. Freedom is his creed. His "bride" can talk all she wants.

6

Through that Summer of 1885 minor strikes kept uttering warnings of serious trouble ahead. Street-car employees walked out, declaring that the company had violated their rights. The public supported them—Mayor Harrison declaring that nine out of every ten citizens were with the strikers. The men eventually forced the street-car company to surrender, but not before "idlers and roughs" had rioted for several days. Juries promptly freed prisoners brought in by the police and on the surface the thing seemed to blow over. But more people than ever were getting it into their heads that behind these simple workingmen was lurking something vast, demoniac, and murderous.

By the following February the McCormick works had declared for the "open shop," and "scabs" were being beaten on the Black Road once more, the Pinkertons and police hurrying.

Parsons and his comrades now abandoned their initial distrust of the eight-hour-day crusade and threw themselves behind it. Five hundred tailor-girls, Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, paraded under red flags. Six men died under volleys of police-fire outside the McCormick works. August Spies, whom the bullets had interrupted as he addressed some 5,000 Slavs on the Black Road, dashed to the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office and tossed off a proclamation, "Revenge," sending it in German and English over town by a horseback rider. It read:

"Your masters sent out their bloodhounds—the police. They killed six of your brothers at McCormick's this afternoon. They killed the poor wretches because they, like you, had the

courage to disobey the supreme will of your bosses. . . . If you are men, destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms! We call you to arms!"

Next day Schwab raged in the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, "In palaces they fill goblets with costly wine and pledge the health of the bloody banditti of Order. Dry your tears, ye poor and suffering. Take heart, ye braves. Rise in your might and level the existing robber rule in the dust."

A great mass-meeting was called for 7.30 the next evening, May 4th, in the Haymarket, Randolph Street, between Desplaines and Halsted.

Mayor Harrison and the police kept hands off, but watched carefully from the Desplaines Street station, the resolute mayor himself going out to mingle with the crowds that listened to Spies and Parsons. Standing in the throng, he kept striking match after match to relight his cigar. A friend asked him to stop it, lest he draw violence to himself. "I want the people to know their mayor is here," he replied. After a time Harrison went back to the station, saying that the affair was "tame," that nothing was likely to occur, and that the reserves might as well be sent home. Such orders were given. The Mayor and the Chief of Police went off to their respective beds, leaving Inspector Bonfield, excitable, brave, questioned before for his rashness, in charge of the men still on duty.

Rain had begun to fall. At the Haymarket, Fielden, the Englishman, spoke last. Scouts, running from the meeting, told Bonfield that the orator was saying that "the law must be throttled, killed, and stabbed." The Inspector's temperament betrayed him. Ordering out a hundred and seventy-six of his men, he marched on the crowd. Captain Ward, in the front rank, called upon the meeting to break up. Fielden replied that it was peaceable.

A second later, before anything else could be said pro or con, an explosion ripped through the ranks of the police, flattening scores, lighting up the rainy blackness, shaking the West Side windows in their casements. Bonfield, blundering, perhaps ex-

cusably under the circumstances, ordered his men to fire, which they did in all directions, wounding each other as well as the bystanders. People trampled each other, shouting and screaming, as they tried to escape the fusillade from the maddened police. Wounded men dragged themselves into doorways. Clubs broke skulls. Scattering shots from fugitives, the police said, kept popping at them for several minutes.

Patrol-wagons came for the wounded officers, who numbered sixty-seven. Of these seven died. How many of the populace were killed was never determined, although the police insisted that the number was large and merely hidden by the anarchists, who spirited their dead and wounded away.

7

For a day or two Chicago seemed to be still stunned by the detonation. The shock of a bomb—so strange and foreign a weapon—in an American city sickened the citizens. Then horror turned to fury—the nation joining in. Hysteria rocked Chicago. The police raided wildly, "discovering" bombs most conveniently in places where they would do most harm to the accused Parsons, Schwab, Spies, et al. A Captain Schaack of the police force disgusted even Chief Ebersold, his superior, by the ferocity of his attacks upon workingmen's homes, "dynamiter's lairs" he called them. Very natural passions of revenge dominated many of the police. Love of the limelight spurred others on. The terrorized city whipped the officers to greater efforts, the police in turn kept public fear at razor edge.

Arrests were wholesale, a grand jury winnowing out indictments for Fielden, Parsons, Spies, Schwab, and such others of the Workingmen's Party as Fischer, Engel, Lingg, Neebe, William Seliger, and Rudolph Schnaubelt. Parsons and Schnaubelt escaped, the former to a Wisconsin farm, the latter to Europe, from which he never returned. The case against Seliger was dropped.

On June 21st the accused were rushed to trial, and as pro-

ceedings were begun in walked Parsons to shake hands calmly with his comrades, and sit down beside them for trial. He would face the music for the "cause."

Distinguished lawyers, reviewing the trial in later years, were divided in opinion, some saying that the verdict lacked justice, others saying that the accused were obviously guilty. Errors were manifold in its conduct. Citizens' associations, business men, public sentiment, demanded that the noose come quickly and with small ado. Judge Joseph E. Gary assembled a jury that was all but hand-picked, his bailiff reputedly boasting how he had "packed" the venire so that counsel for the defense might speedily exhaust their preëmptory challenges and be forced to accept prejudiced jurors. No creditable evidence linked the accused with the throwing of the bomb. Indeed, no bomb-thrower was ever discovered. The charge was that the dynamiter, whoever he was, must of necessity have been prompted to his crime by the inflammatory speeches and publications of the prisoners. On the exhibit-table the prosecution spread a jumble of apparatus which, it claimed, was for the making of bombs. The police insisted that they had found them in anarchists' quarters, notably Lingg's home.

On August 19 the jury voted "guilty," as it was expected to do; Judge Gary pronounced "death" for Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Fielden, Schwab, Fischer, and Engel. Neebe, whose crimes consisted of owning stock in the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, was given fifteen years in prison. Counsel for the defense argued for a new trial and was refused. The condemned asked to be allowed to address the court. This was granted. One by one they arose and spoke, ostensibly to the judge and the jury—in reality they were speaking to the world. Newspapers gave columns to these addresses, as they had to the entire trial, which was one of the great "stories" of the latter half of the century. The speeches were reprinted, made into pamphlets, passed around the earth, cherished by many as curiosities, by some as monstrosities, by others as things of literary charm, by still others as gospels of the workingman's cause.

Fielden fascinated even his prosecutors by his three-hour oration. Oration it was in the finest sense, thought trained speakers who listened. The man was eloquent, philosophical.

Among other things he said, "Your Honor, with due respect for your years, I wish to say this, that it is quite possible that you cannot understand how men can hold such ridiculous ideas. Yet it is well known that persons who live to a ripe old age very seldom change their opinions. It is a natural result."

At one point he casually mentioned that "since I was eight years of age I have gained my bread by the hard labor of my hand." His prosecutors, at this, whispered among themselves, saying that if he had spoken to the jury before their verdict, he would most certainly have gone free.

But Fielden asked for no mercy in his swan-song. The ecstasy of martyrdom and the poetry of sacrifice were already transporting him, as he said:

"Today the beautiful Autumn sun kisses with balmy breeze the cheek of every free man; I stand here never to bathe my head in its rays again. I have loved my fellow man as I have loved myself. I have hated trickery, dishonesty, and injustice. If it will do any good, I freely give myself up. I trust the time will come when there will be a better understanding, more intelligence, and above the mountains of iniquity, wrong, and corruption, I hope the sun of righteousness and truth and justice will come to bathe in its balmy light the emancipated world."

Spies, too, was lyrical:

"If you think that by hanging us you can stamp out the labor movement, then call your hangman. But you will tread upon the sparks. Here and there, behind you, in front of you, and everywhere flames will spring up. You cannot understand it. You do not believe in witchcraft, but you do believe in 'conspiracies.' "

Schwab tried to tell his listeners what anarchy really meant.

"Anarchy," he said, "is a state of society in which the only government is reason; a state of society in which all human

beings do right for the simple reason that it is right and hate wrong because it is wrong."

Louis Lingg, haughty and defiant, snarled, "Anarchy is called disorder. Anarchy is opposition against the order of things which does not allow a man to live a life that is worth living. I die gladly upon the gallows in the sure hope that hundreds and thousands of people to whom I have spoken will now recognize and make use of dynamite. In this hope I despise you and despise your laws. Hang me for it."

Parsons, denouncing the trial, said, "The verdict is the sum totality of the organized passion of Chicago."

The jury, he charged, had received $100,000 after the trial as a gift from Chicago millionaires. The city had wined and dined the twelve men who had voted "guilty," he declared.

"I am called a dynamiter," he went on. "Why? Did I ever use dynamite? No. Did I ever have any? No. Why, then, am I called a dynamiter? Listen and I will tell you."

Dynamite, he said, was a symbol of power which made one poor man the equal of a king's army. Gunpowder had freed the common man from the tyranny of the robber-barons in feudal times.

"It is democratic; it makes everybody equal. The Pinkertons, the police, the militia, are absolutely worthless in the presence of dynamite. They can do nothing with the people at all. Dynamite is the equilibrium. It is the annihilator. It is the disseminator of authority; it is the dawn of peace; it is the end of war. It is man's best and last friend; it emancipates the world from the domineering of the few over the many, because all government, in the last resort, is violence; all law, in the last resort, is force. Force is the law of the universe; force is the law of nature, and this newly discovered force makes all men equal and therefore free."

He and his fellows, as he talked, appeared as toilers for humanity, fighters for the day when capitalists would not put children to work and "cripple their soft bones."

"We plead for the little ones, we plead for the helpless, we

plead for the oppressed, we seek redress for those who are wronged, we seek knowledge and intelligence for the ignorant, we seek liberty for the slave—we seek the welfare of every human being."

The judge set the hanging for Friday, December 3rd. At this Parsons spoke up, "December 3rd—a Friday—hangman's day! The day our Lord Jesus Christ died to save the world. He may have died again and the world be saved again."

There were times, during these speeches, when it must have seemed to the old, listening prairie, that it was Tecumseh, the red man, talking to William Henry Harrison—not a German or a Texan or a Britisher addressing a judge and a jury.

Able defense had been made by counsel, and in the appeal to the Supreme Court of Illinois, it was Leonard Swett, still wrapped in the mantle of his friend, Abraham Lincoln, who spoke for the condemned. It was useless. The verdict stood and was sustained by the United States Supreme Court. Governor Richard Oglesby, however, commuted the sentences of Schwab and Fielden to life imprisonment. Louis Lingg killed himself in his cell by exploding a dynamite cartridge between his teeth.

Spies, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel were hanged on November 11, 1887, in the county jail, Spies saying, through his gallows-hood, "There will be a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today," Parsons crying, "Let the voice of the people be heard!"

The leaders of Chicago said "Good riddance" the day of the hanging. Many honest citizens said, "It's too bad about them, but society must be protected." Many friends of the dead men said, "They died like John Brown of Osawatomie."

8

Once the execution was performed reaction, deep and troublesome, set in. Much of Chicago's population felt shame and remorse. The merchants, the manufacturers, the bankers, the wholesalers, the railway magnates, the owners of schooners and

real estate—those restless, often reckless Yankees who had done so much to lift Chicago up out of the mud, out of the fire-ruins, out of the panics, stuck to their guns. They were convinced that they had helped lift the Garden City out of the toils of bloody anarchy. And when Governor John P. Altgeld in 1893 pardoned Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab on the grounds that their trial had been unfair and illegal, they branded him an enemy of society.

But across the city public sentiment decreed that, after this, it would be better to let free speech have its way without raids by the police, and when a girl named Jane Addams came to town in 1889—so soon after the hideous scare—she saw the amazing spectacle of radicals, anarchists, socialists, labor-leaders, dissenters of all kinds, speaking from the same platform in the new Auditorium of a Sunday with clergymen, merchants, realtors, Republican politicians of every shade and gradation of thought, while so ultra-respectable a banker as Lyman J. Gage himself benignly presided over the scene, his white beard bespeaking peace.

In such an atmosphere of liberality Miss Addams' genius flowered. With her friend Ellen Gates Starr, she leased the house once occupied by a pioneer, Charles J. Hull, and established the social settlement, Hull House, at Halsted and Polk Streets, where the melting-pot had its vortex.

A monument to the hanged anarchists was erected at Waldheim Cemetery, and there were years, in the decades that followed, when almost as many visitors came to it in the course of twelve months as to the statue of Abraham Lincoln in the park which bears his name. Anarchy as a "cause" disappeared from the American scene, leaving the dead men in the eyes of many laboring men as "martyrs" to the struggle which toilers under many labels waged for higher wages, the eight-hour day, and the rights of the working classes.

The tragedy passed into history. A bomb, possibly the first thrown in America, had fixed itself upon Chicago's reputation, and many Chicago citizens came to feel, perhaps more strongly

than could citizens of other American cities, that as a general thing patience and tolerance must be preserved in dealing with violent workingmen.

9

It is a day soon after the catastrophe of Haymarket Square.

A delegation of capitalists call upon Mayor Harrison, who has said that he doesn't believe the "anarchists" had anything to do with the bomb. They tell him that, henceforth, he must suppress free speech. Up speaks "the merchant prince," Marshall Field, himself: "Mr. Harrison, we represent great interests in Chicago—"

"Mr. Field," the mayor interrupts, "any poor man owning a single small cottage as his sole possession has the same interest in Chicago as its richest citizen."

CHAPTER XIV

If the anarchists, who so blackened the name of the city among conventional folk the world around, had reminded observers, now and then, of Tecumseh the Indian, it was another Chicago labor leader, part Indian in fact, who came far nearer to the traditions of the Shawnee communist.

Honoré Joseph Jaxon, though less famous than Parsons, Spies, Fielden, et al., was more influential than they in the actual history of the town.

Jaxon had been born a nomad in his trader-father's buffalo-camp May 2, 1861, somewhere on the Northwestern plains. Indian blood was in him, and although his white blood made him graduate from the University of Toronto, the red strain captured him later when he claimed as his idol Louis Riel, leader of an Indian rebellion. In a revival of that outbreak in January, 1885, Jaxon was captured and pegged to the ground until such time as he could be transported to prison. Escaping to the United States, he wandered about giving lectures on the Riel affair, and in 1886 arrived in Chicago. That Spring, six thousand carpenters of the city went out on strike and, moving among them, Jaxon began writing pronunciamentos urging peaceful, watchful waiting. "Patience will win," he told them.

"Tire the contractors out, and you will win your eight-hour day."

But the contractors, hiring non-union labor, went ahead with their buildings, and at length Jaxon, according to the story, told the labor chiefs to summon into headquarters all the dependable, fearless men they could trust. These volunteers he coached carefully, saying, "Go to the strike-breakers and ask them to quit for the brotherhood of man."

Such appeals failed.

"Now," said Jaxon, "try this persuasion," and he produced stacks of clubs, wagon-spokes, cudgels.

Like a military general he organized violence. At an appointed hour all squads were to strike simultaneously. To North Side "jobs" he sent West or South Side strikers and vice versa, eliminating so far as he could the chance of combats between friends.

Soon after the appointed moment, riot-calls came from all sections of the city, engulfing the police, who could only dash here and there, scattering their forces. Non-union work stopped before the wagon-spoke onslaught, and although the contractors attempted to revive it, they gave up in six weeks' time. The eight-hour day had made a great stride forward.

For himself, Jaxon seems to have asked nothing, not even power in the unions. He, who had given workingmen a practical campaign of action that was far more effective, if lawless, than any proposed by the fantastic anarchists, resumed his work of pacifism. In the Autumn of 1886, with Lyman J. Gage, he addressed the city's leading business men in the president's room of the First National Bank, outlining a plan for the Civic Federation, a non-partisan, altruistic body which might, as he saw it, bring justice and sense into city affairs.

"We must eliminate the unscrupulous rich and the purchasable poor," he said.

Vainly he tried to organize the bond-salesmen of La Salle Street, the fish-venders of Maxwell Street, the life-insurance

men and rug-peddlers all into one common body, the Solicitors' and Canvassers' Union.

Concentration of wealth in downtown Chicago would be the ruin of the people rich and poor, he thought. Brooding over this in his home above a pickle-factory on Lake Street west of Halsted, he began tinkering with alchemy, hoping to make gold cheaply and thus secure funds with which to build a tremendous canal around Chicago, so that ships could discharge their cargoes at dozens of points, each of which would become a city.

"I'll make the grass grow in the Loop some day," he kept saying, through the 1890s and early 1900s.

In his Prince Albert coat and with a vocabulary that was scholarly, Jaxon used to call upon labor editors of Chicago newspapers with propaganda aimed at bettering the city and its people in many differing ways.

At such times he would lapse curiously into language that was a gentle mixture of Indian simplicity and Quaker plainness, saying to editors, "The Great Spirit tells me thee will print this."

Eventually he disappeared and the city forgot him, but the organized "slugging" which he, who wanted to be a pacifist, had reluctantly introduced to gain the eight-hour day, remained, ironically, as his contribution to Chicago.

2

For all their violence the '80s were to live in Chicago's memory as a period of thrift and prosperity. Completing its first half-century of incorporated life, the city could look back upon its own rise with incredulity. Where covered wagons had rolled through the mud, hundreds of trains could now be seen coming and going in a day. Where its entire trade for a year had but lately been far short of a million dollars, the city could now behold a single packer transacting that amount of business in a week. Chicago could remember the time when half the

women in the log town could fill their larders out of one Hoosier's wagon; now one bank alone, among scores, handled over ten million dollars, in and out, during a day.

In place of the dreary swamps surrounding cabins, there were almost two thousand acres in public parks about the city, all of them connected with extravagant boulevards. The system might be still far beyond what the inhabitants could use, but men were no longer saying, as they had, "Our parks fit Chicago about as well as a wedding-ring fits a baby's finger."

The blowers of the city's horn had the hammer-wielders down throughout most of the '80s. Newspapers still railed at "the low doggeries" which blotted the sidestreets of the downtown section, but in the same breath they boasted of the 100 per cent. increase in population that Chicago had achieved in the decade.

In 1890 the school census showed Chicago to have 1,208,676 souls, 200,000 having been added in that year by annexing populous suburbs.

The towns of Jefferson, Lake View, Lake, Hyde Park and a portion of Cicero had been taken into the fold in '89, and in '90 South Englewood, Washington Heights, and West Roseland, residential sections to the southwest, were added. In twenty years Chicago had stretched its area one hundred and forty-four square miles.

When the United States census of 1890 showed that Chicago was the second city of the land, it exulted, for it was now only 400,000 behind New York. Nor did it feel downcast when New York, in the next few years, forged far ahead, for wasn't Manhattan's growth, asked Chicago, mainly due to its annexation of Brooklyn?

Immigration, which had brought over 5,000,000 people into the nation across many borders during the decade, had hopelessly swamped the "old, American" stock in Chicago, as the school census of 1890 showed. Fully 68 per cent. of its inhabitants were foreign-born, while of the 32 per cent. native-born, many were the children of "old residenters" among the

German and Irish groups. Only 292,000 Americans were listed, while 916,000 were of either foreign birth or parentage.

The Germans, who included the Jews in that census, outnumbered the Americans by almost 100,000—a group which, with the 215,000 Irish, the 45,000 Swedes and the 44,000 Norwegians, Americanized itself quickly.

Of all the races the Germans and Irish intermarried most readily with the "nativists." The Teutons, though speaking a different tongue, were mainly Protestant in religion like the Americans, and the Irish, though Catholic and thus at religious odds with the Puritan civilization, spoke the English language.

J. C. Ridpath, the historian, studying Chicago in that year, said that "the Irish here as elsewhere are common laborers. Pipe in mouth they can be seen toiling on the public works." Ridpath could have seen them as contractors, lawyers, doctors, merchants, too, if he had looked deeper. He found only some 15,000 negroes—"the severity of the climate repels the Africans," he observed.

"Of the 54,000 Bohemians," he went on, "42,000 live in Pilsen, their colony on Blue Island Avenue, three miles southwest of Lakeside Park—a foreign city in which one walks for blocks without hearing a word of English spoken." Most Bohemian men he found to be lumber-workers at wages of $1.25 to $2.00 a day, "an economical people, owning their own homes, prejudiced against paying rent. I heard that many of them had left the Catholic Church and are drifting into scepticism, atheism and nihilism."

Neither the Bohemians nor the 52,000 Poles were criminal or squalid as Ridpath had expected to find them. They were common laborers, but "cleanly and frugal."

The 10,000 Italians he discovered to be divided between two large colonies, one on North Franklin Street, the other on South Clark. "Many of them are wealthy," he observed, adding, "Their race is hard to assimilate." A little later he might have seen Italians at the head of great produce-concerns,

printing-plants, many businesses, showing that a sizeable portion at least could assimilate most winningly.

As to the city itself, Ridpath, author of the most popular history of the world in that day, thought it "the marvel not only of our own age and century but of the modern world."

Climbing to the tower of the Auditorium, Ridpath looked the city over and gasped much as Gurdon Hubbard had gasped that time in 1818 when he climbed the tree to stare at the beautiful prairie.

"Even from the dome of St. Peter's the landscape is by no means so fine, so extended, so full of life and progress and enthusiasm," he declared.

In 1890 some Chicagoans exulted because their city was second in America in point of manufacturing; others were proud because the year had set a building record, 11,640 new structures costing $48,000,000; still others boasted of the strange skyscrapers which Chicago had shown the world.

Not so high did Chicagoans hold their heads when the Illinois and Michigan Canal was mentioned. That ancient waterway had failed as a sewer and could never carry away enough filth to solve Chicago's sanitation problems; yet it could carry enough in its slow current to fill canal towns with stench and disease. Ordered by the State Legislature to dilute its sewage, Chicago in '86 threw up its hands, wrote its old dreams off the books, and abandoned its lifelong hopes for the canal. Sadly it incorporated a drainage commission in that year, and, as the '90s dawned, dug away at a fresh canal, one that would be scientific, utilitarian, modern, with no memories of romance to haunt its banks.

3

Millionaires were dying and leaving bequests to the city. Walter L. Newberry, one of the signers of the city's first appeal for chartering, had died in 1868, leaving $4,000,000 and more from his real estate ventures, and by 1889 the wearisome legal squabbles that had withheld these funds were adjusted,

$2,000,000 going into a "scholar's library," directed by William F. Poole, head of the Chicago Public Library and himself "the most distinguished librarian in the world," as Chicago boasted.

John Crerar, railway magnate of the '60s and one of the bankers who had held up the city's credit in the panic of '77, died in 1890, leaving thousands of dollars to Presbyterian churches, orphanages, hospitals, Bible societies, the Historical Society, literary societies, and the Y.M.C.A. and $100,000 for the erection of a colossal statue to Abraham Lincoln. Two million dollars he gave to launch the scientific library which bears his name.

Philip D. Armour, adding $900,000 to the $100,000 left by his brother Joseph F., established in 1886 the Armour Mission to which within the next five years was added the manual training school where youngsters of both sexes and all creeds and races fitted themselves to advance in the commercial and industrial city which Chicago had become.

William B. Ogden, who had come reluctantly from New York to the swamp-town in his youth, had gone back to New York, his fortune made, and dying there, left a will, which in 1891, fourteen years after his death, was settled to the advantage of Chicago charities and institutions, notably Rush Medical College, the Academy of Sciences, the Astronomical Society, the University of Chicago, the Theological Seminary of the Northwest and the Chicago Woman's Home.

The pioneers were going fast.

Long John Wentworth died in 1888, still amazed at what his eyes had seen in fifty-five years of Chicago's life. Gurdon S. Hubbard, never recovering from the loss and the shock of the great fire, died, blind, in '86, and the young city suddenly realized what a beloved patriarch he had been.

In 1884, the year that his factory sent 55,000 reapers to the farmers, Cyrus H. McCormick died, saying, "I know of no better place to die than in harness." Death took Deacon Bross, aged seventy-seven, on January 27, 1890. If the old "booster"

could have lived three years longer he would have seen "The White City" on the Exposition grounds. No matter; he had been looking at a more magnificent city in his dreams every day for half a century. In November, 1891, there died Col. William Hale Thompson, one of Admiral Farragut's naval officers, who had come to Chicago in 1868 to deal in real estate, to help found the State militia and, after his death, to leave much wealth to his children, among whom was a son who bore his name.

Vaguely Chicago began to understand that it had such a thing as a history. Youthful as it was, it had, in 1891, firms that were nationally known as old. H. O. Stone and Company had been selling real estate for fifty-six years. A. C. McClurg had been importing books since 1844. Brunswick, Balke, since 1848, had been making the billiard tables which Puritan moralists of the nation denounced as corrupters of youth. Rand McNally's maps had been hanging on schoolroom walls since 1856. The trunks of C. A. Taylor, and the pianos and organs of W. W. Kimball had been sold over the country since 1857. Mandel Brothers had begun selling dry goods in 1855, the same year in which Crane and Company had begun making valves, Gage Brothers millinery, and Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Company hardware. James Kirk had sold soap to the nation since 1859, N. K. Fairbank since 1864. Lyon and Healy had been music-men from 1864. Edson Keith and Company were selling women's hats in '58, B. Kuppenheimer ready-made clothes to men in 1863.

Franklin MacVeagh's wholesale groceries had risen in 1866. Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company's department store, and John M. Smyth's furniture-factory were twenty-four years old in 1891. Marshall Field's "big store," as the rural visitors called it in awe, had been so known since 1881, when Field had taken the "mammoth emporium" into his own hands.

Since 1885 a boy from Springfield, Illinois, named Julius Rosenwald, had been selling clothing wholesale in Chicago, and in 1895 he would be vice-president and treasurer of Sears, Roe-

buck and Company, disputing with the twenty-two-year-old firm of Montgomery Ward for everything that an American farmer might order by mail—baby-buggies and harrows, shrouds and corn-knives, groceries and mandolins, an infinite variety of necessities and luxuries.

Chicago's "drummers" were legion in the valleys of the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Colorado, the Red, the Cumberland, rivers; they covered the continent, as commonplace on the Pacific slope as on the Atlantic seaboard. So many of them were boastful of their city that, when their spoutings were added to the general enthusiasm which Chicagoans exuded, the nation took to calling Chicago the Windy City. That term, according to residents of the city itself, meant merely that the west and north winds blew down its streets with more fury than in any other town.

The world's greatest concentration of railroad freight-cars was to be found immediately south of Chicago, it was said, there where the big roads squeezed around the end of the lake, heading eastward.

Each year, through the '80s, a new crop of boys in the midlands, the West and the Northwest, began to listen hungrily to the train-whistles calling on the horizon—trains bound for Chicago and the bright lights—whistles that made the farm-boys feel lonely, swinging there on the front gate at dusk-time among the hopeless plaints of the crickets, the owls, the frogs.

Each year thousands of young men set their faces toward the adventurous city while their mothers wept for fear of Chicago's contaminating sins. Chicago was known as "a young man's town."

Throughout the country Chicago's business men had, more than ever before, the reputation of working harder and longer than their colleagues of other cities. It was said that they employed fewer secretaries, too, answered their own telephones more often, talked with strangers more readily, listened to new schemes more attentively, took more chances.

The city had a social world of which it was not ashamed, one

that had indeed been praised by the aesthetic Oscar Wilde when that poet's American tour brought him to Chicago. Reclining on a buffalo robe in the Grand Pacific Hotel, exquisitely clad in pastel garments, knee-breeches, and long silk stockings, Wilde sipped tea and told reporters what he thought of Chicago: "Your machinery is beautiful. . . . Your society people have apologized to me for the envious ridicule with which your newspapers have referred to me. . . . Your newspapers are comic but never amusing. . . . Your water-tower is a castellated monstrosity with pepper boxes stuck all over it. . . . It is a shame to spend so much money on buildings with such an unsatisfactory result. . . . Your city looks positively too dreary to me."

He closed his eyes at the mention of the stock yards and looked sick.

4

A murmur had been rising about a national World's Fair to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America. Across the Middle West the talk was that Chicago would grab it. Chicago was that kind of a town.

The city's spokesmen fell upon Congress, whose committee was listening to the various cities advancing their claims to the honor of holding the Columbian Exposition. Driving with all their famous energy and zeal, the Chicago "boosters" told the officials that Chicago was the place. It was a melting-pot of all the races that had made the United States so magnificent a nation, it was closer than any other large city to the center of the country's population, a mythical spot some two hundred miles south and a little east. It had the hotel rooms, the wealth, the enterprise and, what was more important, spacious lake-frontage along which the White City might take limitless form.

They won, and, as the city set to work to raise the money, gamblers, side-show men, saloon keepers, procurers, pick-pockets, "madams," circus-owners, confidence men, all rushed to the city. Beside them raced people of more respectable am-

bitions, realtors, concessionaires, merchants, widows eager to open boarding-houses—everybody anxious to stake out a claim before the rush of gold struck the city.

In the spring of '93 the city felt as if it were becoming a Western town again, free and easy, high, wide and handsome, young and reckless, and, in such a mood, it wanted Carter Harrison in the mayor's chair once more. Something of the West was in him, something dashing and democratic, big and magnificent, some fire a little too hot to keep within rigidly conventional confines. He was moral, he was honest, but he had an imagination and gusto that more Puritan mayors had lacked. Four terms as mayor he had served already—from 1879 to 1887—and grand tradition that he was, the city wanted him to be the symbol of its expansive spirit in the hour of its greatest glory.

The midlands, reading of his candidacy, guessed that he would win and that Chicago in Fair-time would be wide-open and thrilling. People said that Harrison would see to it that the city was brilliant, exuberant, triumphant, even if there was an overabundance of "sporting life." Everything would be gay.

Many a pious midlander secretly hoped that Chicago's night-life would be turned on full blast during the Fair. Then a sober villager could have fun on his trip to the Exposition. Salving his conscience by resolute attendance upon the educational exhibits, he could, in the cool of the evening, look in upon the shameful glories of the wicked city.

Down in Marion, Indiana, one day, a village newsboy, Otto McFeely, later to become editor of an Oak Park newspaper which Chicago knew as "the world's largest suburban weekly," stood on a street-corner, listening to the Hoosiers talking about the Columbian Exposition that was soon to open in Chicago.

One Marion man said to another, "If Old Carter Harrison's elected mayor, I'm goin' to Chicago to the Fair, but I'm goin' to wear nothing but tights and carry a knife between my teeth and a pistol in each hand."

PART TWO

CHAPTER I

On a cold and cloudy day in January, 1891, a dozen or more architects stood on the bleak beach about seven miles south of the heart of Chicago. They watched the gray rollers come in and gazed dubiously at a vast tract of snow-covered sand, broken by ridges and by ragged patches of wild oak.

A noted Boston architect, muffled against the blasts, climbed on a pier and called down to the leader of the party:

"Do you mean to say that you really propose opening a Fair here by '93?"

"Yes," replied this leader, "we intend to."

"It can't be done," said the Bostonian.

"That point," retorted the other, "is settled."

The gentleman who declared it settled tells the story himself, almost literally as above. It is taken from the reminiscences of Daniel H. Burnham,[1] who missed few of the problems and none of the glory of the World's Columbian Exposition. On that January day he had assembled for the first time in Chicago the group of great artists in design who had joined the seemingly impossible enterprise of "opening a Fair here by '93." When he said it was settled, it was. The site looked hopeless; the difficulties were appalling; the time too short. All

[1] Quoted in *Daniel Hudson Burnham; Architect, Planner of Cities,* by Charles Moore (Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co.).

the elements were present for a typical Chicago problem. But to the sceptic Mr. Burnham returned what was, at that time at least, a typical Chicago answer.

About a year later this tall, round-faced, moustached gentleman with a square chin in which lurked a dimple, showed another and larger group of visitors what was doing in Jackson Park. This was a crowd of about a hundred overcoated, silk-hatted, scrutinizing, and self-important representatives of all the States. The National Commission had come to see how this Fair of "theirs" was getting on. Having been fêted no end by Chicago politicians and citizens, having heard and returned vast quantities of oratory, they had got down to business.

Director of Construction Burnham, supported by his staff and smiling officials of the Chicago end of the management, was delighted to show the legislative gentlemen about. He led them along miles of plank, laid upon the treacherous sands and squashing ominously in the February mud. He pointed out how a canal, a lagoon, a "wooden island," and other features of that memorable landscaping were taking form. With gestures of his long arms he indicated great, ghostly skeleton shapes grouped after a careful pattern, yet so enormous that they seemed like mountains upraised passionately by Nature herself.

The visitors saw "floors as broad and as wide as truck farms. They saw arching domes, netted with threads of steel, so far up in the cold fog that the moving workmen seemed like flies crawling on a ceiling. There were broad avenues heaped high with construction-material and flanked on either side by towering walls of new timber."

There loomed before the amazed Congressmen, continued this reporter, "a behemoth-structure covering some thirty-two acres. The Capitol building at Washington if set down on the floor of this monster [the Manufactures Building] would be something like a peppermint drop in a frosted cake." The thing was actually coming to pass. And it was astoundingly

larger, more complex, and more prophetic of beauty than anybody—that is, any Congressman—had fancied it.

2

Mr. Burnham was at that time in mid-career, with a record of Chicago masterpieces which made him and his associates the natural leaders in the World's Fair construction. He and his partner, John W. Root, had joined their slim fortunes less than two years after the great fire, when Burnham was twenty-six years old and Root four years younger. They began in a little room, stove-heated, for which they paid $20 a month rent. Profiting by the frantic rush to rebuild the city, and pulling through the hard times of '73 somehow, the young partners found themselves in clover with the arrival of the prosperous '80s. Burnham was the business-getter of the firm; Root inclined to stick to the designing room. Their reputation reached the East, yet they chose to give their talents mainly to the West.

Soon arrived the era of skyscrapers. Burnham and Root designed the first very tall building—the Montauk Block, a "monster" of ten stories. It was the first building in the country set upon "spread foundations," of concrete and railroad rails. They followed this with such achievements as the Rookery and the first section (sixteen stories) of the enormous Monadnock Block. Two other pioneering architects—W. L. B. Jenney and William Holabird, heads respectively of Jenney and Mundie and Holabird and Roche—had the glory of using steel-frame construction for the first time in history. Jenney designed the Home Insurance Building, partly a steel skeleton. Then Holabird created the Tacoma, with metal skeleton throughout. The "curtain of stone" was developed. A Minneapolis man, L. S. Buffington, had already patented a similar idea, but Chicago got real results, thus blazing the way once more. Naturally, Burnham and Root adopted and enlarged the proc-

ess, and their enterprise, stopping little short of the clouds, made a success of the twenty-one story Masonic Temple.

It was, then, two of the ablest and best advertised Chicago architects, and two men, moreover, of comparative youth, who were selected to see that the World's Fair was built according to the vast general plan. But Root never had a chance to put his fiery soul into it. His death early in 1891 left Burnham to bear the burdens and reap the glory. It also brought into the picture several men, such as Charles H. McKim and Charles B. Atwood, for whom the opportunities might not have been so great had Root lived.

Burnham, sorrowing, went ahead bravely with the work of organizing, harmonizing, crushing through prejudices. He chose an able assistant, Ernest R. Graham. He fought and won a battle with the large and hard-headed group of Chicago business men composing the building and grounds committee, persuaded them to give up the idea of competitive designs and to adopt his plan of inviting a selected list of architects. He then picked the architects—four from the East and six from the West—and began to convert them. For some of the Easterners needed converting. They were sceptical about the time available. They were sceptical as to whether the money would be raised. They were "very busy." However, Burnham, using his combination of humor and exhortation, captured them all.

In the meantime a civic patriot and beauty-lover named James W. Ellsworth, of the World's Fair Board, scored a good one by persuading Frederick W. Olmstead, the great landscape-designer, to tackle Jackson Park, with an eye not only to the immediate purpose but also to permanent beauty. Olmstead was dubious. He had planned Washington Park, and he knew Jackson. "You can have fifteen million and a free hand," Ellsworth is reported to have promised, though Lyman J. Gage, president of the Chicago board, was pulling his beard. Olmstead agreed, and, glorying as they all did sooner or later in the miracle-making of those two years, set to work to change a waste of sand, where little would grow and

floods were frequent, into something finer than the Luxembourg. His expert assistant caused whole acres of sand to be sliced from the surface, and carloads of loam were dumped there; near-by lakes were searched for beautiful plants and ferns; flowering shrubs were carried miles to beautify lagoons and the "wooded island."

Soon came Augustus St. Gaudens, enlisted under the Burnham colors. A reserved and somewhat eccentric genius, taciturn in crowds, he was, nevertheless, with Burnham to excite him, a powerful helper and suggester. Moreover, he brought into the effort such sculptors as Frederick MacMonnies, Daniel C. French, Paul Bartlett, Karl Bitter, and many others; all, like Chicago's own sculptor, Lorado Taft, glad to get St. Gaudens' ideas and to refer delicate questions of taste to him. Working happily with the forces of art, too, was Frank D. Millet as "director of color." His engagement followed a small collision between Burnham and the previous "director of color," who, because of a decision made without him, held himself slighted.

"I told him," relates Mr. Burnham, "that I saw it differently. He then said he would get out, and he did."

3

Director Burnham did not have to be "hard-boiled" with his troupe of architects. They were all too much thrilled over the prospect of being able, *at last*, to design great buildings after their heart's desire and practically regardless of cost. Before many months had passed, they had become so inspired by Burnham's appeal for teamwork, and by the grandeur of the whole dream (and, incidentally, such choice lunches had they enjoyed at Chicago's swaggerest restaurant, Kinsley's), that they were even ready to modify their designs where necessary. Difficulties of policy and of taste vanished before this spirit, in those meetings which were referred to as the most notable gatherings of artists for centuries. Inspirations popped out;

such as the one that all the buildings should be white, and the decision to give them a uniform cornice-height. Perhaps greater than all, for many of these intense and historically-minded men, was the realization that what was really being accomplished was a new epoch in American architecture,—the epoch of the classical, replacing the Romanesque as well as other less worthy motives in design.[1]

These were the chief architects, with the buildings originally assigned to them:

Richard W. Hunt, New York: Administration Building
McKim, Mead and White, New York: Agriculture
George B. Post, New York: Manufactures and Liberal Arts
Peabody and Stearns, Boston: Machinery
Van Brunt and Howe, Kansas City: Electricity
Jenney and Mundie, Chicago: Horticulture
Henry Ives Cobb, Chicago: Fisheries
S. S. Beman, Chicago: Mines and Mining
Adler and Sullivan, Chicago: Transportation
Burling and Whitehouse, Chicago: Venetian Village (not built)

These individuals and firms accepted responsibility for the principal structures, only a few out of the hundreds that were to stand within the grounds. But much of the designing eventually fell into the hands of the gentle, casual Charles B. Atwood, a being so little known, comparatively, and with so little "front," that Mr. Burnham came near not engaging him at all. It was Atwood who, in an emergency caused by the illness of another architect, produced in haste, and with the fire of a positive inspiration, the outlines of the Art Palace. It alone, of the major buildings, survived '93. Opinions of its beauty

[1] See *The Story of Architecture in America,* by Thomas Tallmadge; W. W. Norton & Co.

have but gained warmth during a generation. That building which once housed $1,000,000 worth of the world's art is now to be Chicago's Industrial Museum, owing to the generosity of Julius Rosenwald.

Building the World's Fair, as Mr. Burnham saw it, "consisted of reclaiming nearly seven hundred acres of ground, only a small part of which was improved, the remainder being in a state of nature and covered with water or wild-oak ridges. In twenty months this must be converted into a site suitable for an exposition of the industries and the entertainment of representatives of all the nations of the world. On its stately terraces a dozen palaces were to be built—all of great extent and of high architectural importance—these to be supported by two hundred other structures. Great canals, basins, lagoons and islands were to be constructed. The standard of the entire work was to be kept up to a degree of excellence which should place it on a level with the monuments of other ages."

In a passage summing up what was done, Mr. Burnham wrote:

"During the storms of Summer, through frosts of Winter, all day, all night, week in and week out, for two years the little band of American boys ran the race for victory with Father Time, and won it. Without looking for or expecting compensation at all equal to the services they rendered, without jealousy, with eager willingness, these men were ever to be found. They showed what to me is the greatest heroism, forbearance and constant helpfulness."

4

Yet there was another kind of heroism being shown, as the buildings rose, were clothed with walls and roofs, were plastered with "staff" and painted with jets of white paint blown through hose. There were heroes fighting the cold and the perils; there were men like sailors climbing among the girders; there were foremen and subordinate artists and what not who

should have had a medal apiece. Not that they were always cheerful. There were strikes galore, and near-rebellion. But the work went on.

The Winter task of 1891-1892 was severe; that of 1892-1893 even worse. In cold weather few bleaker spots can be found than a sandy beach along Lake Michigan. The advance troops of this World's Fair army had to flounder in icy bogs, dig in earth hardened by frost, and in milder weather face virtual quicksands. Horses sank leg-deep in the mud; vehicles bringing lumber, or hauling the soil and plants needed by Mr. Olmstead, had to have temporary plank-roads. There came heavy snowstorms, when the weight of drifts crushed in glass skylights, or even roofs. There were thaws and cold rains when volumes of water started leaks here and there, or almost threatened to wash the smaller buildings into the lake.

And then, driven at such speed and working often on details of construction far from customary—so many bold ideas were being tried out—the seven thousand or more workmen faced a constant risk of accident. That casualty-record was high, as seen today; though at the time it seemed "low—considering." During 1891 over seven hundred accidents to workmen were recorded. Eighteen died.

Other armies of men, engaged in the city-wide work of preparation, were toiling on railroad and street-car improvements. Still others were hurling together flimsy hotels or rooming-houses.

Chicago of '92 worked as it never had worked since the days following the great fire.

CHAPTER II

THE Chicago of that period had excited the notice of the world, as the city had during its first magical growth, as it had in '71.

Capture of the Fair, accomplished despite libels and double-dealing on the part of other cities (yes, St. Louis too), the magnitude of the whole venture—these things excited a heated interest in publicists and editors, writers, musicians, would-be exhibitors everywhere. A white glow of publicity beat upon the Western capital. It towered before the gaze, an obvious mark for the admiring, the thoughtful, or the patronizing scrutiny of the monocled magazine writer or the newspaper hack.

What was this Chicago, after all?

2

It was a city which had accomplished Herculean feats, and was continually facing new ones. It had scored conspicuous failures, also. It was a city which dominated a wide-spread valley, and was the goal of great fleets of ships. It had money and power. Both of these it wasted as it chose. It pulsed with complex human energies; it was quick to adopt new inventions

and apply new ideas. At the same time, it was miserably organized. Politically, it was a village many times magnified. Parts of it were most uncomfortable to live in. And it was very sinful. The Eastern writers did not always observe these contrasts.

3

Divest present-day Chicago of all except a handful of skyscrapers, of a legion of apartment buildings, of the elevated railway "loop," of the great boulevard improvement and the splendid lake-front park, of the far-spreading "centers," or little cities, that have grown like mushroom-patches in recent years; take away automobiles, electric cars, and many brilliantly illumined signs (especially those of "movie palaces")—and you begin to get a picture of the Chicago of 1892.

Its streets were paved largely with cobblestones or cedar blocks. Away from the business center, the sidewalks were usually of wood, many of them dilapidated and uneven in level. "Downtown," the walks were mostly made of huge stone blocks, and many of them stretched narrowly along the structures, four, five, or six stories tall, drab and humble buildings, that filled most of that region. Above these towered the Montauk Block and the Home Insurance Building, the "monumental" Tacoma, the Rookery, the Monadnock and Old Colony and others,—and higher than all rose the Masonic Temple, a wonder of wonders, a theme for sermon and vaudeville quip alike. Its building during 1890 and '91 had been watched by thousands. It was the tallest building in the country—and Chicago felt it was entitled to the tallest, nothing less. Meantime, farther south, in fact so far south it "would never pay," some sceptics said, was that other recent and tremendous creation—the Auditorium Building. Nothing so great had ever been dreamed of by Chicagoans, before 1889, when the Auditorium was finished; a hotel, opera house, and office building in one, and all the finest possible! Ferdinand W. Peck, son of a pioneer

of the '30s, was its financial "father"; Adler and Sullivan designed it.

The dedication in December brought President Harrison, Vice-President Morton, and officials from everywhere. Governor Fifer spoke. Patti sang "Home, Sweet Home," and played Juliet in the first opera given.

It was related that, looking over the dedication crowd, President Harrison whispered to the Vice-President: "New York surrenders—eh, Mr. Morton?"

Yet the Auditorium towered above a city still comparatively primitive.

In those days there were horsecars to ride on, for those who could not afford carriages, or hacks at fifty cents to a dollar an hour. On a few main streets ran the cable-car lines, a product of genius—or of the Devil. It took the strength of giant "grip-men," who always stood out in the open, to seize the cables with a clutch and start the cars. In Winter they muffled themselves in fur coats, while in the closed car to the rear passengers sat with their feet buried in straw. Those trains attained the terrific speed of nine or ten miles an hour. New York envied this record, according to Julian Ralph, noted journalist, who also wrote that the cable-cars "go with a racket of gong-ringing, a grinding and whir of grip-wheels. They distribute the people gradually, and while they occasionally run over a stray citizen, they far more frequently clear their way by lifting wagons and trucks bodily to one side as they whirl along."

Along the main river-channel, whose recent improvement has been so radical and splendid, ran the South Water Street of the markets—a mad, but savory, jumble of fruit- and produce-houses, a tangle of wagons and traders.

Leading over the river, where now the great two-level bridge crosses, was an old swing-bridge continually overcrowded, and always open at the wrong time.

The district it led to was a residence, rather than a business

district; very close by was a vicious slum, and adjacent, also, a "foreign quarter" where murder was common enough. On the West Side were patches of vice and poverty since eliminated; but there were also boulevards and "squares" now yielded to vice and poverty.

In a part of the South Side lived the noted and wealthy citizens, such as the Fields, Armours, and Pullmans. Potter Palmer, however, had pioneered five years before, building a castle in the "near" residence section north of the river. This section is now already giving way to hotels and apartments, while the Prairie Avenue district of the South Side is now an area in transition, a region of sad old eyeless houses, or heaps of stones being leveled by the wrecker.

Far out to the south, so far as to seem almost inaccessible, were two patches of wilderness in which miraculous things were being done. First, in Jackson Park, the World's Fair enterprise. Next, on the other tract a mile or so to the west, a new university, or rather, the reincarnation of an old one. Some ten acres of sand-lot, covered with chickweed and tin cans, was being reclaimed, filled in, planted to lawn; and there were rising the forerunners of a noble group of gray, red-tile-roofed academic halls. Over the first of these enterprises presided the famous architect Burnham. Over the other was the domination of a restless, determined teacher of Old Testament literature, William Rainey Harper.

4

To thousands of Chicago's residents of '92 the two great undertakings—the big show and the big university—were remote and legendary.

The actual history of a city depends very much on the welfare of such thousands; but the written record often ignores them—the swarm whose life is nothing but a round of desperate toil, of shifts to keep the family under a roof, to solve the humblest, simplest problems of existence. In this swarm belong

not only the bitterly poor, but the outrageously overworked. Chicago of '92 had more of this sort than the Chicago of 1929. A writer of the former period remarked that "leisurely quiet does not exist in Chicago even for men in a position to command it." It was true that even the wealthiest citizens of that day drove themselves hard; it was probably equally true that they drove the workingman and workingwoman without ruth, and with little real knowledge of the severity of life among the wage-earners. The industrial mogul of those days had not yet begun to realize that higher pay and shorter hours are "good for business." To him the eight-hour day represented anarchy. And as for wages, one could get machinists for $2.40 a day, bricklayers and masons for $4 a day, carpenters for $2.50 or $3. The packer could hire medium-skilled men for from $1.25 to $2, and teamsters for from $9 to $12 a week. Such wages, it is true, were partly offset by the comparatively low cost of living; yet, even in '92, twenty or twenty-five dollars a week did not make life entirely smooth and pleasant.

While work was plentiful—and it remained so during '92—there was no abnormal amount of sheer poverty in Chicago. The thriftier races—Germans, Scandinavians, and the British nationals—were dominant. Only in certain areas of the city, whither had floated the less capable, less reliable, sometimes even subnormal and criminal sort of poor devils, were there actual "slums." Those were bad enough. In them people slept on curbstones or on balconies belonging to some one else; or forty families were crammed into a three-flat building; or children were turned outdoors because there was no place for them to sleep. The city had plenty of beggars, seldom bothered by the police. Canal Street and West Madison Street were then, as for years later, stamping-grounds for job-seekers and areas of lodging-houses, 15 cents a night and up. The city had then the institution, since quite gone, of the ragged and pitiable newsboy, who, if he could not get into the "home," found a corner in some loft. It was common in those days to find vagabonds warming themselves on gratings over an engine-room.

And then, speaking of poverty and misery, there was at high tide, in the early 90s, the amazing system of sweatshops; amazing because of the cruelty of the bosses and the slavishness of the workers. There were girls in these shops gaining as little as 25 to 40 cents a day. Skilled workers often received $5 to $6 a week, or less. Some of them "lived" on $4. Here is a weekly budget of a workingman in one of the less skilled trades:

Rent	$2
Food, fuel, light	4
Clothes	2
Beer or spirits	1
	$9

In those days beer was ten cents a pitcher; but then, coal was only three dollars a ton.

When the task of earning a living pinched so hard, the employment of children reached a point that scandalized thinking people and brought a reform. Stunted youngsters sat at benches packing things, or labored perilously at machines. In grimy factories—sometimes fire-traps—hordes of little people worked for trifling wages. And in the stores—Chicagoans could, as Mrs. Florence Kelley wrote, "stand on any one of the main thoroughfares on a morning between 6.30 and 7.30 o'clock, and watch the processions of puny children filing into the dry-goods emporiums to run, during nine or ten hours—and in holiday seasons twelve and thirteen hours—a day to the cry, 'Cash!'"

The spectacle of exhaustion and disease among the children became too much to endure. During 1892 the movement to protect them became powerful, and while the World's Fair was thrilling people at large, a law quietly passed the Legislature, in July, 1893, which fixed the minimum age of labor at fourteen. Other safeguards were added, despite a battle put up by many manufacturers.

The West Side, especially, rejoiced. "Over the river," in this cosmopolitan city, dwelt hordes who had been lured from the old countries by steamship companies and labor agencies, if not by their own capacity for illusion. They were plunged into a struggle which for them was pioneering as desperate as that of the covered-wagon immigrants of the '30s. They had to give time to racial quarrels. They were preyed on by gangs.

A few miles from the beautiful lake which some of them scarcely ever saw, within a short walk of the proud dwellings of Michigan Avenue, Prairie Avenue, Ashland Boulevard, they worked, loved, dreamed—and multiplied. They lived back of lumber-yards, under the shadow of factories, along railroad tracks of the colorful but neglected "West Side." And to the south, in areas "back of the yards," dwelt the thousands who were ruled, and more or less fed, by smoking packing-houses. And far to the southeast, on lowlands dominated by the countless chimneys of the steel-works, existed another great colony of those hardy, slovenly, and plucky Europeans.

5

In that long, sprawled-out city there were perspectives appalling to visitors from more compact and graceful places. Walter Crane, a sharp-eyed Englishman, wrote of riding (to reach his host's house) on "a long, broad, straight road, crossed at right angles by others. . . . The street sometimes breaks off short on the prairie—to be continued when it pays. Along these straight roads are planted at regular intervals excessively irregular houses . . . the genius of the American architect breaking out in weird, conical towers, vast verandahs, mansard roofs. . . . The main roads are bordered with huge telegraph poles." Another writer commented: "Chicago is laid out in parallelograms; a city made by the surveyor and the architect, who have mapped it out with a carpenter's rule."

A thing which came much closer to home than lack of beauty

was the peril to life and limb. Not a single railroad had yet been elevated, though "steps had been taken." Many tracks ran at grade in or near the central district. Every year several hundred persons were killed at these grades. Horsecars bumped over long gridirons of tracks, dependent on gates and watchmen; and once in a while a train would crush a car to splinters. Besides, the Juggernaut cable-cars took their toll; teamsters were knocked off their tall seats; children were ground under wheels.

As for the city's health in general, it was better than that in any other of the large American cities, yet there was tragedy enough. During '92 there died from diphtheria 1,548 persons; from pneumonia, the "dirt disease," 2,397; from tuberculosis, the disease of "bad air," 2,382; from typhoid fever, the disease of bad water and milk, 1,489. Yet 1892 showed an improvement. There had been a total of recorded deaths of 27,754 during 1891; a rate of 22.2 per 1,000. In 1892 there were 26,000 and the rate fell to 19.93. But the mortality among children, one to five years old, was over 4,000 in a twelvemonth! Diphtheria antitoxin was a new and suspicious thing. As for the milk supply, it lacked any such supervision and treatment as it gets today. Not more than twenty years had passed since Pasteur had revolutionized the science of bacteriology.

6

What were the interests of this mass of people?

Well, they had given thought for a few weeks to the nomination of Grover Cleveland in a new and flimsy Wigwam, built for the purpose on the lake-front. They had read the great speeches Bourke Cockran and Henry Watterson made on that occasion, and had smiled on hearing how the rain penetrated the miserable roof and compelled the chairman, at one session, to wield his gavel standing under an umbrella.

The swarm had other preoccupations. There were nearly two thousand gambling houses in which it could waste its

money. There were whole avenues lined with brothels; at the approaches to every railroad station lurked street-walkers. Both gambling-houses and brothels "paid protection," and few people cared; certainly not the swarm.

There were thrilling sporting-events, much more marvelous to read about than the newspaper accounts of "progress on the World's Fair." John L. Sullivan, the 212-pound idol of the prize-ring, was beaten that September at New Orleans by the 189-pound Corbett. Nancy Hanks trotted a mile in 2.04. A bicyclist did a mile in 1.56. In that September, a freak vehicle called a "horseless carriage" appeared in the downtown streets. It was an electric car with a long steering-handle; it was preposterously slow and awkward. A small part of the swarm, standing on the curb, watched the abortive efforts of this pioneer automobile, too surprised even to jeer.

But there were events in that year more expressive of the period. The Summer months saw the first work on elevation of railroad tracks. A continuous pounding from the newspapers had forced the City Hall to establish a Terminal Commission. Its report was not ready until the following year, and then it turned out that the program offered went too far; the expense would have ruined the railroads. But meantime the Illinois Central, forced to bear the brunt of hauling people from downtown to the World's Fair grounds, accepted an ordinance passed in May, 1892, for elevation, and the mighty job of raising the parallel ribbons of rails went on simultaneously with the completion of the exposition structures.

In September came another portentous event. Six years after the city's aldermen had taken their first vote for a Drainage Commission, precursor of the Sanitary District with its elective board and taxing powers, the time had come to dig the first earth for the great canal. Political wrangles, engineering disagreements, financial problems, all had been dealt with and temporarily conquered. It was a joyous party of officials and invited guests that journeyed the thirty-one miles southwest to the boundary between Cook and Will Coun-

ties, to the point where the old historic "divide" rose almost imperceptibly among the meadows. Fifty-six years had gone by since, by steamer, stage, and carriage, Chicagoans had flocked to this region to break ground for the earlier and less ambitious canal. Now five hundred or more out of the million-odd population occupied a special train. The Sanitary District trustees stood at the point selected for the first cut. A cloud of city officials, business men, and others completed the audience. They had assembled, as the dark-faced Teutonic president, Frank Wenter, said, "to officially inaugurate this great work connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, to create a condition that undoubtedly in ages gone by existed, to tap the great reservoirs above that will swell and stimulate that sluggish stream of the Illinois, and with proper assistance make it the great waterway from the lakes to the gulf of Mexico." Lyman Cooley, the gray-haired engineer of the board who had stubbornly contended from the first for a really great canal and had been thwarted by penurious trustees of those years, spoke of how "man's creative intelligence can remedy nature's caprice, restore the ancient outlet." A pioneer named Fernando Jones, who was present when the first canal was opened in '48, "reminisced." More speeches, and then President Wenter thrust into the earth a nickel-plated shovel—and the great canal was begun.

A month later, in this year of mighty beginnings, came another inauguration. This time it was the opening of the university. The leaders of the Baptist denomination, whose University of Chicago on Senator Douglas' land had perished in the '80s, had enlisted the aid of John D. Rockefeller for a new one. He had given $600,000, and the Baptists had raised $400,000, both within and without the denomination. Marshall Field had donated a ten-acre site. Then Dr. Harper had become president. Mr. Rockefeller had given $2,000,000 more, and Chicago men of wealth rushed to help the enterprise with such enthusiasm that another million for buildings and endowments was obtained in ninety days. On the first of October,

1892, students walked across the sandy, ragged "campus" and over planks into a partly completed building called Cobb Lecture Hall, after Silas B. Cobb, principal donor. (He who in youth took that terrible trip to Chicago on $7 capital.) In the building workmen still toiled at the ceiling; professors dodged ladders; there was a pounding and a clamor. President Harper stood on the platform in the room that served for a chapel, surveyed the crowd from behind his gleaming spectacles, and said, "We will sing the doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'" A few more hymns, a Scripture reading, a prayer, and thus simply was a new leaf turned in Chicago's educational advance. No procession, no speeches, no special train. The great Chicago swarm scarcely knew anything was afoot.

7

What the "average man" was looking forward to was the dedication of the World's Fair buildings. He could comprehend the obvious, high-colored outlines of the exposition project; nearly everybody had bought stock in it, or at least cherished a Columbian half-dollar. And nobody who could help it was going to miss this dedication, no matter if it did come six months ahead of the actual opening. Besides, interest had been whetted by accounts of the great naval review in New York, by the "grand ball" in Chicago's Auditorium, and by a glittering military parade, applauded by throngs occupying sidewalks or hanging from window-ledges.

Thanks to the Fair's managers, few people who could ride, walk, or hobble to the scene of the dedication exercises, October 21, went there in vain. "Let them all in," came the order. They flowed into the muddy grounds, while the grand procession of officials, titled and ribboned ambassadors, religious dignitaries of all faiths, and escorting troops passed over a wooden bridge from railroad to auditorium.

The Manufactures building loomed there, a greater wonder than the pyramids. Speakers and others filled a platform

seating as many as the average theater. Singers numbering 5,000 clustered on a tall rostrum. The "mob" sat or stood below—twenty-five acres of people, said official reports. "Nearly every man in the assemblage of 150,000 had a personal interest in the spectacle because he had sacrificed directly or indirectly to promote its success. The thousands of singers who had given their time and energies free, the Exposition stockholders, 30,000 of them in all walks of life, the private citizens whose taxes made up Chicago's contribution, the residents of every State and territory . . . all these felt that it was their Fair." So wrote *The Chicago Record* historian.

The crowd stretched in limitless perspective, a crazy-quilt of many hues. There were seated thousands, and thousands standing, and half crushed. Men and boys had crawled far up among the iron trusses aloft, and hung there.

In that vast space John K. Paine's "Columbian March," played fortissimo by the musicians under Theodore Thomas' baton, the choral rendition of Haydn's "The Heavens Are Telling," and the "Hallelujah Chorus" rose in the ears of many distantly and dreamily. As for the speeches, as for the delivery of Harriet Monroe's "Columbian Ode," they were scarcely audible beyond the nearest rows of the favored. Many of those acres of people saw only a chin-bearded pigmy who was George R. Davis, Director-General, rise and brandish his arms. They saw Mayor Hempstead Washburne, Harlow N. Higinbotham—president of the Exposition since the retirement of Lyman J. Gage—the much admired Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers, Thomas W. Palmer, head of the National Commission, and finally Levi P. Morton, Vice-President of the United States, rise in their places, far, far away, gesticulate and retire. Perhaps not even a modern amplifier could have carried well enough the words, "I dedicate these buildings to humanity." The trained voices of those two orators, Henry Watterson and Chauncey Depew, reached a little farther; but as a feast of reason, for all except a fraction of the crowd, the dedication was a failure.

But the lunch was a success. In the galleries, and at various places outside the buildings, "light refreshments" were served to the crowd, even the ticketless. A hundred thousand famished people descended on the food, and seventy thousand of them got some.

Weary from standing or sitting stiffly through hours of inaudible oratory, yet preserved by some Providence from being trampled to death or falling off the trusses, the Chicago multitude went home, impressed, silent. It was freely published that there had never been such a crowd under one roof in all history.

CHAPTER III

SEEN down the slope of thirty-six years, the World's Columbian Exposition still forces the belief that, in many ways, it was the most wonderful thing of its time. It became the ruling passion of statesmen as well as architects, of religionists as well as artisans, of merchants, painters, engineers, musicians, soldiers, orators, and dukes. Its appeal reached the secret workshops of the makers of delicate fabrics, of exquisite jewelry. Not only the most civilized, but some of the most barbaric, peoples of the earth were moved to have a share in this "show."

Only the other day an explorer from Africa told how an old chieftain whom he had just seen in his wilderness remembered the name of Chicago—and not because of its murders, but because of "your World's Fair."

2

Useless to try a resurrection of that image of beauty! There are stored away, in libraries or elsewhere, large folios of paintings and photographs. Go and see them! . . . But the real colors, the multiform activity, murmurs of fountains, tramp of the multitudes, all the sparkle and thunder of the throng,

are gone. Sound-recording was not yet adequate; the movies were invented too late.

We have to look back upon the Fair critically, seeing in it a world-impulse, a culmination of dreams—dreams not typically Chicagoan. Destiny brought to this young city an explosion of idealism, produced a miracle, and then ordered the miracle to disappear, leaving the sand-wastes to a new future. Paul Bourget wrote in farewell to the exposition, "The White City must disappear, while the Black City, which will endure forever, is only at its commencement." Yet in one respect, in city planning, the World's Fair left its impress upon Chicago. As the sociologist Charles Zueblin saw it, "For the first time in American history a complete city, equipped with all the public utilities caring for a temporary population of thousands, was built as a unit on a single architectural scale. Unique in being an epitome of what we had done and a prophecy of what we could do if content with nothing but the best. . . it was a miniature of an ideal city; a symbol of regeneration."

Along with the beauties of this ideal city came the loud carnivals, the bands of fakers and "three-shell" men, the salacious dancers, the hordes of harpies, to all of which people who took the Fair as a circus had looked forward. The visitors who wanted a "hot time" were not disappointed. Yet many of them must have been most impressed, after all, by the grandeur of the picture—and by Chicago's grit. They knew about the fund-raising valor of men like Lyman J. Gage, Marshall Field, largest single subscriber for stock, Franklin MacVeagh, and others.

At one time, after Congress had set $5,000,000 as the figure Chicago should raise, it was found that New York could furnish $10,000,000. Very well, Chicago would meet the ante; it did so, through sale of stock to middle-class folks, and by bond issues. The Chicagoans, through their local board of directors, had to "carry the weight of governmental suspicion, hesitation, and indifference," wrote one of the leaders. "The

only anxiety of Congress was to escape expense." The local corporation, standing in ill-defined relationship to the National Commission, was forced sometimes to defy, and sometimes to yield to, that large and unwieldy body; a multiplicity of committees, a mass of overlapping authority, and all the jealousies, stupidities, and balkinesses of which overorganized human beings are capable, cropped out during the months of high pressure. Finally, the famous Chicago climate—truly wonderful four or five months of the year—outdid the eccentricities of people wearing titles and medals, and made it seem, during one Winter, at least, as though the Fair would never open at all. Storms, "cold spells, "wet spells," deluge from the skies, hell underfoot, challenged the gritty men who had sworn to "put it over."

3

When on May 1, 1893, the great invading army of Middle Westerners, supplemented by people from many States, poured into the grounds, they saw an Administration Building with an exquisite dome higher than that of the Capitol at Washington, and in front of this the MacMonnies fountain, with its graceful rowing maidens—acclaimed by St. Gaudens and others as the masterpiece of masterpieces. They saw other fountains, one on each side of the MacMonnies, then the lustrous Grand Basin, with its peristyle at the eastern end, and the Liberty statue upraised, but shrouded, waiting to admire itself in the mirror of the basin. There were the vast creamy flanks of Machinery Hall, Agriculture Hall, the Manufactures and Mining Buildings; to the northwest, the Wooded Island, the dome of the Arts Palace, and a city of structures in which the classic motive faded out among bold and varied conceptions expressed in State buildings.

It was a chill and misty Spring morning. All during the early hours anxious people watched the clouds. The crowds came under umbrellas. "Average people" they, accustomed to going afoot, to getting wet, to "pick-up" meals. There were

almost as many lunch-baskets as umbrellas. Father, mother, and the children were prepared for a gorgeous picnic.

President Grover Cleveland was riding toward the grounds in one of twenty-three carriages, drawn by high-steppers. At his side sat President Thomas W. Palmer, of the National Commission, and President Higinbotham, of the Chicago Board, one time farm boy and dry-goods clerk, now a partner of Marshall Field—gray-bearded, alert, with the face of a scholar and artist. In other carriages, members of Cleveland's Cabinet, World's Fair Directors, Governor Altgeld, General Miles, the Duke and Duchess of Veragua—Mrs. Potter Palmer sitting grandly at the latter's side—the Marquis de Barbales, Don Cristobal Colon y Aquilera and his Doña, other Spaniards—cheered by the crowds, five years later to be at war with them.

And in the very last carriage, lifting his gala hat to those multitudes who knew him far better than any of the others, Carter H. Harrison the elder. He was a happy mayor. Four terms he had served, and then given way to the inevitable; but now he stood elected by a few hundred votes to be that commanding figure, the World's Fair Mayor.

The jingling, bowing, and somewhat haughty procession passed through the Midway Plaisance, where the variegated nationals, the freaks, bevies of fakirs, waiters, dancers, and the like, hailed nobility and officials as they passed. The Algerians were ready to greet them with their yell, "which," as a writer put it, "for penetrating power exceeded anything ever heard in a political meeting." Donkey-boys flattened themselves to earth. Tomtoms were beaten. Four lions of the Hagenbeck show had been trained to roar horrifically while the president passed; and doubtless they did.

Meantime the delighted crowd had been assembling in the Court of Honor, facing the platform erected on the east front of the Administration Building. They had come again, in numbers three times greater than on the day of dedication, drawn by the powerful magnets of curiosity, civic pride, and

adulation of celebrities, to see and hear what little they could. The Court of Honor could hold them all, but the space near the platform could not. That standing-room was a stretch of mud, all around the silent MacMonnies fountain and far back along both sides of the darkly glistening basin. It is said that between four and five hundred thousand men, women, and children were massed somehow in the area.

At first they spread out harmlessly to the eastward; but as the party of dignitaries mounted the platform there was a rush in their direction by the scrambling thousands, splashing through the mud, brandishing folded umbrellas—for the sun had come out—elbowing, fighting, shouting. Choristers essayed a "Columbian Hymn." Their voices were all but lost in the clamor of the half-panicky mob. President Cleveland and the Spanish nobles sat gazing in amazement upon what was happening below. The luckiest spectators were those who had climbed ropes to the pinnacles of Machinery Hall, or had perched upon the dome of the Agriculture building.

All during the hymn, the spectacle down on the mud-flat was like a scene from Doré. The huskies pressing toward the platform elbowed women aside; they broke through the defense of Columbian Guards. Strong husbands lifted their wives up shoulder-high, so that they could breathe. Crying children were held aloft. Women with torn clothes climbed to the press-stand and tried to clamber over the railing; reporters dragged to safety some who were fainting.

A blind minister rose to pray. He could not be heard for the terrific yells from the fighting "audience," yells of "Stand still!" "Get back; you're killing those women!" "For God's sake—" Police crashed through to places where women, and men too, lay underfoot, unconscious, and lugged them away on stretchers or wheeled ambulances. Somewhere in the crowd Jane Addams—not among those in carriages—felt her purse seized by a pickpocket. A staff officer of the Columbian Guard thrust his sword between the "dip's" legs, tripped him, and hauled him off to the brig.

After all this, when records were made, there were listed only seventeen who had fainted and none with bad injuries.

Director-General Davis rose by the table on which stood, in a purple plush casket, an electric key to be pushed by President Cleveland. "It only remains for you, Mr. President . . . commensurate in dignity with what the world expects. . . . When you touch this magic key, the ponderous machinery will start. . . ."

President Cleveland, fifty-six years old, but powerful, ruddy, with a chest like a barrel, laid aside a silk hat a little the worse for wear, and rose bowing.

His voice had such volume that many could hear him who so far had not heard a word. The rest caught it in snatches:

"Stupendous results of American enterprise . . . Magnificent evidence of American skill and intelligence . . . Greetings we extend to those of foreign lands . . . Popular education . . . Stimulation of best impulses . . . Proud national destiny . . . We have built these splendid edifices . . . Exalted mission . . . Human enlightenment . . . Brotherhood of nations . . . The machinery that gives life to this vast exposition is now set in motion . . ."

He touched the key. It was almost exactly noon.

The Stars and Stripes fluttered up the mast in the center of the plaza, the red flag of Castile up another mast, and the white initialed banner of Ferdinand and Isabella up another. On all sides, on the tall domes and cornices of the buildings, flags furled for hours now broke out. From the MacMonnies fountain and its companions the white water gushed. The shroud fell from the Liberty statue, and it glittered in the sun to cries of "Ah-h-h!"

With all this rose the rumble of machinery set off by the electric spark; from the lake came the booming of guns from warships, starting flights of gulls from their beach coverts.

The curtain was up on the glorious spectacle. But just as sometimes a piece in the orchestra thrusts an ominous motif into an opening chorus, there appeared in the newspapers of

that afternoon dispatches from Wall Street saying: "The day was one of great depression and considerable excitement. The bearish feeling was very pronounced. Repeated raids were made on leading shares . . ."

4

No sooner was the exposition open than "vexed questions" assailed the doughty management.

One of them was distinctly an intrusion from outside, an effect of the financial panic that freighted the Wall Street dispatches with gloom. Within the exposition grounds was a branch of a Chicago bank, The Chemical National. It had accepted deposits from exhibitors, including many foreigners. (A Siamese exhibitor had $10,000 on the books.) Commissionaires used it for convenience. Eight days after the Fair opened, the downtown bank failed and the branch closed. It was a crisis. Should the exposition management shirk responsibility and let the exhibitors whistle for their money? President Higinbotham said no. He spent the night telephoning to wealthy friends. "You must help us guarantee the foreign deposits," he pleaded. "How much?" they asked. "Total of around $60,000." It was cigar-money for those men—Lyman Gage, John J. Mitchell, George M. Pullman, Norman B. Ream, and the like. The guarantee was ready by morning. The foreigners lost nothing.

Another specter, much more complex, was already stalking—the question of closing the gates on Sunday. Agitation had begun long before the opening of the Fair. Congress had been bombarded with huge petitions, behind which, boasted the framers, stood "the full force of the church membership of the United States." Swayed by the claim, the Congressmen, when generously voting for the sale of $2,500,000 in Columbian coins to help pay for the show, tacked on a provision that the gates must be closed Sundays. But two months before the epochal first of May, Congress passed another act which with-

drew $570,880 from the two and a half million for the expenses of the commission on awards.

The Chicago directorate saw a loophole. It was perpetually threatened with a huge deficit anyway; the shrewd business men on the board believed that Sunday crowds would help pay the bill. As it was officially phrased, however, the feeling was that "the exposition should be permitted to exert its benign influence on one day as well as another." Some one argued that Congress, by diverting funds, had broken a contract. The suggestion was seized on with gratitude. So, in the face of thunderings from the pulpit that a "heinous example of lawbreaking" was being set up, of jibes to the effect that rich men were debasing the morals of the poor, the board opened the gates on the third Sunday. But the "lid was on" most of the show.

The crowds came but sparsely. They were not thrilled by a curtailed World's Fair. And then the question got into the courts. Lawyers now argued it instead of reformers. The directors found themselves faced with an injunction against closing, and one against opening. The solemn judgment of the United States courts was invoked, and three district judges, in a ten-thousand-word opinion, declared, "Close." Three higher judges reviewed the order and reversed it. The directors bent this way and that, according as the legal winds blew. They faced contempt of court either way; and, as it fell out, in trying to obey one of the solemn orders to close, they ran foul of the injunction forbidding them to do that very thing, and were fined. A "unique and disagreeable experience," as Mr. Higinbotham later wrote.

So was the "music row." During the early days of the Fair certain Eastern piano firms, especially the Steinways, refused to exhibit their products. Director Davis, compliant with the protests of Western houses, ruled that no Steinway piano should be used in the concerts which, with most ambitious and intellectual programs, were to be given under the baton of Theodore Thomas. Then Paderewski came to play with the

orchestra. He protested that he could play no other piano than a Steinway! The fur flew. The angry Westerners appealed to Davis; he took the case to the National Commission, which tried to assume a jurisdiction over Thomas that it did not have. Thomas, whose contract was with the local board, calmly proceeded to give the concert, and "Paddy" played on a piano smuggled into the hall at night. A Steinway it was.

Then the newspapers raged, going so far as to intimate that Thomas was in some one's pay. He was haled before a committee of the Commission. A question of a Chicago-made harp which he was alleged to have barred was another count against him, a wholly false charge. The grizzled, proud old pioneer of Chicago music appeared before his judges, and he said, according to the *Chicago Record* version:

"For forty years I have been before the American public as an artist. I am an old man, sixty years old and nearing the end of my course. I beg of you to consider that I value my reputation as a musician and leader more than any pecuniary benefit I might derive from aiding any piano-firm."

Paderewski left the city, followed by newspaper editorials which jeered at his long hair, his cloak, and his lady admirers. Thomas' resignation was demanded; he ignored this. His concerts continued with the approval of his Chicago friends on the directorate. But he was deeply wounded. In addition, the poor early attendance at the Fair was ruining his fine plans for a musical festival that would pass all records. In August, in a letter which sadly recognized that "highbrow" music at the Fair had failed, that the performances should be considered "solely as an amusement," that expenses should be reduced—he gave up his post. He closed with an offer to serve gratis, "should any plans suggest themselves to you in furthering which I can be of assistance."

Troubles, major and minor, beset the management as summer advanced. There was a public quarrel in the woman's board, the cause being almost indistinguishable amid the hysteria. Mrs. Palmer rose and referred darkly to "certain ladies

who mortify me." Staid members of the board wept. One cried out to Mrs. Palmer, "You, our queen! ——" It blew over.

There was a strike of waiters in the restaurants on the Fair grounds. They got their $15 a week. There was a robbery in a jewelry exhibit; loot, two diamonds set in a riding-whip belonging to King Leopold, of Belgium. Then in July, a tragedy. The cold-storage warehouse, badly built, and carrying three superfluous towers, caught fire. A company of firemen, led by an intrepid captain, ascended the tallest of the towers, carrying hose, and were cut off by the flames. An immense crowd—the total attendance that day was 130,000—saw the brave fellows slide down ropes, or leap into flames, and die. They saw seventeen bodies carried away.

5

But calamity, bickerings, scandals, failed to check the enthusiasm of the public for this exposition, whose glories grew upon them as they studied it. The times were bad, yet the crowds came, growing from a fifty-thousand figure in May to two hundred thousand in August. Farmers put new mortgages on their acres. School-teachers spent the last of their savings to journey to Chicago. Poor people of Chicago and elsewhere managed to find fifty-cent pieces for admission. An old man, leaving the Court of Honor with his wife, was heard to say, "Well, Susan, it paid, even if it did take all the burial money."

No one could see it all. Ten thousand memories were borne away by those who spent every day there. Memories of things like these:

The Ferris Wheel, its cars climbing to a height of 264 feet . . . the movable sidewalks on the pier . . . the Columbus Caravels, that had sailed all the way from Spain . . . La Rabida Convent; Columbus' cannon, his contract with Ferdinand and Isabella . . . the thirty-five-foot model of the British battleship *Victoria* . . . the Yerkes telescope, built for the University of Chicago, and awaiting its observatory . . . the

Bethlehem steam-hammer, symbol of the "arts of peace"; the huge Krupp guns, prophetic of war . . . the glorious gilt arch of the Transportation Building, Louis Sullivan's inspiration . . . the first locomotives, New York's *De Witt Clinton* and Chicago's *Pioneer* . . . the Streets of Cairo, the Irish Village, Blarney and Donegal Castles, the Moorish Palace, "Old Vienna," Laplanders, Arabs, American Indians . . . the Woman's Building (dedicated when Mrs. Palmer drove a golden nail with a silver hammer); needlework by Queen Victoria . . . the Children's Building, its crêche and its store of toys . . . fifty thousand roses blooming on the Wooded Island . . . rough diamonds from Africa; a solid silver statue from Montana . . . Nicola Tesla and "high tension currents"; a long distance telephone to New York! . . . the Administration Building seen at sunset from the Peristyle . . . the glory of electric lights at night, five thousand arc-lights; illumination seen as beauty . . . the $20,000 livestock show . . . the immense grain and food show . . . the gray Canary diamond; Russian jades; Sèvres vases; Japanese enamels and cloisonné vases; Chinese lacquer; Swiss watches; the Nuremberg "egg watch" . . . Parisian fashions, displayed on wax figures that drew the stares of bumpkins . . . John Alden's Bible; Miles Standish's pipe . . . the battleship *Illinois*, the reproduction of the cruiser *Oregon*, which was soon to frighten the Spaniards . . . fish, fish, fish, crabs, sharks, grampuses, lazily flapping in their tanks . . . convent bells from California; the Cartagena church bell, 16th century . . . Mount Vernon done over as the Virginia Building . . . Independence Hall done over as the Pennsylvania Building, with the Liberty Bell under a dome . . . Florida's reproduction of the old St. Augustine fort . . . Boston's manor house; Louisiana's plantation mansion . . . the Illinois Building, considered ugly, but containing precious Civil-War memorials as well as symbols of the farming State . . . reproduction of the salon at Versailles; Lafayette's sword . . . Germany's beautiful and characteristic building, one of the few to be preserved; destroyed by fire

in 1925 . . . the Swedish and Norwegian buildings, the former built in Sweden and shipped in sections . . . the Japanese house, still standing on the Wooded Island . . . Brazil, celebrating Bolivar . . . the Ceylon Building, after a Buddhist temple; later to be John J. Mitchell's house at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin . . . Haytian relics of Toussaint L'Ouverture . . . the fake "Blarney stone," actually a Chicago paving-block . . . wheel-chairs, gondolas, Columbian Guards strutting about, college-boy guides. . . .

There were memories of great "congresses," to which flocked optimists from all countries. Now was the time to solve everything. There was one congress of "strong-minded women," as they were then known. Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and many others whose names still mean something, were on the program. Temperance reformers had a big time, with Frances Willard and Archbishop Ireland as leaders. Social reformers followed suit, discussing such things as pauperism, juvenile delinquency, prevention of crimes. Bankers met, but Chicago bankers, preoccupied by the panic, had to stay at their desks. And there were other meetings, culminating in the vast Parliament of Religions, an assemblage of all faiths, of all the greatest religious leaders—except the Archbishop of Canterbury, who could not convince himself of the "parity" of other faiths with his. He was not missed. Under the Rev. John Henry Barrows, Chicago silver-tongued preacher, all races, creeds, and traditions got a hearing. All seemed to expect the millennium—which did not arrive in 1893.

6

October arrived. The exposition was a success. October 9th brought Chicago Day, over seven hundred thousand paid admissions, another vast and dangerous crowd; the folks didn't get home until morning. The closing days approached. Some sort of blaze of glory was appropriate. Then, just at the last,

an unknown being, a lean maniac with a grievance and a revolver, spoiled it all.

Mayor Carter H. Harrison had spoken, at his best, before a meeting of mayors on the evening of October 28th. He went home late, a happy man—his engagement to a young lady who was to be his third wife had just been announced. He was full of pride in his city, tired, but aware that it and he had done well. He was frowned on by many who thought his policies vicious, but loved by many more. His office was open, always, to any citizen. This gray-bearded, black-eyed Kentucky planter, transplanted to a hobbledehoy city, used to drive around in the foreign sections Sunday mornings and ask after the health of the children playing on the walks. Murderer Prendergast did not think of this. He had a persecution mania. He thought he ought to be Corporation Counsel of Chicago. He rang the Mayor's doorbell. Harrison was called, and, alone, met his assassin at the door of the dining-room. There Prendergast fired three shots, then fled. The Mayor died within fifteen minutes.

The World's Fair flags went to half mast. Tragedy marked its close, except in the Midway Plaisance, where brawling and lewd crowds, waving whiskey-bottles and signs, rioted until the small hours. Loving, weeping processions, recalling the wild, half-morbid mourners at Lincoln's funeral, viewed the Mayor's bier at the City Hall. And so he was buried, and at the same time the dream-city on the lake's edge ceased to be.

7

The grizzled old mayor, "booster" to the end, left a sentiment in that last spreadeagle speech that is worth quoting. He said:

"Genius is but audacity, and the audacity of the 'wild and woolly West' and of Chicago has chosen a star, and has looked upward to it, and knows nothing that it cannot accomplish."

CHAPTER IV

THE White City had gone, except for great buildings, buffeted by autumn storms, "white elephants" for which no purchaser could be found.

The "Black City," with its problems and its woes, remained. Paul Bourget, author of the striking phrases, knew little of the heart of things. What he saw deserted by the dream was an industrial Hades, full of smoking chimneys, choked streets, the movements of mournful mechanical giants. He did not see the strength of the city with its blackness.

Chicago had passed through the financial panic with a huge loss of business, but was recovering. It stood in the midst of a region bursting with food; and it was broker, "middleman," for millions of producers. The capital invested in factories was well over a half-billion, with an output of a quarter million more. The gross products of the clothing-industry were about $60,000,000, and of iron and steel more than that. Two-thirds of the railroads of the country either entered Chicago or reached it by connections, bringing wealth in the raw, iron, steel, woods, textiles, to be finished or passed along.

Thus the Summer panic, which closed banks by the score in many States, struck Chicago and went on, just as the lake often sends bad storms packing around the horizon. There was a

time, in June, when depositors stood in line before the windows of the Chicago banks, big and little, clamoring for their money. But they got it. Two national banks failed; a number of private houses succumbed. The others held out—and paid cash. The Illinois Trust and Savings Bank was kept open until 3 A.M. to take care of depositors. On the worst day of the run such men as P. D. Armour, Harlow Higinbotham, Marshall Field, and John B. Drake, appeared in the foyer, and talked to the crowds reassuringly. Armour even personally guaranteed payment, even gave people, in gold, at his office, the claims they brought there. Mr. Higinbotham, forsaking his World's Fair duties for the time being, joined in cheering up the depositors. He even held a baby for a tired mother!

By Autumn it was clear that the danger was over, and the city—its coffers still full of money, its stocks of merchandise so low that it could not be bankrupted by that route—could start on the upward slope. Its bank-clearings had fallen off only 7.7 per cent. against New York's 22 per cent. loss. Building had gone on (though reduced), and was increasing again. The Black City had finished in '93 the handsome Newberry Library, the buildings so far financed for the University of Chicago, the Art Institute, the Historical Society structure, and the Academy of Sciences Building in Lincoln Park. The cornerstone of the new Public Library was laid. Of the elevated railroads, the South Side and Lake Street lines had been built, and the Metropolitan (West Side) begun.

There was room for pride.

2

And yet the Autumn and Winter brought misery. As the winds blew colder, the effects of closed factories, stores running with reduced force, armies of men and women "laid off," were appallingly shown. It was not alone a Chicago horde of "idle men and women, haggard and hopeless, and over all the ghostly shadow of suffering and starvation," as a sympathetic banker

put it, but a convention of unemployed from near-by cities, seeking Chicago as a forlorn hope.

In the City Hall, all through December, the stone corridors were filled at night with sleepers. The impromptu dormitory was so overcrowded that the men were forced to sleep with their heads against the walls, a narrow path being left between the rows of outstretched feet. In addition, there were slumberers halfway up the first flight of stairs; and here and there groups stood up, trying to doze between reminders from policemen. An investigator found that the majority of those troubled souls were unskilled workers not members of unions; he also found that less than half were foreign-born.

Police stations all over the city sheltered from sixty to one hundred men each night. In the Harrison Street (Old Armory) station cells were packed, and in a long ten-foot corridor, in which maudlin and insane shrieks from prisoners could be heard, men slept elbow to elbow; sometimes rats ran over them. That corridor was "paved with bodies," Jacob Riis found. There were young boys there too; in the women's section mothers with babies.

The Winter was terrible for children. Scores were turned loose on the streets. Babies were thrust upon overcrowded orphanages. Evictions ran to hundreds per day—partly because rents had been raised 20 per cent. during the World's Fair. Jane Addams, Graham Taylor, and other settlement workers labored to keep the mothers and children from the poorhouse, but the tide was too great. The population of the county poorhouse increased by over 400 in a few weeks. In the Hull House district, 2,000 families received charity-coal at the rate of half a ton a month. Pawnshops did a 50 per cent. larger business than in corresponding months of '92. Loans were estimated by the police at $15,000 a day. An overcoat brought 35 cents, a silver watch $1.50, a complete "household outfit," beds, dishes, stove, was sold for $20.

The streets were filled with beggars, some of them stranded World's Fair peddlers, who now found their Armenian rugs

and glittering fake jewelry impossible of sale. On every corner, every bridge, hovered blind or armless or legless creatures, who had profited during the days of plenty, but now whined for alms and got little. Terrible relics, many of them, of a Summer of carnival.

Such was the dismal Winter in Chicago in '93. The city was no worse off than others, in a time when, according to Bradstreet's, the country had 3,000,000 persons out of work. But Chicago had so many troubles!

However, it was generous. Funds were subscribed by softhearted men of wealth to rent vacant stores in which "soup-kitchens" were promptly opened. A large empty building near the lake-front was turned into a soup-house capable of feeding four thousand a day. Merchants made contributions of food. Branch stations were opened. The sympathetic P. D. Armour could be seen watching one of these. In "slum districts," meantime, such feudal lords as Alderman John Powers distributed food and clothes to needy persons, who immediately became loyal constituents. "Hinky Dink" Kenna sheltered hundreds in his roomy saloons. Around the corner, the Pacific Garden mission, under the stout Col. George Clarke and his delicate wife, cared for hundreds. The "free lunch" saved many from starvation. It was declared by a reliable newspaper that during the worst of the crisis sixty thousand men a day were fed free by saloonkeepers.

3

"In Hank North's saloon throughout the Winter he has given away on an average about thirty-six gallons of soup and seventy-two loaves of bread every day. In very many cases those who took advantage of the open-handed hospitality were too poor to pay a nickel for a glass of beer."

So wrote a sympathetic and fiery British editor, who, in that December, stood before a gathering of prominent citizens in evening dress, and shouted, "The only place where the poor man can exist free now is in the saloon." He was met with cries

of "Untrue!" Undaunted, he retorted, "You are gigantic in your virtues and gigantic in your vices. I don't know in which you glory the most. . . . The palace in which your city transacts business is also a shelter for hordes of starving men." A young lawyer named Joseph David, years later to be a judge who ordered misdemeanor "cases" to be released from a packed county jail, stood by the speaker, crying out, "No discharged criminal can obtain work in this town!" There was a hubbub, a storm of "Nos," but the words sank in.

The British editor was William T. Stead. He had reached Chicago in time to see its World's Fair pride almost banished by its woes. Before a huge audience in Central Music Hall he had spoken his mind, and though most of his audience had gone away shocked, the result was the formation of the Civic Federation, first discussed in the '80s. In the next year he published a book, *If Christ Came to Chicago*, a philippic of four hundred and sixty pages that spared no millionaire's feelings, glossed over no single foul fact. Mothers begged their children not to read it.

4

This volume was destined to be a factor in Chicago's post-World's-Fair awakening. Many persons had been so blinded by the glory of the exposition that they ignored things which Stead clearly saw. Such things as these:

"Streets of sin," where whole blocks were given up to brothels, and powerful female proprietresses paid the police from $15 to $100 a week "protection."

Resort property owned by "prominent citizens"; rents going into the pockets of descendants of old Puritan families.

Elections bought with money, with whiskey, with free lunches.

Corruption in the City Hall, in the tax offices, in business. Ordinances faked up and rammed through the City Council after a division of swag.

Tax-dodging extraordinary; a total assessed value lower

than twenty years before, despite an increase of a million in population.

Gambling-syndicates viewed complacently by successive city administrations.

In general, a city many of whose great capitalists were indifferent to its vices and its woes; a proud city riding for a fall, and in need of the application of every known device of sociology or religion to save it.

Mr. Stead's thunderous red-bound tract, sensational in title, and Billy-Sundayish in much of its preachment, hit Chicago with a crash. Though stuffed with hearsay testimony, it was also impregnated with truth. It did not ease a situation full of strain.

While Coxey's army was marching on Washington, to meet an absurd and inglorious reception, the line of starving men in Chicago thinned. The charity-efforts, concentrated in the Central Relief Association—organized by the Civic Federation and supervised by the magnanimous T. W. Harvey, founder of a thriving town—became effective; the outlay of large funds, contributed chiefly by "middle-class" folks, took the curse off the Winter. Thousands of men had been saved from starving by being given two meals a day in return for work on street-cleaning. But there remained the stark fact that numerous great plants were running short time; payrolls had been cut; the unions were in a mood for trouble.

And trouble brooded most ominously over the pretty little "model town" of Pullman, where the sleeping-car king had started his housing experiment in the '80s.

5

It is easy to see why George M. Pullman, a "good fellow" at heart, and married to a wife whose benevolence reached far and wide, could not bear the thought of interference with his rule. The whole mighty industry had sprung from his genius, from a bright thought years before. Sparing no pains, he had worked

out the plan and method of this model town, in which the skilled workman was to have a neat home, "a town from which all that is ugly, discordant, and demoralizing is eliminated." There was an arcade—in which were concentrated stores, a bank, the postoffice—a theater, a park, a hotel. The 3,500-acre paradise was beyond the city limits; it was self-governing —or rather, it was Pullman-governed. What one critic called the "feudalism" of the idea went so far as to create a system by which water sold to the Pullman Company by the city was resold to the householders. The same with gas. Odder still, the sewage from homes and shops was conducted to an underground tank, whence it was pumped and piped to the 140-acre farm of the magnate, and used as fertilizer!

There were cynics, long before the trouble of '94, who said of the Pullman residents that "they paid rent to the Pullman Company, they walked on streets owned by the Pullman Company. . . . They sent their children to Pullman's schools, attended Pullman's church—dared not enter Pullman's hotel with its private bar." But Pullman did not sell them their grog. It was a dry town.

Mr. Pullman himself, hurt by criticism of his experiment, was disposed to point out that to give title to homes would have admitted "baneful elements"; he gave figures showing nearly a thousand who did own their homes nevertheless; he declared the townsmen were "entirely free to buy where they choose."

At any rate, Mr. Pullman refused to admit that his ideal had a tarnished side. Nor was he the man to meet the unions in a yielding mood when in the Spring of '94 reductions in wages of from 30 to 40 per cent. and reduction of the working-force by a third, without a corresponding lowering of rents, brought a determined protest from the shop workmen.

Once before, when the shocking eight-hour-day hydra raised its head, Mr. Pullman had proved a hard man to beat down. Now he and his vice-president, T. H. Wickes, declined to surrender.

In May, with the tulips blooming their best in the dainty Pullman park, the makers of sleeping-cars laid down their tools.

6

Meantime, a new menace had arrived: a tall, gawky man of thirty-nine, French-Alsatian by descent, gentle-voiced but burning with sympathy for workers who were paid too little. The newspaper caricatures made him look like a combination of Bill Nye and Mephistopheles. How the "respectable" folk, the cent-per-centers, hated him, both then and for years to come! He was Eugene V. Debs.

When fourteen years of age he had gone to work in the locomotive-shops at Terre Haute, and then had "fired" engines. Within ten years he had become Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the fireman's brotherhood and editor of its paper. In 1893 he gave up this $4,000-a-year job and organized the American Railway Union, whereupon his income dropped to $75 a month, and then to nothing. The "one big union" which he attempted made its first assault upon the Great Northern Railroad. A strike was sprung in April, 1894, with the suddenness of one of General Sheridan's night-raids, and it was a success.

When the American Railway Union met in convention in Chicago on June 12, the Pullman workers had been "out" for a month. The families of many were in a bad way; it was said that workmen owed the company $70,000 for rent; a Pullman preacher was urging, "Act quickly, in the name of God and humanity." The railway men voted $2,000 for relief, and began to talk boycott, but Debs preferred to arbitrate. A committee of the American Railway Union called on Vice-President Wickes.

"Nothing to arbitrate," said Mr. Wickes; and he added, according to Debs' sworn statement later, that he regarded the strikers "as men on the sidewalk, so far as their relations with the Pullman Company are concerned."

A boycott-motion quickly passed the American Railway Union convention, when that report was brought in. The company was given four days to treat with the employees. The ultimatum failed, and on June 26th, Debs sent out two hundred telegrams to his subordinates on Western railroads:

"Boycott against Pullman cars in effect today. By order of the convention."

The cars were to be cut out from trains, and run onto sidings. It was done on the Illinois Central that same night, and within the city limits operations came to a standstill.

Now, while thousands of Chicagoans, quite uninvolved in the struggle, read with amazement and perplexity of the anarchy of "this fellow Debs," there came on swiftly a terrific tangle in the great spider-web of railroads. The boycott, denounced as unlawful, "an interference with the business of the railroad companies, bound by contract to handle the Pullman cars," automatically produced strikes. From Chicago to San Francisco, the American Railway Union men "cut out" the Pullmans, the managers discharged the men, then every trade allied with the union quit work. Perhaps the thing had gone farther than Debs meant; he could not control what he started. Soon his earnest advice to commit no violence ("Never in my life have I broken the law or advised others to do so," he testified when put on trial) began to be disregarded.

There was bound to be violence. All the bitterness, the hoodlumism, the despair, stored up at the bottom of Chicago's soul during the awful Winter, boiled over into the railroad yards. The causes were almost lost to sight. Mr. Pullman's woes fell with redoubled weight upon the General Managers' Association; some said he deftly tossed them there. These railroad men were doughty fighters. They determined to run trains. Portly officials who had not handled a throttle in twenty years climbed into cabs; others handled switches. But they found themselves defeated by howling, hooting, brick-throwing throngs. Here and there engines were crippled, capsized on tracks; whole trains of standing freight-cars were overturned, tower-men

were dragged from switch-towers. On one of those days a locomotive was wrecked as a barrier in front of a mail-train crowded with "through" passengers, and the whole crowd marooned for hours, famished and complaining loudly. Meanwhile, at the stockyards supplies of livestock were dwindling. Yards stood empty. Stock-handlers had struck. A meat famine threatened the Middle West.

7

This was in the last days of June. As July came on, Chicago found itself the flaming center of a war that spread through all the Western States. No one knew how it would end. The Federal judges in Chicago granted an injunction against interference with the mails. The Cabinet at Washington held session after session, and considered panicky messages from the West. But, as was characteristic of him, President Cleveland acted without hesitation. He ordered troops from Fort Sheridan, and then more troops from other points. White tents sprang up overnight on the lake-front. Boys shooting firecrackers on that morning of the Fourth of July scurried downtown to see the soldiers. Increased mobs, freed for the holiday, hurled missiles and the fighting word "scab" at regulars who now began to guard the trains in the big terminals. Elsewhere in the city, the wrecking of property went on, performed (according to the general managers) by experts who had left their jobs, or else (as the American Railway Union said) by irresponsible sympathizers.

And now came on the memorable defiance of the President by Governor Altgeld, deep student of industrial problems, frank sympathizer with labor, and maker of hot phrases. The documents in that dispute between Washington and Springfield are worth reading and rereading. They carry an interesting picture of the slender, dyspeptic, bearded governor hurling at the portly and grim occupant of the White House phrases such as, "Illinois can take care of itself," and, "You have been imposed on." Mr. Cleveland replied to the lengthy dispatches

in never more than a hundred words. The Chicagoans read this exchange with amazement; clubs passed resolutions upholding Cleveland. Perhaps less conspicuous were Governor Altgeld's informal statements, in which he laid the real onus upon Attorney-General Olney. Cuttingly he remarked: "Illinois never heard of Olney until Mr. Cleveland introduced him. Illinois had struggled along for nearly a century without his aid, and by the grace of God she will endeavor to get along without him in the future."

President Cleveland meant to fight the thing out. He ordered more troops. Then he issued a special proclamation to any and all persons unlawfully obstructing trains or threatening property to "return peacefully to their respective abodes before noon on July 9th." The newspaper headlines read "Martial Law Declared."

The city of Chicago was beautifully stirred up. Suburban residents were exasperated by the stoppage or the irregularity of their trains. It was risky to ride on them. Not infrequently bold souls stuck to one of those trains—adorned with riflemen seated on the engine-cab—and had to flatten themselves to the floor to avoid bullets.

It was "outrageous"; it was "intolerable." Debs was the Satan of it all; his men were criminals. Thus opined the "average man," reader of certain papers. If he read others—such as the *Times*, which Carter Harrison had bought and turned over to his sons—he read that the strikers had some justice on their side. He read also that the Pullman Company, whose late employees were by this time approaching starvation, had again refused to arbitrate. Possibly he read that Hull House had protested against this, and had thus lost some of its financial supporters.

The drama swept to a climax with fatal shootings in some of the railroad yards, with night-fires lighting the lonely prairies as scores of freight-cars burned, with a hideous accident in Grand Boulevard—the explosion of an artillery caisson; three killed, mangled horses in the street, pieces of metal blown

through windows and crashing into drawing-rooms. The curtain of the drama went down on a third act, with Debs and three colleagues in jail on a charge of conspiracy, and a contempt-of-court sentence added for good measure, with a threat of a general strike of all trades (and twenty thousand of them already out) and promises of civil war.

The fourth act was less exciting. Somehow, the Chicagoans found their trains running again, the mobs discouraged, the troops withdrawn. They escaped the general strike. Even the uncompromising Pullman workers drifted back to the shops. In that fourth act, which dragged itself out into the following year, Debs and company were taken through the various legal steps of punishment. There were enough court proceedings against them to keep them and their astute attorney, Clarence Darrow, busy until 1895. The conspiracy-case strangely faded out; but on the contempt-of-court charge, the American Railway Union men were sentenced to serve six months in the tidy jail of the tree-shaded town of Woodstock. There they "rested" comfortably, wrote manifestoes, planned greater battles.

Chicago, occupied now with "ordinary affairs," was not much interested in the anti-climax.

8

During the height of anxiety and bedlam, many thousands of awe-stricken people stood on a Summer night and watched the grandest of the World's Fair palaces burn. The doomed Administration Building caught fire from the terminal station; the mighty Manufactures Building, the homes of Mining, Agriculture, Machinery, and Electricity—all were consumed. Tremendous billows of flame lighted the South Side and astonished lake-sailors miles away. It was a Goetterdaemmerung.

But also, during those troubled days, there was an event which symbolized the permanence of a dream. The classic Art Palace had become the Field Museum. Marshall Field had given $1,000,000, and had ordered assembled there many won-

ders of the Fair, besides other exhibits. In that June of trouble the museum was opened, with many speeches—but a mere bow to the crowd from the donor. The first day of public admission, Mr. Field sat on a bench in the hallway, watching crowds file through the turnstile. He had found a new kind of happiness.

CHAPTER V

THE thunder and lightning invoked by Debs having passed on, Chicago settled down to its real concerns. These were engrossing enough.

Fifty thousand people were coming to the city every year—to live! What did this involve? It put upon a city every one of whose limbs and sinews—transportation, sewerage, water delivery, and the like—were already overstrained, a burden that made everything creak. The food supply was wonderful; the housing not so good. And then, even if the immediate physical wants of such a multitude could be adequately met, there arose the questions of their health, physical and mental, their observance of law, their Americanization.

Chicago was used to the spectacle of "immigrant trains." At one time it had seen—so old-timers say—troops of foreigners led through the streets attached to ropes, each band conducted by a triumphant agent. It had seen stammering and perspiring Europeans swindled at the gates of railroad stations by cab-drivers, omnibus men, and deft-fingered crooks. The sight of groups of beshawled, earringed women, surrounded by bundles and dirty children, was so common in the waiting-rooms that sleek suburbanites hardly paused.

Now, in the middle nineties, the crowds were even thicker—

and they were growing darker. A profound change was coming over the character of immigration, throughout the country as well as in Chicago. The blond peoples of northern and western Europe were no fewer, but the swarthier, the "more dangerous" (or so the timid thought them) elements from southern Europe and from Russia were much more numerous. The years had come which would increase the population classed as Slavic from 64,735 (1890 census) to 102,113 (census of 1900); the Latins, chiefly Italians, from 8,748 to 20,992, and other sorts of European nationalities in somewhat similar ratio. A great many of the Russians were Jews—not all of them the kind who became industrial leaders overnight.

Of the annual fifty thousand only a part, of course, were Europeans. Chicago lured every year, as it always has, thousands of workers from near-by States, and others from the far East and South. It was still a magnet for youth ambitious or youth adventurous. Boarding-houses were crammed. The building of apartment houses went on apace; and fortunately they were of a better type than the false and hideous "World's Fair flats," some of which may still be seen within a few miles of Jackson Park. These American arrivals could take care of themselves pretty well; not many fell prey to slave-drivers or to vice-lords or to tenement landlords.

But the swarms of babbling, eager, credulous, and often unprepossessing "new Chicagoans" were a phenomenon which alarmed some citizens, amused others, and in still others—such as professors and "slum workers"—awakened a spirit of research combined with pity.

The housing curse was not, as in some large cities, an affair of tall and tottering fire-traps. It was a plague of wooden huts. In the districts overswept by the Great Fire, and in others where speculators had slammed cottages together as rapidly as in the pioneer days, there lay whole streets, incredibly mournful and dusty, fronted by one-story, or story-and-a-half "cottages." Not only so, but on many a lot a canny owner shoved the original house to the rear and built another in front

of it. Even three or four houses to a lot were not uncommon. There was a constant movement, a continual decay, collapses galore, a daily upheaval among these wooden kennels; every once in a while one would come down and a small factory or store go up. "Almost any day," says a Hull House report in 1895, "in walking through a half-dozen blocks one will see a frame building, perhaps two or three, being carried away on rollers."

Conditions of living would seem incredible now, were it not for the fact that one can still find plenty of vestiges of that life. One can, indeed, observe many blocks of the very same houses, on the same streets. It never has paid the landlords to replace them. Nor, until lately, has the city been moved to discard these countless remnants of its black past. The city rolls over its valuable, its wistfully ancient, landmarks ruthlessly. But when business wants the property, then the foul wooden kennel gets its congé.

Thirty years ago families just disembarked from day-coaches of the railroads went to live in such houses. Several families would dispose themselves somehow in a shanty built for one. Or perhaps they would add themselves to the swarm occupying a large building, with a deceptively clean front, and wretched courts or alleys behind.

"Little idea can be given," says the Hull House report, "of the filthy and rotten tenements, the dingy courts and tumble-down sheds, the foul stables and dilapidated outhouses, the broken sewer-pipes, the piles of garbage fairly alive with diseased odors, and of the numbers of children filling every nook, working and playing in every room, eating and sleeping on every window-sill, pouring in and out of every door, and seeming literally to pave every scrap of 'yard.' In one block the writer numbered over seventy-five children in the open street; but the effort proved futile when she tried to keep the count of little people surging in and out of passageways, and up and down outside staircases, like a veritable stream of life."

Often, continued this investigator, the lower floors of rear

houses were used as stables; basements were the workrooms of "sweaters"; dwarfed, undernourished adults and children could be seen toiling or playing in rooms full of tubercular menace. Signs in many languages announced the "omnipresent midwife." An area was found in which lived nineteen thousand people, not one of whom had any bathing facilities whatever—except the river.

2

So lived the "under dog," hanging on desperately to the life-rafts that kept him from slipping even lower; wretched, yet happy; poor, yet hoping always; and whipped by the keen Western air into an ambition he had never before felt.

As for the "top dog," as for the citizen halfway up toward riches and leisure, there was plenty to keep him amused and self-congratulatory. The illusion that his Chicago was a metropolis, a delightful abiding place, a center of the fine arts, still possessed him. Perhaps there were lovelier paradises, but he had no wish to enter them. He knew Europe—but it could not beat Chicago. What about its sun-swept Michigan Avenue, with marble-front houses, tree-shaded yards, the stunning Auditorium, the carnival of glistening carriages and proud horses? What about its new Art Institute, its palatial new Public Library, its green parks? Could they be surpassed?

And there was still fresh and thrilling the memory of the World's Fair, its like never known. The perfumes of its exotic villages were not yet gone; there remained in many minds visions of beauty, and quaint longings, inspired by the bizarre, the lovely, or the wicked pictures seen; the drumbeats of naughty savages still echoed, and good churchmen secretly rejoiced over having seen "La Belle Fatima." Far through the country spread the vogue of "hootchy-kootchy."

When it came to "culture," did not Chicago have it? Its writers were known in far-away, contemptuous New York. "Gene" Field's last books were appearing. The "Dooley" sketches of "Pete" Dunne and the "Artie" stories of George

Ade were ranking as literature. A reserved, slender young man named Henry B. Fuller—son of a celebrated pioneer—had brought out another of his novels, *With the Procession*—not exciting, but liked by the critics. The very radical, almost shocking author of *Rose of Dutcher's Cooley*, Hamlin Garland, was attracting the esteem of the great Howells and others. A man with a delicate blond beard was lecturing at the University of Chicago, and writing poems; his name—William Vaughan Moody—gained renown with his *Great Divide*. A firm of young publishers (Stone and Kimball) were daring to bring out with a Chicago imprint original works by Henry James, Aubrey Beardsley, and Robert Louis Stevenson. They printed the latter's *Ebb Tide* in Chicago in 1895. The Little Room, very exclusive literary club, boosted for everybody who mattered.

All the great actors played engagements, long or short, in the Chicago of that day—Irving, Terry, Mansfield, Barrymore and Drew, Jefferson, Goodwin, Julia Marlowe, James H. Herne. For those who could not rise to the *Merchant of Venice* or *Henry V*, there were *Shore Acres*, *Trilby*, the musical comedy *Rob Roy*, and above all *Charley's Aunt*. Naughty baldheads fought for front-row seats to hear and see Lillian Russell in *La Tzigane*, which failed in New York but drew $11,000 in a single week in Chicago! For the mere crass lover of humor, minstrels like Lew Dockstader and Billy Emerson performed antics only youngsters such as they could perform.

Movies? The word was unknown. Yet it was in 1895 that two young men, George K. Spoor and E. H. Ahmet, were "monkeying" with a new thing, a sort of film that produced upon a screen flickering shapes resembling human beings in action. The infant enterprise was sickly, but Spoor kept on. And in a few years he was able to point to a giant amusement-activity of which he was certainly a pioneer. His Essanay (S and A) Studios saw the first film-work of Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery and others.

Art? The Institute (even then caring for fourteen hundred art students) exhibited the old masters and a few "moderns."

There were also the well-known collections in the homes of Charles T. Yerkes, James Ellsworth, and Martin Ryerson. Collectors dared to exhibit Manet and Raffaeli, the last-named of whom visited the city, and was much astonished by it.

Music? Theodore Thomas, regardless of annual deficits, was presenting lots of Wagner, no end of Beethoven, and occasionally, some "crazy" things by Russians and Frenchmen. Famous opera-singers brought from New York performed for the wild Westerners, who, in small but happy Auditorium audiences, seemed to appreciate Melba, Nordica, and the De Reszke brothers as much as did New York or Boston. Paderewski, De Pachmann, Ole Bull, the child wonder Josef Hofmann—they all played to capacity in old red-plush Central Music Hall.

And then, the "church life"—how the great preachers drew! It was a thrill to hear John Henry Barrows, Hiram W. Thomas (awful heretic though he was), Bishop Samuel Fallows, and the like. Dwight L. Moody was "drawing" five thousand auditors a night. Billy Sunday had quit playing fielder for Anson's "Colts" and was about to launch his evangelistic career. The churches, little or big, were on the list of drawing-cards.

Incidentally, there was a church for every two thousand inhabitants. This was somewhat offset by the fact that there was a saloon for every two hundred.

3

The saloon! A more and more "burning question."

At this time there hung in thousands of homes a portrait of a lady with severe eye-glasses but gentle expression, whose name stood everywhere for the women's temperance movement. She lived in an inconspicuous Evanston dwelling, since become a kind of shrine. No greater celebrity had any Chicagoan of the '90s than Frances E. Willard. As head of the W.C.T.U. she had in twenty years attracted thousands of members, and had become a nation-wide "proselyter." To the original society she added the Home Protective Association. Before her death

in 1898 she had visited, it is said, every city in the United States of 10,000 or more inhabitants. She traveled 30,000 miles in one year.

Like many another builder, Miss Willard found her unsolved problem in an actual building. She and her associates conceived the idea of a downtown city "monument"—the Temple. It was built, and it was beautiful, but it involved debt. The Temple bonds became a subject for wise financiers to knit their brows over. They brought sleepless nights to the heroic lady. After she died, the W.C.T.U. speedily voted to give up the building. The "monument" passed to other hands, and today its very stones are gone.

A year after Miss Willard, Mr. Moody was taken from the turbulent Chicago scene. Like her, he had been shocked by its sins into the impulse to save it. He had begun much earlier. Indeed, it was near the middle of the nineteenth century that Mr. Moody, having come to Chicago to sell shoes, had begun mission work in a small way. He "sold" religion even more effectively than shoes. (His great friend John V. Farwell once called him "the Sunday-school drummer.") When he first taught poor children, he used to canvas a tough district for ragged youngsters, wash and clothe them, and hurry them to the mission house. That was the sort of man he was.

Although in his later years he was summoned to many countries to save souls, though he had triumphs together with Sankey, in England and elsewhere, he acknowledged Chicago as home. He was happiest, perhaps, addressing the weeping crowds in his North Side tabernacle, or in appealing to audiences that filled the high-arched Auditorium. He was a World's Fair figure—not so much at the congresses as in his efforts to save the wicked who had flocked to the exposition.

Moody made fortunes from hymn-books and other royalties; gave the fortunes away. As late as the '90s he could be seen, going from seat to seat in street-cars or perhaps stopping a pedestrian, to inquire: "Are you a Christian?" The blackness

of Chicago, many times, must have driven him to half-despairing prayer.

4

Certainly, despite the delight of life, despite reform, God was not always in the Chicago heaven of the middle nineties. A good many people suspected this; a few were sure of it. The few who were burning to see Chicago not only well-governed but impeccably moral, grouped themselves in the Civic Federation, "a voluntary association of citizens for the mutual counsel, support and combined action of all the forces for good." And these forces looked up to none other than Lyman J. Gage, the banker, for final decisions.

If there were any who thought that, because of being a banker, Mr. Gage was too commercial to run a Civic Federation, they were wrong. He had lived in Chicago many years, had seen its social convulsions, and was a thoughtful student. Shortly after the anarchist outbreak of '86 he had headed a forum consisting of twenty-four members, including eight persons considered frightfully radical, and one who was even worse, perhaps a Henry Georgeite. Regardless of financiers who grumbled in the clubs, "What's Gage up to now?" he brought the forum to his house, where everybody had his say about the solution of the capital-labor problem and kindred matters. The house-forum led to public meetings, of which Mr. Gage wrote later, "I am sorry to say that they were attended but feebly by the well-to-do people." And he added a comment on social levels: " 'Higher classes' is not the best term; 'self-satisfied' is nearer."

It was that kind of banker, author of a phrase, "Despair lies in the deep-seated prejudices of both sides of society," who headed the Civic Federation, with its central council of one hundred and its branches in all the city's thirty-four wards. It had six departments, philanthropic, industrial, municipal, educational, moral, and political, and on one or the other of these committees appeared such names as Marshall Field,

Harlow Higinbotham, Franklin MacVeagh, Cyrus McCormick, Jr., (son of the great Cyrus) as well as the social scientists like Jane Addams, Graham Taylor, Albion W. Small, and Sarah Hackett Stevenson, and religious leaders like Emil G. Hirsch and O. P. Gifford. The first vice-president was the Four Hundred's leader, Mrs. Potter Palmer; the second vice-president a union-labor official, J. J. McGrath.

5

The Civic Federation feared no one, and tackled nearly everything. It helped put through the city's first civil-service law, which languished until the lawyer Adolf Kraus got behind it and made it work. It organized the relief-work in the dark Winter of 1893-1894; it fought the twin evils of dirty streets and grafting garbage-contractors; it startled the city, in the fall of '94, by an ax-and-crowbar assault on gambling.

Now gambling in Chicago had for years been renowned; Cripple Creek was little better known as a place in which to "blow money." "In the very shadow of the City Hall," flourished the richly decorated and far from furtive salons of such grandees as Harry Varnell, the Hawkins brothers, and Ed Wagner and Curt Gunn. The House of David roared unchecked, under the clever management of Billy Fagan. (He was so clever as to have one room with a sign over it, "The Rev. Mr. ——, Prayer Meeting and Gospel Services," to delude the police—though they had no idea of raiding it, anyhow.) Varnell's ran day and night, with a force of twenty-four faro-dealers, twelve croupiers, and sixty other employees. His payroll was over $3,000 a week, and his "protection" probably cost him twice that.

All this was the fruit of years of "wide-open town," encouraged during the '80s, or even earlier, by the political power of that full-blooded, "divil-may-care" and shrewd character, "Mike" MacDonald. It is Chicago legend that he coined the phrase, "A sucker is born every minute." For years he was in

and out of Chicago's enterprise as well as its scandals. He grew rich on downtown real estate; he once owned a daily newspaper—*The Globe*. He helped build the "Lake Street L." But he was remembered usually as a gambler, owner of the "palace," "The Store." By 1895 MacDonald was "about through"; others took his place.

Under a ministerial chairman of a sub-committee the "forces for good" decided to extirpate gambling for all time. The mayor, John P. Hopkins, was backed into a corner, and a reluctant promise was obtained from him; but since he held that gambling under control of the police was less vicious than when hidden in secret and "lawless" places, the promise amounted to little. The houses closed for a time, but reopened. The Mayor declared that "certain business men" had asked him to permit the reopening.

The clergyman-crusader, the Rev. W. G. Clarke, then hired an army of hardy special constables under a chieftain named Matt Pinkerton. In the bustling noon-hour of a September day a detachment crept up the stairway of Varnell's place, brushed by the negro watchman, and burst open the door. Hundreds of players (for the wheels spun merrily then in daylight hours) looked up amazed. A manager confronted the raiders.

"By what authority—," he began.

"The authority of the Civic Federation!" shouted Pinkerton.

Watchers, gunmen, and manager hurled themselves upon the attacking force. There was a scuffle. Brass knuckles fell. The invaders retreated, only to return shortly with reinforcements, axes, sledge-hammers, and crowbars. With these they battered down the heavy oak door, with its iron trimmings, which had been slammed behind them. They climbed over a barricade of tables and chairs, and were laying hands on the roulette-wheels when they found themselves belabored by sling-shots. They drew revolvers, but did not shoot . . . those mild raiders of the '90s. Meantime an Evanston justice of the peace, who had been waiting on the street below, produced warrants for

Pinkerton and others. Before a huge crowd, filling curbs and windows, the constables were marched off to court.

Next, the reformers ordered raids on J. Condon's gambling-house, also in the heart of the business district. Axes this time were concealed under mackintoshes; the doors were beaten down. Tables and wheels were carted away, but a writ of replevin had already been obtained, and the constables were once more defeated. The House of David was the next objective. It was entered by forty men, for whom the wily Fagan himself opened the door into his domain with its "rich hangings and classic paintings." After a search, the roulette-wheels were found concealed under a pile of old battle-flags, and were carried to the street, while an enormous crowd hooted. Before carrying them out, the constables accepted a cooling drink from the amiable Fagan. They all bustled to the court of Judge Theodore Brentano.

"We have a replevin writ," pleaded the negro attorney for the gamblers.

"From whom?" scowled the gentleman who was to become minister to Hungary.

"From the coroner."

His Honor banged the desk.

"I'll hold him for contempt," he declared, and adjourned court before another move could be made. So the Pinkerton troops carried the valuable wheels into the basement and burned them merrily in the Court-House furnace.

6

The crusade would not have been complete without a mass-meeting, such as citizens of the '90s rejoiced in. It was held in Central Music Hall. Of course, Mr. Gage presided. Before the crowd filling pit and gallery Harry Rubens, Mayor Hopkins' corporation counsel, was called on for a defense of the administration and of the "buck-passing" between Mayor and Chief of Police.

"Mr. Chairman," he cried, amid hisses and yells, "no administration of the city of Chicago has ever been as totally independent of and as radically inimical to the criminal classes."

Heated by the storms of hisses, Mr. Rubens went on:

"Inimical not only to the ordinary criminal classes who commit the everyday offenses of shop-lifting and gambling, but to the infinitely more dangerous criminals who will occupy a front pew in a fashionable church on Sunday and on Monday attempt to secure a corrupt franchise ordinance by bribery."

He became still more bitter. He referred to princely mansions, stylish landaus, cuttle-fish, tax-fixing, railroad kings, deaths at grade-crossings, etc., all amid hisses and cries of, "Will you answer a question?"

There was more than a hint in all this of things which partly explained Chicago's turbulence of that day; a suggestion of the great warfare between corporations and the people. Indeed, there must have come to the minds of many in the audience the symbol expressed in the single word, which was like a challenge to battle:

"Yerkes."

CHAPTER VI

For years the name of Yerkes had been pronounced with suspicion, with hatred, or with that facetious tolerance which has saved Chicagoans so much strain and concealed so many skeletons.

For years Yerkes had faced down financial enmities, newspaper editorials, whisperings, allusions to his convict past, and the slanting looks of a society that half desired to ostracize him. He took attacks, says an inspired biographer, "in a calm good-natured sort of way, allowing nothing to interfere with his progress." In 1896 he was a ruddy, bold, white-moustached man on the verge of sixty, this traction-king of Chicago. His convict past lay a long way back in the '70s, the time of money panic. It amounted to nothing more than a brief term in a Pennsylvania prison, resulting from his failure, while a Philadelphia banker, to produce city securities which he held on deposit. This fall from grace could not compare with the crimes of which he was accused in Chicago, but it sounded louder on the drums of newspaperdom. He was the arch-this and arch-that. Perhaps he smiled. But in the late '90s his Chicago career was ending.

It could not be said that Mr. Yerkes and his associates, such as D. H. Louderback, had failed to develop the carlines. They had not extended them to meet all the needs of the riding public; the people increased faster than the cars, year by year. But the traction-men had laid down hundreds of miles of new tracks on the north and west lines, which they controlled. In the late '80s they had introduced, on a few main lines, the cable-trains; and as early as 1895 the Yerkes group had begun to introduce trolley-systems. Characteristically, they proceeded in bland disregard of property-owners, who howled about the sudden forest of trolley-poles, some of which were planted overnight. They ignored protests against the "deadly trolley," the perils inherent in speed, the live-wire peril—even calm engineers discounted the dangers. No matter who roared, the Yerkes crowd continued to replace the old horsecars, at the same time that their elevated-railroad rivals were, amid equal clamor, beginning to encircle the heart of Chicago with a strangling collar of rails on stilts—the Union Loop, both bane and blessing of downtown business.

What the lay citizen understood very ill, though it was clear to financiers and newspaper editors, was that while "giving to Chicago the benefits of up-to-date transportation," Yerkes et al. were growing rich from dubious franchises and watered stock. It is a very tangled story. Let it go with the note that, having acquired the North Chicago Railway in 1886 and the West Chicago Railway in 1887, Yerkes had helped himself to city ordinances for years with little compensation to pay. The franchises increased in value many-fold and on the stock market Yerkes had done so well that his "interests," in some cases, paid glittering dividends. The lines were capitalized for millions more than they were worth. A scientific report issued in 1900—after Mr. Yerkes had escaped to a friendly London to build tubes—stated that of the $118,000,000 se-

curities of the companies in the late '90s at least $72,000,000 worth were "water."

Mr. Yerkes' relations with the City Council were very comfortable. When he needed the rights to a street, or a couple of tunnels under the river, he pressed a button. His commissioner of aldermanic relations came running. Soon there floated through the dark corridors of the City Hall word of something good on the griddle. There would then be a meeting of two or three go-betweens in a hotel or a saloon back-parlor. In due time twenty or thirty aldermen would blossom out with new race-horses or deeds to nice property.

It was the "system." Mr. Yerkes was not alone in taking advantage of it. The city owned all the streets and alleys, and could sell them wholesale or retail. Gas-companies seeking to lay mains, railroads needing switch-tracks, shopped for them in that smoke-filled Bon Marché, the City Hall. The aldermen received salaries that were nominal. Their jobs, said "muck-rakers," were worth $15,000 to $20,000 a year. Before 1895, in the days of Mayors Cregier, Harrison, Swift, and Hopkins, it was reported that the shopper for an important franchise had to pay $25,000 each to an inner circle of aldermen, and $8,000 each to members of a small periphery. An official who managed things received, in at least one instance, $100,000 in cash and $111,000 in property. But later on there was an appalling slump in prices, and aldermen were known to take as little as $300 for a vote—exacting 25 per cent. more for helping pass a measure over a veto.

To make all this buccaneering the more gaudy, ordinances were framed on behalf of companies which did not exist, or were not expected to function. Aldermen helped organize them. In dear old '94, for example, the boys wrote out a gas-company ordinance giving the streets to a ghost called the Universal Gas Company, which was to use a huge network of streets and pay the city a pittance. The ordinance was passed, vetoed by Mayor Hopkins, and passed over his veto. Soon the clever group of aldermen, half saloon-keepers and half "re-

spected citizens," sold the "rights" to the Mutual Gas Company for $175,000, and the ghost was laid. Another famous measure, whose history would run into pages, was the Ogden gas-ordinance, which involved ninety-cent gas, a fifty-year franchise, and low compensation as against another proposal offering eighty-cent gas. It went through on the fly, but in later, comparatively reformed days, it proved ineffective, and a pretty plan to sell it for $6,000,000 fell through. The Ogden-gas ghost refused to be laid for years. It haunted a genial boss named Roger Sullivan in many a campaign.

Yes, the aldermen were nearly as clever as the magnates. The system worked. Mr. Yerkes must have used it almost as a matter of course, just as his men hired court bailiffs to hand greenbacks to jurors in personal-accident damage-suits. After Mr. Yerkes had retired to London he reviewed his Chicago career to a journalist (Edward Price Bell) who had helped wreck that career; and his justification was, "I had to do it."

The wonder is that, with franchise-shopping so costly, Mr. Yerkes could afford his "mansion," his art gallery, his $1,000 carriage, his $1,700 piano, his gift of an electric fountain to Lincoln Park, and his magnificent present to the University of Chicago for what is still the largest refracting-telescope in the world. Thousands visit the dignified observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, where Prof. E. B. Frost presides; gaze through the great tube that succeeded the old "Dearborn telescope," and wonder who Mr. Yerkes was.

3

Now in the late months of 1895, the Civic Federation, conscience of the city, determined to cleanse such part of the Augean stables as occupied the soot-stained City Hall. The Federation had followed its gambling-exposé of September, 1894, by forcing the prosecution of ballot-manipulators at the November county election and gaining twenty-one convictions, including one sentence to the penitentiary. By another

year the Federation felt itself strong enough to assail the aldermanic grafters, numbering fifty-seven out of the sixty-eight!

But where was the man hardy enough to lead the assault? He was not among the inner councillors of the Federation. Indeed, it became clear that the political action group of that body could not cope with the conditions; there must be a separate organization. After a Winter of debate—following a very enjoyable mass-meeting—this new offshoot of the Federation was established and dubbed the Municipal Voters League. Its birthdate was February 13, 1896. Lyman Gage and his advisers had hunted frantically for a president to run their new league. Weeks were slipping by. Word of the reform-venture had got about, and city councilmen such as Johnny Powers, Little Mike Ryan, Foxy Ed Cullerton, and Bath-House John Coughlin were much amused. Things did not look propitious for political reform. One William Lorimer, a heavy blond person, lately a street-car conductor, constable, and water-office boss, had got himself elected to Congress, and was, amazingly, in command of Cook County Republicanism. Newly come to Democratic power was the diminutive Hinky Dink Kenna, former bootblack, seller of "red-hots" at the races—where he received his soubriquet because of his small stature—and now prosperous saloon-keeper. He and Jawn (nicknamed "Bath-House" because he was once a rubber in a Turkish bath) were to dominate the First Ward for years.

Against the ruthless, clever, and well-intrenched aldermanic gang, who could prevail? Only eight years before, some members of the county board had "robbed the public treasury" of about $500,000 through crooked contracts on public work. Eleven were convicted, and a newspaper had crowed, "Official corruption cannot forever escape punishment in Cook County." But how about it in 1896?

Mr. Gage worried on. And then, sitting in a meeting one day, he heard a few passionate words fall from the lips of a chunky, blunt, dark-eyed member with a black goatee. His name was George E. Cole. He was a stationer. He had become

president of a Federation branch; the leaders knew little else about him. They could not dream that, in a few months, a newspaper would refer to him as a "political buzz-saw and thrashing-machine . . . hard as a billiard-ball . . . about as big as Napoleon . . . not an office he would accept on a silver platter."

Mr. Cole, drummer-boy in the Civil War and resident of Chicago since 1868, was not yet forty years of age when asked to head the M.V.L. They told him frankly he was a kind of last resort.

"If that's the case, I'll serve," he said with a characteristic chuckle.

He thought a moment.

"I make these conditions," he said, stroking his goatee. "First, I must be allowed to tell the brutal facts; call a spade a spade, y'know. Second, I must pick my own secretary. And third—third, I do not want to know who contributes money for this cause."

"Granted," replied the board instantly.

"Do you suppose . . . Can I have as much as $10,000?"

They thought he could.

"Then let's be at it," said the new champion, rising to his full height—of about five feet.

The election was now a matter of counting days. Mr. Cole, having selected a directorate of seven members, sent for a slender, sharp-eyed young man named Hoyt King, who had been assistant secretary to former Police Chief Major Robert McLaughry, and made him the league's secretary. They hired a tiny office and furnished it with a couple of tables and a set of cheap chairs. On these sat the eminent directors, consisting of men like Edmund Burritt Smith, the scholarly lawyer, R. R. Donnelley, famous printer, and the civic-minded broker James L. Houghteling, who was treasurer. Judge Murray F. Tuley, grand old man of the bench, dropped in to give unofficial advice.

There was a minimum of useless talk. Mr. Cole's method was

to listen briefly, then break out, "But what're we going to do about it?" He steamed ahead like a tug churning the water. Spades were spades. The League documents appeared with the motto on the first page,

—"a hundred years ago
If men were knaves, why, people called them so."

From the little office issued printed leaflets, placards, letters. They were sparing of sirocco adjectives. Instead, they coolly recited the records of the aldermanic "gray wolves," as the League later called them. A cool and wily pillar of the stone-business, Republican leader of the Council, none other than the late Martin B. Madden, was hit between the eyes. Mr. Cole had known and disapproved of him in South Side ward-politics. The saloon-fixers were dealt with quite as adequately.

And Yerkes,—at last the secret opinion of him was put in words; in three words exactly:

"Yerkes the Boodler."

There it was in good-sized type, on every fence and vacant building that could be hired.

Only one signature appeared on any of the placards or dodgers; the signature, "Municipal Voters League, George E. Cole, President."

In the political saloons, on street-cars, in the polished offices of Mr. Yerkes, people were asking, "Who is this fellow Cole?"

The gray wolves took their medicine sometimes with bared teeth, oftener with good humor. They had quaint ideas of what constituted insult.

Hoyt King relates that one day, several years after the League started, the tall, pompadoured Bath-House John and the pale slight Hinky Dink appeared before Mr. Cole's desk. The League president rose to his full height, expecting trouble.

"Mr. Cole," said Coughlin, "you've done me wrong. You've libeled me."

"In what way?" bristled Mr. Cole.

"You said I was born in Waukegan, instead of Chicago."

The League officials laughingly promised a correction, but Coughlin did not laugh. All the boodle-charges had rolled off his back. To have Waukegan called his birthplace hit him hard.

4

The astonishing thing was that Chicago woke up. Perhaps there had been preparing for a long time a receptivity to Mr. Cole's kind of plain truths. Yet there was also involved the stone wall of gang-politics built so ably under a string of mayors, and supported by concessions to foreign elements that were willing to give up clean government in exchange for "freedom." The earthworks of the franchise-sellers were high and solid; yet when it came to nominations for the aldermanic election, Cole's attack made a breach. Fourteen thieves dropped out of the running before they started.

Meantime, the grafters and their agents had identified Mr. Cole. "The little fellow with the goatee, that's him." They knew his home address, too. Trying him out with cajolery, they made no impression. Soon there came to Mrs. Cole a mysterious threat that her child was to be kidnaped. She was game, like her husband. He must keep on with his work. Nothing untoward happened. On the street Cole got black looks, but no brass knuckles. At his stationery-store there were evidences of a more subtle counter-attack. It developed that certain business men were withdrawing their orders for stationery.

"Can't help it," said the president of George E. Cole and Company.

A minister wrote him a suave letter. The minister could not understand why his constituent, a leading alderman, was being called a knave. This alderman, said the pastor, had only worked for the "best interest of his ward."

"Look at his record," replied Mr. Cole, with his usual brevity. The preacher was silenced.

Alderman Powers sought out his fiery little antagonist.

"Why don't you be a good fellow and give the boys a

chance?" he coaxed. No good. The League built up its forces, held meetings, inspired messages from the pulpit, sent out its cool, precise, and deadly statements.

The gang-aldermen, hitherto immune, fought hard. Powers flooded his melting-pot 19th Ward with ten-dollar bills. Good Italians were angry because he had said he could buy them for a song; but since he had one out of every five voters on the city payroll (Hull House figures), he was still invulnerable. Another of the ring named John Colvin—the name has passed quite into oblivion—walked into saloons, bought drinks for all comers, sneered at the reformers who had "done nothing to help the workingman." Still another of the "gray wolves," one O'Connor, had the happy thought to illuminate streets of his ward with electric light. He pointed with pride to his improvement, but the reformers pointed to the cost—$575 for each light-pole. Blind Billy Kent, one of the most curious characters of the time, Mike McInerney, he who said the stockyards smoke was healthy for babies, John Brennan of the super-tough 18th Ward—they all worked every device in their power.

Powers and many of the other gangsters saved themselves. But in several wards men such as John Maynard Harlan—sledge-hammer orator who was to lead two mayoralty forlorn hopes—and Charles F. Gunther, the "candy-man," beat the crooks by slim majorities. Roger Sullivan, who was looming in Democracy as Lorimer was in Republicanism, "put over" a decent person named Maypole. Altogether, twenty men whom the League considered good citizens entered the Council; a dozen of the worst coyotes were eliminated. Mighty victory for a little man with a goatee!

5

The struggle for a clean Council went on with ups and downs for several years. In that first year the League crushed the solid two-thirds majority able to pass almost anything over the veto of Mayor Swift. In the next, the reform element was still

stronger. Martin Madden passed out of the picture about this time to become an able Congressman.

Meanwhile, Mr. Yerkes, having drawn the useful Lorimer into alliance, had moved upon the Legislature at Springfield, where the prospects looked better than in Chicago. He and his attorneys contrived measures granting fifty-year franchises to traction-lines, and an obliging Senator named Humphrey introduced them.

Chicago rose in wrath. Delegations descended upon Springfield, and by an amazing outlay of oratory, backed by fierce newspaper editorials, succeeded (May, 1897) in downing the Humphrey bills. But Mr. Yerkes, himself thoroughly aroused, returned instantly to the battlefield. Within a few days he caused to be framed and introduced—this time by Charles Allen, of Hoopeston—a new fifty-year-franchise bill.

The fight grew fiercer. John Harlan, son of the United States Chief Justice, raged back and forth between Chicago and Springfield. In halls on all sides of the city people spoke bitterly; and—yes!—there was a mass-meeting in Central Music Hall.

Thomas B. Bryan, Chicago stalwart and World's Fair director, presided. At one point he cried out:

"If you were a jury, what would you do with Yerkes?"

"Hang him!" roared the crowd.

However, with the aid of Lorimer, and, according to Harlan, by lavish use of money, the Allen bill was passed; passed amid violent scenes, when chairs were broken and desks dented. Gov. Tanner signed the bill. A newspaper cartoon pictured him at his desk, with a sign on the wall "What's Home Without C. T. Yerkes?"

Full soon, a fifty-year-franchise ordinance, based on the Allen law, reached the Chicago Council. Two years before it might have slid through on rollers and a veto would have been overridden. But the solid gang-majority was no longer operating in the chamber with the ornaments of Stars and Stripes and spittoons.

Further, there sat in the chair of presiding officer a new Carter Harrison, black-moustached son of the hero of the white horse and slouch hat. Harrison was with the new dispensation; in most matters, an ally of the League. He was impregnated with the political tradition of his dynasty, including opposition to wealthy monopolists. "Man of the people," his policy. More, it could be seen that an era of franchise-selling, of "wild West" town, of "anything goes," had (possibly) closed, and a Chicago more modern, more scientific, was (perhaps) emerging. He wielded a tough gavel against the gang. The fifty-year-franchise measure was buried. A Harrison veto hung heavily not only over that outrage, but over many another invention of street-car barons, electric-monopolists, gas-grafters. The mayor's promise to "eat my fedora hat" rather than permit a Yerkes victory became a long-lived Chicago epigram. There was a bluff honesty about this mayor that depressed the boodlers.

Even non-partisan organization of Council committees won under Harrison, but not until his second term. And it was 1900 before the League could congratulate itself on having definitely sent the gang to the rear.

An editorial in that year became very optimistic. The City Council was now "the best legislative body in any large city." Four years from the time when Cole, the stationer, had taken off his coat, Chicago had put Yerkes in his place, had set on foot really scientific studies of the carlines, and was headed toward the Mueller municipal-ownership law of 1903.

6

The League brought into public life many figures—John F. Smulski, banker, Milton Foreman, general in the World War; William E. Dever, afterward mayor, Robert R. McCormick, who became an able president of the Sanitary District, and others. But politics had to thrust into all this one of its piercing sarcasms.

The League had won. In 1900 it was a clear victor. Yet in that Spring, casting about for a Republican nominee in the Second Ward to defeat an undesirable candidate, the leaders (successors of the weary Cole) listened to recommendations on behalf of a young man of wealth, son of a stout-minded Chicago citizen, an athlete. They were told that he could do no harm. "The worst you can say of him is that he's stupid," they were advised.

This unknown athlete, known as football player and yachtsman, was about thirty years old, handsome and eager. He subscribed to the League's platform, and in the election he defeated Candy-Man Gunther. Later, he voted against midnight closing of saloons, but was forgiven, as he had a reputation for efficiency.

This strange political child of reform was William Hale Thompson.

CHAPTER VII

THE drive during the late '90s to make government, and people too, law-abiding and "clean" met with some applause. It was scorned, however, by the merry Chicagoan whose daily path lay between Billy Boyle's chop-house or Schlogl's restaurant and the somewhat subdued gambling-parlors.

There were many esteemed citizens, too, men of affairs and good habits (if the "morning nip" be allowed) who mourned the evident decay of an epoch. To them, the symptoms of a repressive age meant that a Chicago they loved—loud, frank, and unsystematic—was to be banished, and a period of smoothing down and slicking up was at hand. They took out their dismay in jeering at reformers, in taunting them with "playing to the church crowd," in complaining of "all this so-called progress."

They could not stop anything. The city rolled on over landmarks. Its new skyscrapers banished well-loved haunts, even as new moralities displaced the old.

2

The veteran Chicagoan, strolling Michigan Avenue today under the stupendous parapets of the Straus Building or the

Gas Building, thrills at all this majesty, but sighs still for the perspective that included the dear old Leland Hotel, kept with personal assiduity by mine host Warren Leland, and the Richelieu, the incomparably European place run so lovingly by "Cardinal" Bemis. At the Richelieu, this rambling veteran will tell you, a dinner comprising twenty dishes could be had for a dollar; and a gala meal would be served on imported plates worth $1,000 a dozen (believe it or not)! So valuable was this dinner-service that Mrs. Bemis always washed it herself.

"The lake-front!" the veteran will exclaim. "Maybe this Chicago Plan is all they say it is; but I liked the lake-front when they played professional ball there, and the old exposition building was there, and there wasn't no Art Institute."

And then he will remind you of the old American-plan hotel, which about this time began to yield to new systems; of the Tremont House, with its lobby full of politicians, and its high ceilings and bedchambers (later occupied by class-rooms or offices of some of Northwestern University's professional schools); of the Old Sherman House (No. 2), watched over by J. Irving Pearce, pulling his long whiskers.

He will go on until you stop him, all about Billy Boyle's, about Chapin and Gore's, Quincy No. 9, the Boston Oyster House, Kinsley's, and other establishments, free and easy or not, where things were so cheap, and the company so artless, after all. Besides, what about a fifteen-cent lunch, filling enough, served by one of Kohlsaat's busy negroes?

By no means does the old-timer (though tender with memories of stout old Kinsley and his "Dundrearies") forget McGarry's saloon, whose bar was thronged night after night by citizens of real prominence and excellent domestic habits; by politicians, plungers, and wits—by Pete Dunne, who so often listened to the repartee of McGarry and his customers, and who set it down in the universally read *Mr. Dooley.*

And the veteran is likely to say:

"I don't know as anything was gained by all those pleasures

passing out. I don't know, f'r instance, as the town really got anywhere by the fight on gambling. Oh, well, I suppose it wasn't so good to have over a hundred saloons in two downtown blocks, and gambling so wide-open you could hear the wheels whirr from the streets. But—I don't know . . ."

And he will tell you, grinning, of Steve Rowan, the Falstaffian policeman whose beat took in those two blocks, and who never, with all the "goings-on," arrested a single green-baize devotee. . . . He will even tell how Steve, sauntering on Clark Street one Summer night, when through open windows the click of poker-chips came clear, was stopped by a "reformer."

"Don't you know there's gambling on your beat, officer?"

"Gambling?" returned Rowan politely, raising his bushy eyebrows. "Certainly, sir, I'll look into it."

And on he strolled, humming.

3

Listen to the "vet" as he laments the passing of the Washington Park race-track. Oh, Derby day!

It was a beautiful park, the only one within the city proper that weathered, until 1905, the frowns of the anti-gambling tribunals. Flat buildings largely cover the area now.

"How many times," murmurs the old-timer, "I've seen the tally-ho parties jingle down the boulevard to the track, the ladies with sunshades, picture hats, swell lace costumes. . . . Hampers of wine under the seats. . . . Old Carter Harrison never would stop all that, you bet. By the time young Carter came in, what you call public sentiment had shifted. Young Carter had to give an order to stop the bookies; I remember the jokes when he did it. Feller named—I just barely remember —John Hill stirred it up. He was a blue-law feller. You know (but you wouldn't recall), his house out south was blown up by a bomb, and there were people who said he did it himself."

(Thirty years later the State's attorney of Cook County cited this early "mysterious bomb" in connection with explo-

sions that damaged the houses of two of his political opponents. If Hill did it himself, why not these men, asked he.)

Our veteran drifts to the magnificent chance-taker Bet-a-Million Gates—in the business world, John W., eminent steelman and Wall Street figure. He recalls that, while still a star salesman, Gates would frequent eagerly the public rooms of such gambling-lords as Fagan and Curt Gunn; but after he became a high official he "got dignified." Still, his vast business ventures did not exhaust his love of a thrill. Curt Gunn, quiet, commonplace to look at, a sort of Cyrano in pepper-and-salt, fixed up secluded but satisfying games for his friend Gates. "Heavy" bridge-whist games, were some of them.

"Gates was one of the first bridge sharks," says the "reminiscer." "No, I don't mean straight whist—bridge. A game only for rich gents then. And I remember they used to play in an office in the Rookery Building, sometimes starting on a Saturday night, and keepin' on until Monday. Send out for their meals. Mebbe $100,000 would change hands.

"Oh, they had one game that was a good one! The—lemme see, they called it the American Whist Association—was in town, and somehow an argument started over whether amateurs or professionals was the better players. And Gunn said he'd settle it. So he got another professional besides himself, and Gates got another amateur; and they played a $5,000-a-side match-game. The amateurs won!"

4

From this the old-timer passes easily to Joe Leiter and his disastrous wheat-corner of 1897-1898.

"Six-footer, Joe was—and is, of course. He was a nice young feller to meet. He was in his twenties when he went out to beat Armour and other big guys; didn't know what to do with all his money, I suppose. Anyway, he lost—what was it?—somewhere near six million."

The old-timer is not exactly accurate, but let it go. It is a

story of which even grizzled Board of Trade men tell conflicting versions,—some saying that Joe simply underestimated the available wheat-supply; some that Armour deliberately "laid for him"; others that the great packer did nothing of the sort. It is told that after young Leiter—and his father, the famous Levi Leiter, as well—was "in" several million, Armour caused the ice in the "Soo" to be dynamited in the Winter of 1897-1898—and the torrents of unexpected wheat swamped a good part of the Leiter fortune. Also, Armour had built, in record time, warehouses on Goose Island, to receive the shiploads of grain. But then, the packer was generous with the young man in the end; and it only took a decade or two to straighten out the mess in the courts. As every one knows, the old-timer will remind you, the elder Leiter, once partner of Marshall Field, had enough fortune left to finance handsomely the marriage of his daughter Nancy to Lord Curzon—"You know all about that."

"Old Hutch" was still alive then, too. He had run a corner—"Gosh, how long ago!"—one that *was* a corner. As the century was ending, he could still be seen on the Board of Trade floor, amid the din; a tall, rather gaunt figure, smooth-faced always, despite the vogue of beards. "He slept in his office," the veteran will tell you. They do say that he went beyond even the best fashion of the day in absorbing—well, say fine wines. Of his taste in literature it is recounted that he prized both Shakespeare and Whittier . . . would recite *Snowbound* in full . . . made his bookkeeper learn the poem and say it after hours. As for his taste in art, it did not keep pace with that of his banker son, Charles L. Hutchinson, one of Chicago's genuine connoisseurs.

"Charlie," says the old-timer, "was over in Europe; picked up a painting by—can't recall the feller's name—for something like $30,000. Old Hutch jeered. 'I wouldn't give a nickel for it,' says he. When Charlie's estate was settled, that same picture was valued at about $100,000."

You could see "Hutch" on the board. You could see Jim

Patten too. Rather young, vigorous, curt, a true speculator, watching the market with scientific calm; ready to hurl a fortune, but feeling as he did it that his operations (like his famous wheat-deal in 1908) were the outgrowth of natural conditions, and were for the real benefit of the country; knowing he would be accused of running a corner. He was disliked here and there, but respected even by traders whom he hurt. And through all, he applied much of his fortune to civic good, beginning at home, in the city of Evanston.

The Board of Trade, whose tall clock presided soberly over the drone of the pit, has its own memories of "great days," of thrills, many of which began to die out when the government took hold of things during the World War.

"You mustn't," says the old-timer, "think of it as one of them gambling-places. It's one of Chicago's big efforts for the world; and the world, from Japan to Argentine, and then up to Alaska, knows it well enough."

5

In those days, on the glistening new sidewalks or the well-paved streets, passed figures whose outlines have almost gone.

Visitors or entertainers: Susan B. Anthony, being driven against her will to see a baseball game—"a silly waste of time," she called it. . . . Nat Goodwin, sauntering along the boulevard with Maxine Elliott, and "so nice of him not to be jealous of his wife." . . . Israel Zangwill, with black curly hair, come to lecture. . . . Bryan, whose "Cross of Gold" speech still echoed. . . . Edouard de Reszke, leaving a train and saying, "I shall not ride ze bee-ceecle in Tzecago, ze wind is so strong." . . . Rudyard Kipling, pausing on his American tour, then going away to write: "This place is the first American city I have encountered. Having seen it I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages."

Local characters: Chubby Bob Burke, City Hall boss, standing, all smiles, in the Mayor's outer office. . . . Capt. James

H. Farrell, martial with his great chest and white moustachios, leading the silk-hatted platoons of that great marching club, the County Democracy. . . . James B. Forgan, the banker of bankers, Lyman Gage's successor, off to play golf at Belmont, where he organized the first golf-club in 1892. . . . A youthful, amiable George M. Reynolds, lately come from Iowa to be cashier of the Continental. . . . Mrs. Potter Palmer whirling to a reception. . . . H. H. Kohlsaat on the steps of the Chicago Club.

Or, more striking than all, aged Denis Swenie rattling along in his light buggy, on the way to a fire. The great "smoke-eater" was old when the new century began. Since 1849, when he was fifteen, he had been a Chicago fireman, beginning when the city had only six hand-engines. For more than twenty years he had been chief, knowing every fire-trap in town, leading his men into any sort of Hades—once leaving his own house to burn while he scudded to another blaze. He built the Chicago department to be, perhaps, the best in the country; drove politics from it; seized every new scientific idea. In those days around 1900 he was white-haired, a venerable figure. And so it was great to see him, fairly snorting like his horse, drive to a "4-11."

6

Our veteran, who seems to have been "all around everywhere," wants to tell about Jack Haverly and his minstrels, and how Jack died poor in a hotel, all his money gambled away. Or, he would speak of the Eden Musée, the gaudy collection of wax-works, including a Chamber of Horrors; of Frank Hall's Casino and Frank's Mirror Maze and like attractions, —great stuff for the visiting farm-boys, but "perfectly respectable, I'm telling you." Our "vet" would dwell upon the Buckingham, swell dance-hall of the upper demi-monde; or the annual Mardi Gras fête, that drew the dandies and belles of the Levee. "Though maybe that was before the World's Fair." But he is persuaded to recall how at this time of late '90s,

in one of the popular saloons downtown, Big Dan Coughlin stood ruminating at the bar he owned along with Mike McNamara, and what a history Dan had.

"Not long out of the penitentiary, was Dan; acquitted on his second trial for killing Dr. Cronin. . . . My gosh, the Cronin case! I couldn't tell you the half of it in an evening; but let me say, even as late as 1900 it gave some folks the shivers to think about."

And right he is, the old-timer, for even yet the memory returns, to people of sixty or more, of the long, fine-printed newspaper columns, and what they told: how on the night of May 4, 1889, the popular Dr. Cronin was called for in front of the Windsor Theater to attend a patient. The man who called drove a white horse. It was the way then of "taking a man for a ride." Like the scores of victims of later conspiracies, the doctor never returned to his lodging. Days stretched out. He was reported missing. Whispers grew in Irish secret circles; they grew into demands upon the police. Presently a bloody trunk was picked up far out on the northwest side of the city, then a lonely and mournful land; and on this spot there was discovered, jammed into a catch-basin, with crushed skull, the naked body of the doctor.

It was the most horrible crime of the generation; and it was lent grisliness not only by the phantom of a white horse—"Darned near every white horse in town was suspected," says the veteran—but by the shadows of Irish politics that hung over it. For Dr. Cronin was a leader in Camp 20 of the Clan-na-Gael, then battling for the freedom of Ireland; he was opposed to an inner circle called the Triangle. Treachery somewhere, then murder. A veil of secrecy; strange forgetfulness of witnesses; forerunners, in a way, of events more than a generation later, when unwritten oaths would lock men's lips, just as in that early mystery actual vows—so it was insisted—halted proceedings.

Big Dan, standing so calmly at his bar, had, with two others of the five brought to trial, served part of a life-term in Joliet.

"Influence" brought him out for a second trial. He was freed. The batteries of witnesses had been invaded by death and other things. Facts once clear were now clouded and uncertain. Coughlin reëntered life, to be used now and then by "powerful interests" in that early indoor sport—still very popular—of bribing juries.

There was a yet more phantom-like figure, as the old-timer recalls—Alexander Sullivan, a lawyer who was suspected but powerful. Indicted among the first in those shuddery days of May, '89, he was speedily freed by habeas corpus; watched from the side-lines while Coughlin and the rest "got theirs"; lived also to be accused of jury-bribing, and finally freed.

"And I remember," says the veteran, "seeing him walking the streets, cool as you please; either the most innocent man or the iron-nervedest of the whole population. . . . But I heard say how when he was brought into the State's attorney's office for jury-bribing, long about 1900, he was jumpy for once; looked like a caged leopard; and when they told him the charge, how he breathed a sigh—for, you see, he thought they were after him for the Cronin murder."

7

Over such tragedies, the passions of a city Celtic in mood, and actually five per cent. Celtic in population, rose high, then abated. It seemed that in a Chicago not yet emerged from a "wild West" naïveté and carelessness, adventurers might be jailed—but they were prized. Or, as our veteran might say, "There were bad guys—always interesting, though."

He is induced to recall a character whose history was weirdly intertwined with that of Chicago through fully thirty years, a character straight out of Dickens—Captain George Wellington Streeter. Oh, the old-timer can remember the "cap'n" away back to the first (a Summer in the '80s), when the small craft navigated by that Civil War veteran and descendant of 1776

fighters, was driven ashore, and the great idea of his life was born.

It was born during days when the little ship *Reutan* had refused to be wrenched off the sands, and Streeter and his wife Maria, lodging there perforce, began, after months, to fancy that the generous lake deposited sand around the stranded hull. There was land—"free" land—on the same spot where, whether Streeter knew it or not, other squatters had, in years past, clung to a tatterdemalion existence. The captain, smarter than they, not only saw the claims that might be based on a survey made as early as 1821, but was able to organize his venture. He knew Chicago well from as far back as 1861; had been one of its entertainers as owner of the old Apollo Theater.

His brain, acute despite whiskey-fumes, marched on to a dream of a kingdom, or at least a commonwealth. He elected himself head of the state, and called his domain the District of Lake Michigan, which he declared independent of both Chicago and Illinois. He owned allegiance to Washington, however, and battered vainly at official doors for recognition.

He was holding the fort during the World's Fair, having by that time moved from the *Reutan* to a shanty from whose stovepipe chimney, in Winter, smoke rose like the steam of the Captain's own expletives. He clung on through hard times and good, growing constantly in pride, aware that the newspapers had made him a public figure; always glad to be interviewed, but holding a long Springfield rifle, with a bayonet, across his arm as a threat to constables. Meanwhile, he sold lots cheap to hundreds of gullible mortals, to whom the survey of 1821 was just as good as the one of 1833 or even 1883.

"I saw him at his auctions," says the old-timer, "standing there, his fuzzy tile-hat back on his head, his face brick-red. He had a ragged tawny moustache, and he could talk the arm off ye."

Wealthy residents along that shore were "agin the Cap'n." They could look across the sandy waste and see the shanty,

cockily poised on the lake's edge, and customers standing in line. Potter Palmer and N. K. Fairbank were two millionaires who kept saying that Streeter must go. So did the Chicago Title and Trust Company, powerful protector of property-rights. These or others sent armed constables or police to dispose of George and Maria. Once the latter, a slangy Yankee woman of the motherly type, but a tigress on behalf of her lord, helped scare off with rifles the fellows wearing stars. No less loyal was William H. Niles, who for a time ranked as "Military Governor" of the District. Says our veteran:

"I saw one scrimmage. A bunch of coppers was about to drag the Cap'n off by the collar, when Maria emptied boiling water on 'em, and they were glad to go."

And again, it being then more than fifteen years since Streeter landed, Lincoln Park and city police assembled in an army of hundreds, besieged the shanty, amid much random shooting—one or two of the besiegers were winged—and finally the besieged, who included stout souls like one Billy McManners, were captured. Streeter did not stay in jail this time, but eventually his sharp-shooters killed a "trespasser." The Captain (then a widower) served time in Joliet. He emerged in less than a year, feeling good over lots that went right on finding buyers while he "languished." Courts sat upon the cases his claims brought about. Erudite lawyers sought authorities that would for good and all banish the fantastic legend that the Captain had rights. The Captain was hauled before judges who frowned upon his bold, profane way of talking, and one of them put him in a cell for contempt.

He stalked the streets, when free, delighting in his limelight, a "throw-back" in a Chicago growing taller than his own visions. Always he had money, tobacco in his cheek, a sense of heroism.

At last he lost all, and died. Upon the sands he had "owned" there grew up the impressive Northwestern University group of buildings, the monster Furniture Mart, a growing mass of "swell" apartments and business buildings. The investments

are said to total more than $50,000,000. What the holders of Streeter titles, still believing, consider themselves worth runs to millions more.

In the new city not many people are left to drop tears over the departed Cap'n—half idol, half "butt." Nor are there many to echo his words of one day, applied to his own District, but doubtless a sort of defiance of the whole of Chicago:

"This is a frontier town, and it's got to go through its red-blooded youth. A church and a W.C.T.U. never growed a big town yet."

CHAPTER VIII

A FRONTIER town!

There were some traces of it still, in a new century. It had spurts of horse-play, and sometimes derision for culture. A man could be heard saying at the station, when the opera troupe (Nordica, Plançon, the De Reszkes, and others) came in: "There he is, the fellow I once laid down three hard-earned 'cases' to hear sing at the Auditorium." A dapper broker greeted the announcement of a municipal Art League with the words: "I suppose they're going to hang bows of pink ribbon on the lamp-posts."

But the city was growing up. It was finishing, or undertaking, vast public works. It was housing itself in new patterns of stone; and it was digging new wonders below its surface.

2

Part of this labyrinth of underground work was an addition to the long miles of water-tunnels, begun as far back as the '50s, when that genius, E. S. Chesbrough, was city engineer, and now grown to a system of veritable rivers, bringing to the people, underneath the city, fresh water from the lake. But another part was a scheme, daring enough, of a network of

tubes below the chief streets of the city within which telephone and telegraph wires should run—and, after a while, freight-cars. The City Council granted a franchise for the tunnels in 1899, and within four years, while most people walked the upper levels indifferently enough, the burrowers working in the blue-clay depths had constructed twenty miles of tube. These were to grow, during a generation, to sixty miles, with trackage, electric-drawn cars, connections with railroad stations, freight-houses, big office buildings; and to take off the streets the equivalent of five thousand "motor-truck movements" per day. Package-freight, coal, and the cinders of skyscrapers go through these tubes.

Above ground, where everybody could see and admire, the stone symbols of an ambitious people continued to pile up. Building was brisk. The housing-need, for thousands of workers as well as families, was severe. But in the big year 1900 progress of the kind was threatened by the longest and bitterest struggle between building-trades and bosses that Chicago had ever known. They collided—the two central bodies—not only over hours of work, and over sympathetic strikes, but over union-restrictions to the amount of labor and to use of machinery. Some seven thousand men became idle in February, 1900. The layman was puzzled whether to call it a strike or a lockout.

Whichever it was, it resembled a civil war. First, a war of words, in which "tyranny" figured freely, and the contractors said that domination by the unions must stop, or no man could be assured of life, liberty, and happiness. Then a war of fists, of brass knuckles, and now and then a shooting. (No sawed-off shotguns then.) The contractors' army of detectives came to include some hundreds, whose payroll, it is said, mounted to $50,000 a month. The union sluggers were fewer, but shrewdly generaled. Through a whole year, while idle workers came to number 50,000, department-store losses grew enormous, and scores of new pawnbrokers' signs were hung out, the deadlock kept on.

Graham Taylor—hit direct by stoppage of work on part of his Chicago Commons building—and other civic leaders tried to bring about arbitration. So did Mayor Harrison. Neither side would yield. At length, as the months dragged along, the contractors wore down the unions, building was resumed; the whole thing ended rather inconclusively, except that the men got part of their demands, and the eight-hour day received a fresh buttress. Some people said that there was a victory for arbitration somewhere.

3

Behind a lot of this trouble lurked the silent, nicely tailored, humorously cruel personality of one M. B. ("Skinny") Madden—not the Congressman. He was president of the Junior Steam-fitters' Union. Personally, he did not do any steam-fitting. He sat in an obscure office, pulled wires that made certain puppet "labor leaders" jump, and directed a gang of "wreckers."

The fear of Madden was almost comic. He could demand $1,000 or more for "settling" a strike, and get it, every time. He could step in on a big building-enterprise and collect up to $10,000 or $20,000, easily. During a spectacular Fall Festival the city held in 1899, when the cornerstone of the Federal Building was laid, the dignified committee was shocked to be asked to pay a "fine" of $5,000 because the stone had—the labor men said—been cut by scabs. Another stone had to be cut. The idea must have been Madden's. He had philosophies. He said:

"Show me an honest man, and I'll show you a damned fool."

But he also said:

"I take money away from the rich nobs. As for my friends, I never shake 'em down."

This was proved true. He loaned money lavishly; he spread joy among the poor at Christmas. Once he forced his men to return a fat sum to a sporting character with whom he fished in Summer. They had picked on the wrong man.

His rule of his union, while at its height, was extraordinary. He dominated by his brains, as much as by his six-foot sluggers; by sheer "gall," too. At one meeting, as the story goes, he proposed a motion that he be elected president for life. Standing on the platform, flanked by his "bad men," he said:

"All in favor stand up."

A number rose.

"Now," he said, glaring around, "if any —— —— wants to get up and vote no, let him try it."

The affirmative vote was unanimous.

In the great building tie-up of 1900, he played a rôle not as conspicuous as in the long series of troubles after that. His name was a black one in the press. His sluggers found hundreds of victims, but murders were few. Men battered and maimed each other then, seldom shot each other from ambush.

At length Madden began to slip, as regards his power in the Federation of Labor. He crashed against a well-muscled and brainy person named Edward Nockels. There was a contest of wits, of stratagems, as well as of fists. Nockels prevailed. Madden's union was expelled from the American Federation; he was fined $500 in court, for extortion. He turned into a sort of outcast; then retired to private life, became legendary as "the first big labor-grafter."

He had successors, but few who have been regarded with the same mixture of fear and liking. When he died, though he had handled fortunes, he left only a few thousands.

4

Through all the fracases, all the alternating terrors and delights, of those years following the World's Fair, one great task never paused. The long, symmetrical carving in earth and rock, the mighty Sanitary Canal, was lengthening mile by mile.

By the end of 1899 workmen numbering thousands had dug the main channel twenty-eight and a half miles, partly through

glacial drift, and partly through solid rock. It was an epic in toil. Visitors who made half-holiday excursions to the scene saw muddy battalions swarming in the channel; they saw quaint devices—cars drawn up inclines to "tipples," specially-made conveyors, pneumatic dumpers, hydraulic dredges, channeling machines—laboring like metal dinosaurs. Terrific dynamite-explosions smote the ears of these visitors; the huge piles of waste earth and stone mounted. Witnesses saw the canal turn into a long canyon with smooth walls, parts of which were streaked with strata of limestone.

Altogether, the multitude of men and machines working through those years hurled up out of the cut 42,229,000 cubic yards of material. There was enough earth to make an island a mile square, and twelve feet above ground, in water forty feet deep. There was waste stone lying along the rock-cut path which, it was figured, would have furnished foundation to pave all the streets in Chicago then unpaved—and these were many.

Besides the excavation in the canal proper, the Sanitary District of Chicago had cut a new river-diversion channel for the Desplaines, to prevent its flooding the main channel; it had built a spillway, or concrete dam, 397 feet long, to take care of surplus water temporarily; it had created at Lockport the controlling-works, consisting of sluice-gates and a bear-trap dam that had metal leaves hinged together and controlled by valves. Many other jobs of construction, of building bridges and dams, of deepening the Chicago River, had been accomplished.

It was thus that the modest "divide" at Summit, for so many years a problem and a lure, was pierced to the great advantage of a city. Another dream had come true. There now existed a canal not less than 110 feet wide at bottom, in some places 160 feet (wider than the Panama Canal), 20 feet deep, and built to accommodate a maximum flow of 600,000 feet a minute, providing drainage for a population of 3,000,000.

This labor had continued since September, 1892, its progress sometimes threatened by dirty politics. Graft was not absent. Contractors fattened on extras. There were attacks by in-

dignant taxpayers. Thus the trustees struggled on, always under a cloud of hostility shown by the city of St. Louis and towns that shared its views. The objectors saw a dark and dreadful city to the north, a city whose sewage—it was claimed—had collected on its river-bank by the ton, menacing the health of the Mississippi Valley. The weapons of the objectors were speeches and injunction-suits. Of these the Chicago trustees feared the latter the more.

There was no gay multitude, there were no steamers with flags waving, when the impatient waters were first turned into the main channel, on the morning of January 2, 1900. At a meeting late the night before the bolder members of the Sanitary District Board—such as President William Boldenweck and Bernard A. Eckhart—had forced a decision to start the flow at once. They had a flea—actually three fleas—on their backs in the shape of the Illinois and Michigan Canal Commissioners, guardians of the ancient ditch so gloriously opened in 1848, but now for many years deemed inadequate. This trio threatened to block the State permit required for the big canal; but at the eleventh hour, they compromised.

As to injunctions, the Chicago board was in the dark, and could only worry. Hence the speed and secrecy. At nine o'clock that cold, clear January morning, the entire body of trustees appeared on the canal-bank, at a place where water was to be turned into a timbered chute leading from a collateral channel connecting with the west fork of the south branch of the river. A ridge of earth was all that made a barrier. The trustees attacked it lustily with nine shiny new shovels. But this was going too slow. A dredge was summoned. In less than two hours the steam leviathan brought up the last bucketful of earth that formed the ridge. At once the water from the Chicago River boiled and foamed down the sluice-way into the canal.

The trustees waved their hats and cheered. With them, holding one of the new spades, stood a grizzled, determined-looking gentleman named Ossian Guthrie; a name charmingly fitting

his personality. He was a grandson of Samuel Guthrie, discoverer of chloroform, and had designed the steam-engine for the first tug plying the Chicago River. At the very outset of the Sanitary Canal enterprise, when the venerable Citizens' Association began to boom it, Ossian Guthrie did valuable work. He had a right to see this grand opening. And beside him there should have stood, to make things complete, "Judge" Harvey B. Hurd, who had framed the bill that separated the Sanitary District from the financially overburdened city, and gave it bonding power.

The chief engineer was now tall, ruddy, bearded Isham Randolph, who had seen the job through, following the terms of Engineers Samuel Artingstall and Benezette Williams.

5

That operation of the second of January had gone only part way in starting the waters down their new course. A little work at the Joliet end remained, and by the middle of the month this was finished. Meantime, the menace of injunctions to prevent "pollution of the Mississippi" had become more definite. It was rumored that the St. Louis district attorney was about to petition the United States Supreme Court, and action in the Chicago branch of the Federal court was threatened.

The word went about the Canal Board offices on January 16, "They're going before Judge Kohlsaat in the morning." For a second time in a fortnight the harassed trustees faced an emergency. A midnight meeting brought a resolution to turn on the water immediately in the section of the canal between Lockport and Joliet. A special train was ordered, and the sleepless trustees piled aboard. Nervous they were, but determined. Mr. Eckhart pulled his black moustache. Another trustee, reported observant newspaper men, exhausted three whole packages of chewing-gum. On board also were the State Canal Commissioners, including Col. John Lambert, steel-magnate, amiably on watch lest permits and the like be disregarded.

Arrived at Lockport, the party snatched a few hours' sleep and then sat waiting in a hotel lobby for a telegram from Governor Tanner authorizing the final step in the inauguration. No message arrived, but there came an unknown bearing a document which he began to read. Its first words sounded like an injunction, and the trustees' hair stood on end. Finally the reader broke off and laughed. The thing was a hoax. A local editor, who rightly guessed that these Chicagoans, even amid heavy anxiety, could enjoy a joke, had framed it.

Time drew on to about the hour when courts open. . . . No injunction yet. . . . The trustees sprang to their feet when they were told, "Governor Tanner on the 'phone." Telegraph wires had failed, and the Governor, helping in the crisis, had decided to issue a verbal permit.

Nothing could stop the thing now. Followed only by reporters and a few officials, the little group of trustees repaired to the controlling-works. While with the tail of their eyes they doubtless watched for a breathless deputy with a writ, they stood by as a foreman worked the machinery of the great bear-trap dam; with tremendous sighs of relief they saw a mass of green water shoot down the face of the dam and course like Niagara rapids towards Joliet and points south. Days would be required to fill the huge channel. A greater flow must be created to reach the stated maximum per minute. But the job was a fact—and now let St. Louis bring on its injunction. St. Louis did so, but too late.

6

A few zealots, on the morning of January 2, had seen the water gush into the main channel, changing from murk to clear blue as it passed. Now on the day when the flow had been established throughout the length of the cut, people in the heart of Chicago were treated to a sight that thrilled even those who knew little of its cause.

The creeping stream, that had sulked for years in its valley of sooty brick buildings, the river brown and foul, disfigured

by driftwood, carrion, and rotten ice, was flowing upstream! The sense of the miraculous grew. Reports even went around that Bubbly Creek, the south branch cesspool for the stockyards, had for the first time a current!

Downtown crowds stood on the bridges, business men delayed their appointments, clerks risked prolonging their lunch-hour, to watch the unfolding miracle of a brown old river turned blue; to see it perform the impossible, and slide away from the lake, carrying on a perceptible current its slabs of ice. This historic stream, "whose name," as a chronicler put it, "had become a synonym for liquid hideousness," had been reformed—at a cost, up to then, of more than $23,000,000 for construction, plus $10,000,000 for other expenses. Once before there had been a similar thrill, but it died out, for the pumps would not keep the current moving. Now, for a new generation, there was visible "magic."

In Chicago newspapers were celebrating the event in words like these:

"Seven years and four months ago the first shovelful of earth was lifted to begin the construction. Thousands of doubters then declared that the day never would dawn which would see the completion of the work. But now the end is in sight. The waters have been turned back; the current of the river has been reversed. It is the beginning of the final stage of the enterprise, which is national in character. In time must come a deep-waterway connection of Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River. The story of the Chicago Sanitary Canal illustrates the audacity, pluck, and enterprise which have made Chicago a familiar name the world over."

7

Always that deep-waterway motif, so old and yet so thrilling! A fine resounding theme with which to win the favor of grumbling towns downstate, and to soothe the Mississippi Valley as a whole. While there grew up through the years an in-

termittent controversy over the canal-flow, the lake-level, city water-meters—a hot issue as late as Thompson's third term—the vision of a ship canal binding Chicago to the Gulf never receded. Mass-meetings and other propaganda in towns along the proposed route brought about what was called the Lakes to the Gulf Deep Waterway Association, and in 1908 an amendment to the State constitution empowered the Legislature to issue bonds for the construction of a waterway. Actual work was to be delayed for a dozen years.

But no matter how much the waterway was postponed, the effect upon Chicago's health of the Sanitary Canal, taken together with intercepting sewers flowing into it, and with new water-tunnels, was tremendous. The dreadful typhoid-rate fell sensationally. By 1905, it had been brought down, owing to purer water and milk-pasteurization, from 1,489 in '92, to 370. In 1921 there were but thirty deaths from typhoid. In 1928 there were only eleven. Deaths of infants one to five years of age fell from 4,238 in 1892 to 2,643 in 1905, and 1,669 in 1927.

The public seldom bothered with such figures. But it was eternally proud of its river that ran uphill.

CHAPTER IX

THE city of those days, no less than now, abounded in comedy, alternating with eruptions of tragedy.

Events rose and fell on the heaving mass of its normal life—the increasingly prosperous, more and more efficient, and generally monotonous life of the wage-earner and the professional classes. The newspapers became more vivid. Hearst came into the field, and other dailies acquired new stripes. Local news popped on every side; city editors lived at telephones.

Harrison held on in the City Hall. Political factions concentrated, fell apart; others moved into the fissures and clung for a while. Names like Lorimer, Pease, Jamieson, Deneen, Busse, Bob Burke, were woven in and out of the daily record. A jury-bribery case (the "pin-brigade" case) involving a bearded adventurer named Bill Gallagher and a popular lawyer, Patrick O'Donnell, had a run for weeks. Chubby, swarthy Burke, known as O.K. Burke for evident reasons, was locked out of the rooms of the County Democracy, which silk-hatted regiment he had controlled. Murders were committed and forgotten, unless one were unforgettable, like the alleged boiling of Mrs. Luetgert in a vat by her sausage-maker husband. Scandals enveloped names now strewn upon the winds.

New problems appeared; automobile "scorchers," for one.

Said the aroused mayor, "Something must be done about those fellows who run their machines ten to twenty miles an hour. I'm in favor of compelling the gears of all machines to be not above eight miles an hour."

The world heard spasmodically about such things in Chicago, sneered or pitied, but more often laughed.

2

It laughed until its sides ached when a court decision upheld the litigation of a Chicago real-estate man against the actor Richard Mansfield and A. M. Palmer, his manager, over the authorship of the famous play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. It was amusing enough to have the real-estate man sue. To have him win—that was side-splitting.

The plaintiff was Samuel Eberly Gross, who since the late '60s had made a fortune in subdivisions and small houses, and had established at least sixteen suburbs, two of them bearing his name. An account written in 1894 said that during the preceding ten years he had sold over 30,000 lots and had built more than 7,000 houses; he still had 25,000 lots for sale. While the city and country were thoroughly familiar with his signboards, pioneering in an appeal now spread over Christendom, very few knew anything at all of Mr. Gross as a playwright.

Yet it appeared by his pleading before the Federal court that in the late '70s he had written a drama which he called *The Merchant Prince of Cornville*. It had a character in it with a huge nose. This character stood under a balcony impersonating a stupid lover to a Juliet-like lady dimly seen above. The resemblance to *Cyrano* was obvious. Edmond Rostand had written the latter play in the early '90s.

A masterly copyright-lawyer, Frank R. Reed, handled the case of Mr. Gross, who accused M. Rostand of plagiarism and prayed an injunction. Master-in-chancery Sherman took depositions, including a very angry one on the part of M. Rostand. Among other things, the French dramatist cried, when the co-

incidence of two characters with two big noses was cited: "But there are big noses everywhere in the world!"

Having examined a host of witnesses, including the great actor Coquelin—who created the part of Cyrano at the theater Porte St. Martin in 1897—the manager Constant Coquelin, truculent Mansfield, and others, Master Sherman brought in an eighty-one-page report declaring that *Cyrano* was "a clear and unmistakable piracy." It was brought out that Mr. Gross in 1875 had left his manuscript for Constant Coquelin to examine, but it was returned. Suspicious circumstance! Mr. Sherman pointedly remarked that "the mere fact that M. Rostand is a dramatic author of celebrity and the complainant an American citizen and successful business man does not show that the distinguished French dramatist has not appropriated the fruits of toil. . . . The greatest dramatists have been the most persistent purloiners of the literary property of those less gifted."

It was on this report that Judge Christian C. Kohlsaat enjoined Mansfield and Palmer from presenting *Cyrano*, and awarded royalties—which, however, the wealthy Mr. Gross waived. The cables sped this decision to Paris. Sarah Bernhardt remarked, "It must be the first of April in Chicago." The actor Coquelin was in bed at that morning hour when the news was read to him. He spilled his coffee on his pillow, leaped up, careered about the room, bursting with laughter, and at length cried out, "Certainly this is a gay world!"

3

On the border-line between comedy and tragedy rose the spectacle of John Alexander Dowie seeking to defend his kingdom against unbelieving creditors and their lawyers. The white-bearded prophet, whose assumed title "Elijah" made straphangers smile, had for years been drawing to him followers pathetically loyal and crack-brained, many of them illiterate immigrants. He had established Zion City, with its lace-mills,

candy-factory, and whatnot. He was rich; his idiotically designed dwelling had fine rugs and hardwood. The property which he ruled was worth, he thought, fully $25,000,000. Forgotten were the days when he had been mobbed and forced to flee through the streets.

The dogs of creditors assailed him in December, 1902, and a receiver was appointed. There were liabilities of $385,000. Dowie appealed in stentorian voice from the pulpit of his barn-like tabernacle; it was said that he wept and tore his beard as he begged for money to save the threatened kingdom. There were reports that while he collected new funds, hundreds of the dupes of his teachings, workers in his factories, shivered and went ragged in their wooden shacks covered with tar paper, in the canvas tents some of them occupied, in that most desolate of cities on the bleak North Shore above Chicago. Meanwhile cables told how Mrs. Dowie and the son Gladstone were riding about Cannes, France, in "an elegant Victoria."

The crisis passed; the receiver was withdrawn; but Dowie began to break. He lived only four and a half years more; lived to be ousted from power by his favorite overseer, Wilbur Glen Voliva.

4

Out of the slums came four boys, children of a bleak, ferocious region of the city, with a garbage-dump its chief landmark. They could bear no more of the monotony and hideousness of life; they could find nothing but tedium in work. Throughout their boyhood they had beheld feuds, race-hatreds, families embroiled with other families—all they learned was revolver-marksmanship. So Gustav Marx, Harvey Van Dine, Peter Niedemeyer, and Emil Roeski, set forth to be outlaws. On an August night they invaded a street-car barn, killed a clerk and wounded others, then robbed the place. After months, Marx was trapped, murdered a policeman in the fight, then confessed. Soon the three others were traced to a cave beyond the Indiana line among the sand-dunes, where they were living royally on

cake and dime novels. A tremendous posse of detectives, sheriffs' deputies, and others besieged the cave, exchanged volleys with the three boys, received wounds. Their tales of the deadly aim and terrific armament of the besieged seemed a bit exaggerated.

The youths fled, climbed aboard a gravel-train, killed a brakeman, and taking command of the locomotive ran it a few miles, then escaped to a cornfield, where they surrendered rather tamely. All but Roeski were hanged. The crime echoed long in police-squad rooms and newspaper offices, until dwarfed by banditries of a later era.

5

No comedy about this; nor in the police-scandal of the time. That concerned no "dapper" gangsters and their vendettas and acquittals, but brought to the surface the horror of an underworld ruled and enslaved by greedy coppers in plain clothes. There had been steadily growing complaint against the police. A crime wave was on during the deepening Winter of 1902-1903. No glittering motors drew up before banks, filled with machine-guns; no cashiers were kidnaped, "taken for a ride," forced to open safety-vaults. But there were persistent hold-ups, house burglaries, plain shootings with old-fashioned automatic pistols. So Chicago grew angry; it was reminded that it had vicious resorts and crooked gamblers, and that the young were being corrupted, not to speak of the old. A commission of aldermen sat for many weeks. Chief of Police O'Neill, an amiable soul with a scholarly aptitude in the field of Irish music, was "grilled." Famous inspectors like Patrick Lavin were targets. Even the behemoth Andy Rohan, everybody's friend and tenderly regarded by detective-bureau reporters, was briefly under a cloud.

There came from the underworld many a sad female figure, befeathered creatures wearing cracked smiles, or worn and sorrowful ghosts, to testify to police "shake-downs." They con-

fronted a roomful of aldermen, lawyers, bond-sharks, and police who knew their first names, with as little fear as shame. Frightful stories of slavery mingled with the perennial exposé of protected gambling and "brace games."

The black side of the city was turned upward, and not for the first time, that the "upper dog" might look. Police inspectors, jolted from their complacence, herded resort-inmates into forlorn groups and told them to move on. A large citizens' committee was formed to make the usual exhortations about crime, while women who could always be counted on to try to make a wicked city good, women like Miss Addams, Mary McDowell of the five-year-old University of Chicago Settlement, and Mrs. Ellen Henrotin, president of the Chicago Woman's Club, organized to protect the women witnesses and rescue the fallen.

Mrs. Henrotin answered interviewers with sane words. She quoted Prince (now King) Albert of the Belgians, who, when some one called that country the open forum of Europe, remarked, "Yes, but I sometimes fear that so much talking impedes action." Said Mrs. Henrotin, "We in Chicago have talked a great deal about reform in the last few years, but it does not appear that we have done what we have been saying should be done."

Mayor Harrison started a "clean-up" forthwith. Among other things, he revoked the license of a saloon (with crooked gambling in the rear) belonging to a powerful person called Mushmouth Johnson; and he struck similarly at the even then powerful gambler Mont Tennes.

These and other targets did not much mind. Soon things went on about as before. The women witnesses returned to the red-light district, wiser and possibly even sadder. The music took on a crescendo.

6

During that period society held a grand *bal poudré* for charity. It was so called because those aristocratic enough to be admitted wore costumes of the time of the French Louis's.

The Auditorium, said a current account, "was turned into a veritable fairyland." Of course, Johnny Hand, incomparable bandsman and phrase-maker, led the orchestra.

"And who shall say," burst out the chronicler, "which lady carried off the honors for being the most beautiful, the one of the quickest wit, the most clever? Was it beautiful Mrs. Honoré Palmer, or vivacious Mrs. P. A. Valentine, or Mrs. Ogden Armour, or Mrs. Harry G. Selfridge, or Mrs. Arthur Caton, or Mrs. Dr. J. B. Murphy?"

The underworld watched, beyond a barrier of detectives.

7

Overshadowing all the events of those years, combining all the dark drama, the irony, the ignorance, and the ruthlessness that had developed within the young city along with its glories, was the disaster of the Iroquois Theater.

The date of it—December 30, 1903—is one date that Chicago remembers, though it may turn to old almanacs for the rest. Mention the Iroquois Theater horror and the memories of thousands, even young people, record at once a Christmas week when the theaters had spread out their richest menu: Wilton Lackaye with his company; Raymond Hitchcock in *The Yankee Consul, Floradora* and its sextet, Viola Allen in *Twelfth Night*—and above all, "a delight for the children, an extravaganza called *Mr. Bluebeard,*" with Eddie Foy at his best. It is remembered that the beautiful new Iroquois, "completely fireproof," commodious, charming in its fittings, attracted crowds to see it as well as to laugh at *Mr. Bluebeard.* Any number of family parties were formed for the matinée of December 30; teachers free of school had whole rows of seats; mothers brought in their children from small towns.

Fate had set the stage for a great calamity as cleverly as the crew behind the Iroquois curtain had shaped the settings of *Mr. Bluebeard.* What happened, in brief, was this:

The audience, people of every age and kind, gazed enrap-

tured at the beauties of the choicest scene, set in "pale moonlight"; a double octet was singing the dreamy song-number; it was the second act, and the time was 3.15 P.M. A curl of smoke was seen near the flies. It was the red velvet curtain which, caught back to the proscenium-arch, had taken fire, probably from the "floodlight." Not many in the audience noticed anything. Those on the stage had seen too many little fires start and be quenched. But now flimsy pieces of scenery caught. It was a real fire!

Eddie Foy stepped to the footlights and called, "Please be quiet! There is no danger." He grinned determinedly; he urged the orchestra to play. There he stood, with the grease-paint concealing his pallor, and his absurd costume contributing a freakish note.

The company now began to think of their safety. A stage-door was opened; a skylight tinkled to pieces; and the draft blew the fire into a sheet of flame and deadly gases, which swept across the footlights—"like the deadly vapors that were hurled down Mont Pelée," wrote an inspired reporter—and scorched and choked people everywhere in the shallow auditorium. They were now jamming and climbing toward the doors. It was not so difficult to escape from the main floors, even though crowds were standing behind the last rows. In the balcony, with its narrower aisles and complex arrangement, there was no escape. In darkness—for the electric lights had gone out—the men, women, and children knocked themselves against exits which they found locked. There were iron gates at stairway-landings to keep the gallery folk from turning into the dress circle. These also were locked. There was no light over exit doors; some of these were hidden by draperies.

On an alley wall, where the architects had thought to give the best of protection, were windows, emergency exits, and iron fire-escapes. Throngs, who had escaped being trampled under foot, rushed down these fire-escapes, met at stairways leading to the street, and were hurled into the struggling swarm. In a few minutes two hundred dead were piled up in a twenty-foot

angle of one stairway. A door opened, and flames from within killed those still alive who would not jump. A group of workmen in the Northwestern University quarters over the alley laid planks across, and a few people with clothing aflame escaped by this bridge.

Not fifteen minutes had gone since the first alarm, and firemen were pouring streams of water on the building, unaware that so many—the total death roll was 596—had died, trampled or suffocated, within. Soon the fire-companies, police, and newspapermen rushed into the darkness with torches, and found hundreds dead or dying. Reporters dropped notebooks and helped carry out bodies. Some, called into their offices, lay down on the floor—old hands as they were—fainting. Never had they viewed such a scene; never had innocence been so savagely crushed, nor death been so pitiable. One of them wrote, statistically, before he collapsed, "Five bushels of women's purses were picked up, and two barrels of slippers" . . .

Scores of the dead or dying were carried to a near-by lunchroom and laid on the crude marble-top table. Other blanketed bodies lay in rows along the curbs.

There followed awful scenes in morgues and hospitals, identifications, wrong identifications, weeks of failure to recognize bodies which lay waiting in undertaking-rooms.

There followed a season of funerals, when sometimes two or three white hearses would head a single procession. Church-bells chimed for an hour on one day of mourning, and people stood bareheaded in the streets. In saloons, it was said, men sat with untasted liquor before them.

8

Scarcely less grim than the disaster itself, whose description ran into pages of newsprint and entire books, was the official aftermath, the dreary and interminable "investigation." The coroner sat, heavy-faced, with his jury, listening to the testimony of survivors, then to the mumbled alibis of building-

inspectors who had failed to inspect, then to the long-winded remarks of the police- and fire-chiefs, and the opinions of Mayor Harrison and his reminder that he had warned the City Council about the theaters weeks before, and the "I—thought—everything was—all right" of the theater-managers. The torrents of questions and answers flowed for days. Slimy facts came to light, such as that building-inspectors were bribed with passes to shows. Blame was passed back and forth; high officials "got out from under." In the end a long list of people, headed by the Mayor and the theater-managers, Will J. Davis, Harry Powers, and others, were held to the grand jury; the Mayor, however, obtained a writ of habeas corpus. Clarence Darrow was arguing, "It is not just to lay the sins of a generation upon the shoulders of a few." Most of the responsible men were indicted—and after a while freed of guilt. The only happy result was a new long and stern set of regulations for theaters. They are one reason why, in every large city today, there are steel curtains, broad aisles, better floor-pitch, good exits, and other things.

Meantime Europe had indulged in the same frenzy of self-search and padlocking of theaters as took place in Chicago. The Kaiser ordered his Royal Opera House closed for inspection. In England, Holland, Sweden, Ireland, officials acted. There came a terrific housecleaning—and destitution among the actor folk. Stars were idle; casts walked the streets. Even the run of *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room* halted. And, striking a note almost prophetic of the world-voice of a later generation, a Berlin newspaper declared:

"It is certain that life is cheaper in Chicago than anywhere in America. This is only a new and more terrifying chapter added to the story of murder, robbery, strikes, and railway accidents."

CHAPTER X

THAT great costume-piece, *The Coming of the Immigrant*, went on from year to year with more and more bizarre effect, with the roar of many feet pouring onto a stage. Into this city of wonders, advertised to them as glittering with gold, caressed by kind winds, more beautiful than New Jerusalem, streamed the peoples of Europe, Asia, South America, Africa, to find no Paradise at all. Seeing them, an imaginative person could almost use Whitman's words:

> "I hear the cry of the Cossack, and the sailor's voice
> putting to sea at Okhotsk . . .
> I hear the Hebrew reading his records and psalms,
> I hear the rhythmic myths of the Greeks, and the
> strong legends of the Romans . . ."

The crowds at railroad stations, the unlucky wights collared by the police, the shattered and sick carted off to gloomy hospitals, were changing in feature and color. They were darkening, still darkening. From 1900 on, the flow of folk wearing outlandish remnants of native wear, curious headdresses or jewelry or kerchiefs or belts, people chattering in unknown dialects, grew greater. Many were from southeastern Europe. The census classified a large swarm as "Austrians." They were

really Poles, supplemented by Dalmatians, Croatians, Slavonians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians. In such numbers they came, year by year, that in 1910 the census-takers recorded an increase of more than 120,000 of these "Austrians" in Chicago. In addition, 24,000 were credited to Hungary.

There were nearly 120,000 Russians who arrived in that decade, the vast majority of them, of course, being Poles or Jews. The epic flight from the Czar's butchers was in full force. Adventurous and money-hungry Italy sent over nearly 30,000 between 1900 and 1910. Five thousand Greeks joined the migration. The "Nordics" had by no means ceased to come; indeed the newly arrived Scandinavian peoples were almost as numerous as the Italians, while those listed from Germany were more than double the Greek population. Still, the current was growing brunette, and had in it, too, the ebony streak of negroes—14,000 of them—whose movement from the South to the North would, though hardly started yet, seem some day more startling than any.

The city received these needy and babel-speaking thousands, and put them somewhere. Its immigrant show-streets, Halsted Street, Milwaukee Avenue, and others, became more prismatic in coloring, more brilliant with scarfs, earrings, bracelets, gypsy shawls, more entertaining in the display of Turkish moustaches and Hebrew beards, more unintelligible with shop-signs—one in Greek near the stockyards stretched over thirty-five feet of store front—more exotic with coffee-houses, Hellenic theaters, synagogues, cafés containing paintings of the Danube or the Colosseum.

Besides this, there came, into this great mixing-bowl of nations, the mental inheritances of all those varieties of "queer" people. Remote from the understanding of the American, there existed in this or that foreign-speaking quarter historic hatreds, customs, and points of view that shocked the Anglo-Saxon when some pitiful outbreak brought them to light: the well-known vendettas among the Latins; the far less comprehended revenges practiced by Balkan peoples; the persistent belief of

some Europeans, confirmed by old-country practice, that everything and everybody has a price; the mystic rituals and feuds so jealously clung to by people of Romany blood or by Orientals or by Mohammedans; the pitiable fears dogging the Jew, his religious divisions, his instincts born of centuries of Christian persecution. So far as Chicago was able to bring harmony and a new type of patriotism among the wonderfully intermingled species of humanity, it did wonders; and that the process of "straightening them out" led to no greater tragedies than the record contains is astonishing above all.

While Chicago was receiving the foreign-born to the number of 195,797, it became also the home of nearly that many having foreign parentage, the youngest generation of "foreigners," born with a homesickness they could not always define. In the meantime the population of "native whites; native parentage" increased by only 90,760, out of a total gain in population of 486,708. The grand total of population was, in 1910, 2,185,283.

The giant city was renewing its blood-vessels with a tremendous and terrifying speed. Its surges of feeling, its quarrels, its efforts, were those of an organism renewed every day, instead of in the legendary seven years.

2

Symptomatic also of the changing times was the passing of many of the human landmarks of the city's middle period, when commercial foundations were laid, social lines drawn, mighty things accomplished. The Titans who grew to greatness in the '70s or '80s were now old. Their passing from year to year taught a younger, hastier generation what they had done; it reminded elders of decades the memory of which stirred a thrill.

George M. Pullman died in 1897, only three years after the labor strife which so upset Chicago. At the time of his death the "model town," absorbed within the city proper, had been, and continued to be, in transition from an independent domain

into one subject to the city ordinances. A State Supreme Court decision finally forced the Pullman Company to give up all municipal functions. So passed the car-builder's dream. In his will he left more than $1,000,000 to found a manual-training school in Pullman for the sons of poor men.

In 1901 died Philip D. Armour. Legends of his early rising, his seven o'clock appearances at his stockyards office, his crisp lectures to young employees, were to persist for many years. His chief legacy to the city, besides his contribution to its fame as a packing-center, was the Armour Institute, school of engineering and manual arts. This, following the generous endowment, he continued to support with keen interest as well as funds after it opened in 1893, and as long as he lived. The huge fortune and business passed into the hands of his son, J. Ogden Armour, half executive and half dreamer; and in a quarter-century the towering treasure, more than doubled by the son, was to pour into different hands, although the company itself managed to remain the chief rival of that other packing-colossus, Swift and Company.

The rugged founder of the latter, Gustavus F. Swift, survived his chief competitor only two years. The faith they had shared in Chicago as the great meat-distributing center had been tremendously justified.

Mr. Swift had become absorbed in business to the exclusion of nearly all else, save his family and his church. It was he who early discerned the value of developing by-products. He was "so identified with the business," writes Dr. Thomas W. Goodspeed—to whom as early as 1890 Mr. Swift gave money for the University of Chicago—"that it is difficult to differentiate between the two. Mr. Swift originated the business, made it, worked out its marvelous success, and dominated it to the end of his life." He was of a dominating type, and a man of monumental grit. During the '93 panic, as his son Louis has written in *The Yankee of the Yards*, for the whole summer he "drove along the edge of a cliff. . . . Sometimes he had one wheel part way over. . . . How he ran along tranquilly getting the

money somehow on the day he had to have it and meeting every obligation on the dot, is one of the wonder-points in business history."

One day, as this son relates, the ticker at the Board of Trade stated that Swift and Company had failed. Soon there appeared on the floor a six-foot, bearded figure few had ever seen there. Writes the son:

"He strode in the door, walked to a table, and rapped on it with that hard, heavy fist of his. Every one looked up except a few traders off in a corner, so he called, 'Attention! Attention!' "

Then, says the account, he raised his voice, calling out:

"It is reported that Swift and Company has failed. Swift and Company has not failed. Swift and Company cannot fail."

And out he walked.

3

Pullman, Armour, Swift gone—and Potter Palmer also. The two packers were comparatively late-comers to Chicago, the others pioneers.

Mr. Palmer was of the 1852 group, year of the first railroad connection with the East. From the East he came to open a dry-goods store, which of course stood in the Lake Street business district. He was an innovator, too, a contributor to the Chicago tradition that there is no such thing as tradition. He permitted exchanges of goods, if customers were dissatisfied; he allowed purchases to be taken home and examined. Competitors raised their eyebrows, but the system worked, and was copied abroad.

Tiring temporarily of business, Mr. Palmer in the late '60s formed his famous connection with Marshall Field and Levi Leiter, keeping a partnership-interest but putting the management up to the others. The business prospered. Mr. Palmer traveled. Returning refreshed, he gave up store-keeping entirely and undertook a bigger scheme, no less than educating Chicago to a new shopping district. It was State Street. Along

that thoroughfare, now a canyon of stores, there straggled in those days, just before the Great Fire, rows of cheap wooden buildings, like stumps of teeth with cavities between. Mr. Palmer bought a whole mile along the east side of the street. It was a "plunge." The timid who deprecate every bold venture wagged their heads. But by this move Mr. Palmer acquired real-estate titles of tremendous value. He went on backing his faith; caused State Street to be widened twenty feet; had the building line set farther back. Then he erected a new store-building at Washington Street, and to his former partners, Field and Leiter, he leased it for the then unparalleled sum of $50,000 a year. He built also the first of three Palmer Houses, which have stood successively on the same corner.

These activities were before the Great Fire. When it broke out Mr. Palmer was in the East, his wife at home. He wired reassuringly to her, rushed home, and toiled at rehabilitation. The second Palmer House, famed everywhere for its steaks, its negroes, the silver dollars set in the floor of its barber-shop, went up. And then the merchant-realtor, vigorous at fifty, looked northward, perceived the possible values along the lake shore over the river, acquired large holdings and turned the marshy area into good land, erecting finally the "mansion" whose tower and conservatory for many years thrilled Chicagoans, and of whose treasures they heard marvelous tales. At last, within a year or two, the brownstone palace is to be razed.

Mr. Palmer died in May, 1902. In the great drawing-room his body lay in state. People in a long procession, just as though he had been mayor, passed the coffin, glanced at the shrewd, refined face. In the line were a dozen negroes of the Palmer House personnel. And they wept.

4

Another well-known citizen lost his life the next month. He was Blind Billy Kent, alderman of the Fourth Ward, gang-politician and greedy Council member. He died horribly in a

fire which destroyed a sanitarium where, it is said, he was under treatment for alcoholism. The blaze reached him while he was in a strait-jacket, and he could not escape. As many people as attended any of the funerals of the commercial princes crowded to his home to mourn Blind Billy. A priest declared that "no man had labored more for the poor and lowly."

The homage paid to Potter Palmer, the grief over the shocking death of a blind politician, wicked, but kind to his own—both were profoundly Chicagoesque.

5

Returning to the roster of the "upper class" idols who passed from the stage in those years, we arrive at the demise of the merchant of merchants, the grave, formidable, supremely able citizen who had passed fifty years of his life in this rude city and never acquired its rudeness—Marshall Field.

Chicago remembered little of his early career—of his modest and efficient clerking for the Christian storekeeper, John V. Farwell; of his $400 a year salary, his pallet in the store; of his rise to partnership in the Farwell firm, and then his connection with Palmer and Leiter; of his indomitable work in saving the stock of his store during the Great Fire. There were not so many in the constantly recruited swarm of 1906 who remembered the fire itself. Chicago of the later day knew Mr. Field as a half-legendary figure whose portrait—white hair and moustache, keen, proud face—semi-occasionally appeared on some page; Chicago's greatest millionaire, its Big Business incarnate.

They heard stories of his managerial period; they quoted his alleged motto, "The customer is always right." Perhaps he never said it in those words. Dr. T. W. Goodspeed has this version: "He would never allow a clerk to get into a dispute with a customer. If he ever saw anything of the sort, the clerk would feel a gentle pull on his coat-tail and, turning, would hear Mr. Field saying to him, 'Settle it as the lady wishes.'"

Scarcely ever did the Chicago multitudes see him. He beat a path from his Prairie Avenue residence to his retail store, and thence to his office in the handsome wholesale-building, designed by H. H. Richardson. Generally he walked, followed (before the days of motors) by his carriage and coachman, who perhaps had set him down a few blocks from home. To draw up at his store behind high-stepping horses seemed to him ostentatious. He would remain closely at work until lunch-time, then he would join, at the exclusive old Chicago Club, the tableful of wealthy friends, including for a long time P. D. Armour, George M. Pullman, N. K. Fairbank, perhaps Robert Lincoln, and generally John G. Shedd, who succeeded him as president of the firm. At four o'clock he ended the day's work. When golf became the sport of his kind, he played it—at "about a hundred," it is said.

In earlier life he had interested himself in efforts such as the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, the Young Men's Christian Association—of which his employer, Mr. Farwell, was a great supporter—the Historical Society, the Art Institute, the Civic Federation. As years went by "the business" swallowed him more and more. But in 1889 came a revival of his benevolence, kindled, it would appear, by Dr. Goodspeed. The latter, coaxer of money for the university, wanted those ten acres on the Midway Plaisance which Mr. Field owned.

The merchant said that such a present could not be counted as part of the $400,000 which John D. Rockefeller had asked the Baptists to raise. Dr. Goodspeed and his associate, Frederick T. Gates, agreed, and on that condition Mr. Field gave the land.

The ice thus broken, it was easier for President Harper, in 1892, to obtain $100,000 from Mr. Field provided $900,000 more be subscribed. The period mentioned to him was a hundred days. Thinking of notes of hand, perhaps, the merchant proposed ninety days. The $900,000 was raised and Mr. Field gave the $100,000.

"For the first time," relates Dr. Goodspeed, "he had made

large gifts to a great public enterprise. He had begun to learn how to give."

He gave the university two blocks for an athletic field. He turned over $50,000 worth of land to the Chicago Home for Incurables. And in 1893 came from him the $1,000,000 which inaugurated the renowned museum whose marble now glistens on the lake-front. This million was not separated from him without an effort. It took repeated persuasions from J. W. Ellsworth, Edward E. Ayer, collector extraordinary, and others, to "sell the idea." But once that was accomplished, the merchant backed the museum handsomely, and in his famous will, bequeathed it $8,000,000. Dr. Goodspeed states that it was his intention to revise his will, doubling that bequest. But death prevented execution of this benevolence, the fruit of a belated impulse.

The great tragedies in the Field family almost coincided in that winter of 1905-06. Late in November, Marshall, Jr., the thirty-seven-year-old son, suffered a serious bullet-wound. It was made public in detail that he received it at his home from his own revolver while preparing for a hunting-trip. An "agin-everything" newspaper some time later gave voice to a rumor that the accident had taken place not at Mr. Field's home, but in a far different place. Cynical Chicago has continued to believe something of the sort; orthodox Chicago has accepted the statements of noted physicians, of the family, and of business associates, that Mr. Field was in his own room when the bullet pierced his body. At all events, after lingering a few days, he died. Scarcely six weeks later his father, lately married to his second wife, Mrs. Arthur Caton, succumbed to pneumonia in New York City.

The bulk of the vast fortune, probably more than $120,000,000, then went into trust for the two grandsons, of whom only Marshall III survives. Of that will, its provision for extending accumulations for years, its alleged inconsistency with American institutions, which led to the passage of a new law by the Illinois Legislature, enough has already been

written. In due time the grandson of the Marshall Field who started work in Chicago for $400 a year will be one of the wealthiest men in the country. And people say—watching several blocks of low-priced apartment buildings rise amid northside gloom, a "housing experiment" on a large scale—that the grandson has vision.

6

In the very same month (January, 1906) that saw the death of Marshall Field, Sr., President Harper succumbed to a battle of about a year with cancer.

When average Chicago thought about him, it may have been tempted to classify him with magnates like Armour and Field, rather than to think of him as the interpreter of the Book of Job. They had heard so much about his negotiations with Rockefeller and other millionaires; they had seen his new buildings go up so swiftly and haughtily. Very likely they thought of him as much older than he was—for he was not of the pioneer group. At his death he was forty-nine years and six months old.

Dr. Harper was of a very complex nature, and in the struggle between the components of it there came about an almost tragic defeat of the research-scholar by the administrator and money-raiser. There are many friends of his still living who assert that he never ceased to mourn the practical shelving of his Old Testament studies in favor of the immense and partly materialistic task of creating a university from the first stone upward. Yet he had the compensatory thrill of seeing his conceptions of the '80s not only well established, but evidently moving toward fulfillment, before the '90s were ended.

He first entered Chicago affairs in 1879, as a twenty-two-year-old instructor of Hebrew in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Morgan Park. Well he deserved the often misapplied term "prodigy." He had been graduated from a little Ohio college—Muskingum—at the age of fourteen. Having been one of a small group studying Hebrew, he was chosen to make

a graduation oration in that language. Nevertheless, he was a "regular boy," who pranked about the village and led a local brass band through its streets, wearing his hat cocked back on his head and blowing an E-flat cornet with gusto. But he was a student! Giving up clerkship in his father's small store, he went to Yale for graduate study, and won his Ph.D. when eighteen. A year later he became principal of Masonic College, with some seventy-five pupils, in the hamlet of Macon, Tennessee. Also, at nineteen, he became a husband.

Next came Denison University, the seminary at Morgan Park, Chautauqua, a Yale professorship, and finally the opportunity—over which he hesitated for some time—of heading the new Baptist educational venture at Chicago. He hesitated, for one thing, because his heart was set upon a great university, while others interested were ambitious only for a college. In the end the decision came about as he wished. He then schemed a university so vast that, in order to keep in any sort of step with his mental operations, tons of money had to be poured into the enterprise on top of the original tons. Without counting the cost, he engaged professors of great note—Von Holst, Michelson, Chamberlin, Small, Laughlin, Jacques Loeb, Judson, and others—and started off his university with a faculty of one hundred and twenty! He hired Stagg, and for the first time gave an athletic coach faculty-rank. Furthermore, the year before the opening, he got the trustees to pay the top men $7,000 a year.

His famous innovations, which stood the educational world on its head, included four: the Summer quarter, university extension—then comprising both public lectures and the correspondence school—the University Press, and affiliations of smaller institutions with the university. Very few of these has the university been forced to discontinue. Instead, other like institutions have copied the greater part of them. In his tremendous zeal and with his limitless ideas, however, Harper tended to exceed budgets and count upon more than he could get. The result was that about two years before he died a con-

ference was held in New York which called a halt upon deficits. "No new departments, no enlargements, without money in hand," was the substance of the memorandum adopted. At the same time, Mr. Rockefeller's annual millions for endowment stopped, and his gifts were not renewed until after the deficits had begun to decrease.

Chicago, with all its tremendous toilers, hardly had such another demon for work as Dr. Harper. He taught, wrote, guided, journeyed, promoted, and sought always for more things to do. He never lost sight of the fact that his university was literally a part of the city of Chicago; he belonged to its organizations, such as the Civic Federation; in 1897 he headed a commission which revised the public-school system, furnishing a plan which, despite politics, became partly effective. With all this the overshrewd Chicagoans were inclined to think of Harper as sitting on a chill eminence, even when they did not think of him as a gatherer of "oil money." Nothing could have been more unfair.

7

Still one more Titan entered the shades in the Winter of 1905-1906: he who is said to have been the titular figure in a Dreiser novel.

In a strictly edited newspaper obituary, such as burst into print by the column the last days of December, 1905, the career and death of Charles T. Yerkes seem scarcely less empurpled than in the romance.

Chicago had waved him farewell. In 1899 he had disposed of his traction-properties to the Elkins-Widener group. Leaving the city after a dramatic adieu to an assemblage of street-car workers, many of whom had known his mastery for fifteen years, he had taken up residence in New York and London. The British city received him with especial warmth, as he was clearly competent to cope with the tube system, and no reason was known why the highest society should not receive him and his wife—his second. Writers about the great world whose

accuracy need not be disputed now told how Mr. Yerkes was fêted by nobility, even by royalty. Yet as the end approached, the experienced and fortunate couple were utterly estranged. He lived in hotels; she in the great house in Fifth Avenue, adorned with conservatories and filled with choice and indubitably genuine paintings by Rembrandt, Rubens, Hals, Corot, Reynolds, Botticelli, Greuze, and all the great—a collection begun in Chicago and augmented as the fortune piled up. A holy carpet from Mecca was among the unusual items in that museum behind whose doors Mrs. Yerkes seldom cared to go.

Mr. Yerkes grew ill and died, unreconciled with his family. Immediately New York and Chicago papers burst out with the great "human-interest" story of that time, the account of Mr. Yerkes' friendship for a Mrs. Sue Grigsby, woman of high-colored career, and for her daughter Emilie. It was told how the great plunger and connoisseur built a splendid Park Avenue house whose ownership stood in Emilie's name. It was told that the friendship, or infatuation, caused the quarrel which made Mrs. Yerkes live alone, and which also alienated son from father. It was insinuated . . .

But the story strays away from Chicago.

8

With an effect that cannot well be calculated, the legends, noble and libelous, inspiring or degrading, crowding about the names of the departing Titans, entered into the mentality of Chicago, into its credos and even its political shibboleths. The newly acclimated foreigners, the schools of new fish leaping through the city's sluice-ways, the eager country folk coming there to live, and excited by all they heard, became alert members of a civilization of gossip. The theory that the packers formed a blighting trust, that there was a literal Four Hundred run by Mrs. Palmer, that the Marshall Field will was an insult to the poor men, that Rockefeller was trying to dominate education, that Wall Street wanted to own Chicago, that the

Catholic Church wanted to run it, that the great department-stores owned the City Council—these and a hundred other dark tales traveled from mouth to mouth. Nor were they recited by ignorant folk alone.

The way was thus prepared, in the early 1900s, for more years of turbulence; and there could be traced back to that time many a dementia which was still vigorous in 1928-1929, perhaps the most violent transition period of all.

CHAPTER XI

THROUGH barrages of dissent, over barbed-wire fences of cynicism, and against clouds of stupidity, the people who wanted Chicago a better city pushed on, with flags (of many different kinds) bravely flying.

With many of them it was a conviction, in the Spring of 1905, that to follow the mayoralty banner of a genial, emotional, and studious candidate named Edward F. Dunne would assure victory. Harrison had sat on the powder-magazine for eight years, four terms, and was grown weary. He was willing to let this judge, with his idealisms, try being mayor. The plan, however, was repugnant to many leading citizens, including not only those who were conservative about the city's problems, but to some of the more "regular" reformers as well. Judge Dunne alarmed them. He was a bold advocate of a program called Immediate Municipal Ownership. A lot of queer people, who were overacademic even when they did not make violent speeches, were back of the judge; so argued leading citizens and editors. They and the Republican party put forward John Maynard Harlan, whose vigorous but vain battle for the mayoralty in 1897 was still vividly recalled.

The campaign of 1905 was an amazing conflict of words. It could only have been more explosive, verbally, if Lorimer

had been active in it, but Lorimer, at that time, was otherwise engaged, brooding and plotting, perhaps looking forward even as far as the senatorship. Dunne and Harlan stumped up and down the city, hurling at surprised and blinking audiences of voters references to J. Pierpont Morgan, President Roosevelt, William Randolph Hearst, Hinky Dink Kenna. The Democrats pulled in Morgan because of that sale Mr. Yerkes had made to Wall Street. Joseph Medill Patterson, twenty-six-year-old grandson of the celebrated publisher and mayor, took the stump and denounced Morgan's absentee landlordism. Mr. Harlan, in his best form, predicted control of Mr. Dunne—if elected—by Hearst, whom he stigmatized, in ward meetings and in the gilt-arched auditorium, as the "Daily Assassin." Judge Dunne made a passing reference to the fact that Kenna was seeking reëlection, and gave him a party indorsement; the enemy took this up with glee and raked in everything that was true, and other stuff as well, about the little saloon-man and his friends.

William Kent, young and wealthy civic fighter whose rhetoric was fiery and went clear around a subject as well as into it, delivered one speech that must have echoed strangely in the East. Declaring that the local battle was only a phase of the popular struggle for opportunity described by Roosevelt as the square deal, he went on to say:

"New York is today the center of things most despicable. It is the home of extravagance, the birthplace of the monkey dinner [Harry Lehr's feast at which, rumor said, a monkey was a guest]. A few Chicago people try to follow the lead, but Chicago cares more for race-horses, more for the fat stock-show exhibits, than for swelldom on exhibit at a horse-show. . . . We have not surrendered our democracy in Chicago. . . . Things are tending toward righteousness."

Governor Deneen came up from Springfield, and in his balanced prose argued for Harlan. The latter was backed by his friends as "champion of the people in the bad old days" (of 1897).

Dunne was backed as the man who would retire from power all those linked with "malefactors of great wealth," and who would see that the traction-companies—in whose stock, he declared, Morgan had invested $25,000,000—got no more than their due. Harlan said Dunne desired to pay the owners of obsolete car-lines millions and millions of dollars. Dunne said—— Harlan said——

With the irrelevance of events in a large city, the spiritual music of *Parsifal* was being sung in a darkened Auditorium at the very time when, in smoke-filled campaign halls, epithets and insults brought howls of joy, and ribald processions filled the streets. Heinrich Conried's production, just as in Baireuth, was on the stage. Black-bearded Alfred Hertz conducted; Nordica, Burgstaller, and Van Rooy were in the cast. It was a performance, just as in Europe, of the entire score, with an intermission for dinner; and this put society in a flurry over whether to wear sack-coat, tuxedo or claw-hammer, "high neck" or evening gown. Devout Wagnerites hissed down applause upon Nordica's entrance. The Grail-scene music strove to escape into the city flaming with party strife.

Election day arrived in the first week of April. The Harlan newspapers considered his election assured by 20,000 to 25,000 plurality. However, it was Dunne who received the 25,000 plurality, or close to it. He telegraphed to Judge Tuley, the universally revered jurist who had supported him through thick and thin: "General Nogi begs to report the fall of the Wall Street Port Arthur."

This metaphor, it may be necessary to explain, was derived from the fact that the Russian empire was at that time being soundly whipped by the armies and navies of the Japanese.

2

The Dunne administration was filled with excitements and quaintnesses largely beyond the scope of this narrative. Of excitements, among the first was a terrific strike of teamsters'

unions, led by a ruthless, fire-eating newcomer in Chicago, "Con" Shea. There had been previous "teameo" rebellions, notably a wild-west affair in 1903; but this outbreak of the 1905 Summer, bringing murders, assaults on police, a city half-terrorized, was the worst of all. It ran for months, a boisterous welcome to a new mayor.

Quaintnesses in the city government were inevitable and numerous, since in the Mayor's following were characters who fitted oddly into officialdom. With him on the ticket was Adrian C. Anson, Old Anse himself, who upon finding himself elected city clerk, exclaimed, "I'm just as pleased as if I'd won another pennant." Florid, amiable Anson added little to the drama of the Dunne régime. That could not be said of "Joe" Patterson, who was appointed commissioner of public works. He was in those days a spitfire who could go so far as to call great corporations anarchists, and accuse them of stealing water. He even proposed to cure the stockyards smell!

Peter Bartzen, a hearty and headstrong German, was made building-commissioner. He saw his duty plain. Besides a house-cleaning of his department, he undertook to discipline the State Street barons. Shoppers arriving at the Marshall Field store at nine o'clock on a summer morning found the doors closed and a sign to the effect that the building-department had closed them. Police on guard grinned; clerks within dawdled and wondered. Mr. Bartzen had, he said, discovered some technical violations of the ordinances; he had warned all the stores; he must make an example of somebody—why not of the most powerful?

The "discipline," word of which sped about the Loop and caused huge amazement and laughter, lasted an hour and a half. At ten-thirty the Mayor found it best to overrule his Bartzen and raise the siege. Meanwhile, the young blond vice-president of Field's, James Simpson, was placed under arrest.

"I suppose," said Mr. Simpson, blushing through his tan as he signed his bond, "I suppose I'm a real American citizen now that I've been arrested by the majesty of the law."

Mayor Dunne did not appoint people with the idea of giving vaudeville. There was doubtless truth in the comment written by Jane Addams some years later that his administration "was founded upon the belief that if those citizens representing social ideals and reform principles were but appointed to office, public welfare must be established." He took advice from people of such principles. His eyes roved abroad, and he sent for James Dalrymple, manager of the Glasgow car-lines, to come and tell Chicago how to have municipal operation. Mr. Dalrymple came, but partly owing to the ridicule voiced by opposition newspapers, his visit was not a success. The traction-argument only grew worse.

In the meantime the Mayor, pursuing his policy of appointments, named a Board of Education composed largely of persons representing social ideals; such peace-loving idealists as Miss Addams and Raymond Robins, and argumentative ones like Dr. Cornelia De Bey. Chicago's school-boards always have been weirdly composed, owing to the ill-devised statutes making the positions subject to City Hall choice. The history of the schools has been a varied and turbulent one, with high levels such as the benign administration of Superintendent Albert G. Lane in the '90s, the fight of Dr. W. S. Christopher for medical inspection, the scientific proposals introduced by the W. R. Harper commission at the invitation of Mayor Harrison; and low levels such as the rotten scandals and shrieking comedies two decades later, in Thompson's time. It is a history as intricate as a study of European genealogy. For its later phases readers had best consult the recent book by Professor George S. Counts entitled *School and Society in Chicago*.

The Dunne school-trustees strove honestly but without much chance of doing powerful constructive work. They represented, Miss Addams wrote, "no concerted policy of any kind, but were for the most part adherents to the new education." They were suspected of being overpartisan toward the Teacher's Federation, militant labor-union which had grown dangerous through forcing corporations to pay millions more in taxes

than these corporations cared to pay. The teachers had helped Judge Dunne to election partly because he had decided in their favor a sweeping suit over salaries; as mayor he had appointed friends of theirs, and these friends voted to withdraw from appeal, where the previous board had put it, that same salary-suit.

All was fuel to the fire of conflict between radicals and conservatives in Chicago of 1905-07; a conflict waged over education, over transportation, over gas prices and telephone tolls.

The Dunne administration did not gain in popular favor as time went on. It had too many weak heads. John Burns, the British laborite, came for a visit. He was asked: "What do you think of ——?" naming a city official. With his Scottish burr, Burns replied:

"He's an ass."

"But sincere, don't you think?"

"So are all asses," blurted he.

3

But these matters are really parenthetical. The cause of reform went marching on. It did not get far by means of attacks on Mayor Dunne because he would not close the saloons on Sunday; nor did it accomplish much by exposés of police negligence and graft, in reply to which charges the Mayor claimed, toward the middle of his term, that he had a wonderful police chief and that he had "driven graft from the City Hall." With or without harmony or perfect good sense, there were improvements in store. And several of those from which the most was hoped had to do with the courts.

The first, arising from emotional Chicago's warm sympathy for unfortunate children, had begun several years before. Nine-year-old Steve Grubuvich stood before a judge, on a July morning in 1899, and sobbed. The Hon. R. S. Tuthill, chin-bearded and kind, drew Steve to him, murmured to him, questioned him. Steve would not stop crying. He was just a panic-

stricken urchin, whose guardian, standing there, said that he threw stones at neighbors' horses, set fire to a barn, and traded his (the guardian's) watch for candy, "and whipping does no good."

Steve, expecting a fresh whipping or possibly a jail cell such as he had heard about, kept on whimpering. But he was not to be punished in such fashion. Although he did not know it, the nine-year-old Grubuvich was a pioneer. He was the first case in Chicago's Juvenile Court, which itself stood up in the ranks of pioneers.

Prior to that year, before a Legislature acted upon the appeals of child-lovers, boy and girl offenders had been dragged before the same tribunals, and locked in the same unspeakable hoosegows, as grown men and women. How many thousands of them, through the years! In the six months prior to 1899, there had been 332 boys aged from nine to sixteen committed to the bridewell. And the bridewell was a desolate, dirty hell-hole, in which was jammed a hideous mess of human scum; it was sometimes cruelly and as often heartlessly managed; the boys went into cells with thieves, morons, and drunkards. Hundreds more of them were packed into iron-barrel lazarets in the county jail.

Chicago, as its intelligence grew, could not stand this. Especially its women—and most particularly that ancient and honorable group, the Chicago Woman's Club, sponsor of a county-jail school years before—could not stand it. So, in the fullness of time, there came the Juvenile Court law, drawn with great breadth by the writer of laws, Harvey B. Hurd. It provided for the same disposition of delinquents, children who went wrong, as of dependents, those who were simply out of luck. And it had in it this great clause: "The care, custody, and discipline of a child shall approximate as nearly as may be that which should be given by its parents; and in all cases where it can properly be done, the child is to be placed in an approved family-home and become a member of the family by legal adoption or otherwise."

Another noble ideal, which for years could not be made practical. The law specified probation officers, but did not provide for salaries. It pointed to detention in a decent place, but there was no such place; at least, none better than the John Worthy School at the bridewell, which had been a great advance over the neglect of truants and "bad children" in an earlier period.

For a time a Hull House worker, Mrs. Alzina Stevens, carried on alone. She had been a worker in a New England cotton-mill at the age of thirteen, had seen childhood at its unhappiest (and lost a finger from her own hand); coming to Chicago and Hull House, she had haunted police stations and often coaxed the police into giving her the parole of a boy or girl accused of petty offenses. The kids, especially those of foreign families knowing nothing of ordinances or statutes, were continually "pinched" for picking up coal, for purloining junk, for breaking into empty houses, or for begging. Mrs. Stevens became their "mother" and then the first regular probation officer. Her salary was paid by subscriptions of a citizens' committee, which as time went on increased their gifts until there was a corps of six, then a dozen, then a score. The effort had reached this stage in the hurly-burly days of 1905-1906.

Despite all, the friends of the Juvenile Court, most prominent of whom at this time was Mrs. Lucy L. Flower, got the lawmakers to provide an appropriation for the salaries. After this, by a still more prodigious effort, they brought about the authorization and building of a Juvenile Detention Home, which was opened in 1907. No longer were children haled to court in the dingy County Building, or detained in the barn which was the first place of surveillance. They now had a neat little court-room, never crowded, more like an office; they had sunlight, games, pleasant work, to occupy them. During ten years the cases of more than 31,000 were disposed of under the new system; and there was formed also to study and help the unfortunate child, the Juvenile Protection Association, in which that benevolent lady of wealth, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, was the dominant spirit. Still later came a medical clinic and a

Psychopathic Institute, whose studies of the errant and abnormal child have become renowned.

4

It is a temptation to dwell for many more pages on that immense change for the better, the Juvenile Court and the care of Chicago's children generally; but there came another overturn in those years which demands attention.

The whole city court-system was rotten. For more decades than seems possible, Chicago, the energetic, Chicago, the innovator, had borne with a legal structure antedating its founding by no less than centuries—the ancient and monarchical institution of justice of the peace and constables. There were "J.P.'s," even in Chicago of the '90s and 1900s, who conducted their courts with a fair display of sense and legality; but there was also an egregious amount of laziness, stupidity, graft, and political pull that made the courts as a whole a menace even to the innocent.

The J.P.'s were appointed by the Circuit Court judges. The constables, who became perhaps the worst disgrace of all, were elected. There were long lists of them presented to the voters. In the confusion tough candidates sneaked to victory oftener than good ones. A powerful, dangerous lot they became, eventually, these constables, some of them sluggers, blackmailers, and gunmen—very useful to politicians and even, at times, to certain business men. The most conspicuous, for some years, was one Louis Greenberg, a furtive genius, with somewhat the look of an old-clo' man. He took with him on some errands a couple of giant strong-arm men, who were efficient in evictions and the like.

Other constables were muscular themselves. The giants would pound a protesting husband into unconsciousness while the furniture was being moved out. Also, it was said, these legalized ruffians were useful to corporations who desired to ruin rival

corporations. It was such influence, it is said, that for many years saved one constable from loss of his post.

There were justices ready to grant judgments on perjured testimony, or to issue warrants for anybody the politicians wanted punished. In the police courts sat magistrates, appointed by the mayor at the instance of the most powerful aldermen. Through ownership of a magistrate, an alderman could run his ward like a despot, even giving a rebellious precinct-leader the alternative of surrender or a month in the bridewell.

Then, too, the financial side of those courts was worth something. If things got slow, it could be arranged that the police should raid a disorderly house, and bring in, around midnight, two or three wagon-loads of women. The bail-bonds would be all ready. They cost plenty, too. And the prisoners could be held for ransom as long as advisable, or until the long-suffering owner of the resort paid fines or "fixed it up" with the alderman. Meantime the police stole all they could from the women. Such events were profitable to many, and not least to bond-sharks such as one Andy Craig, political saloonkeeper and power in the Levee.

Almost anybody could get even with somebody else by "framing" a case in a justice court. If it was not convenient to do this in town, the bewildered defendant would be ordered to appear in a suburban court, where his case would be set for an hour just before the arrival of the first train from the city. Either he could stay out there all night, or he could expect to find a judgment entered, his home invaded, his furniture and even his jewelry seized.

Something "had to be done." So citizen grumblings and newspaper exposés were followed slowly by the formation of committees and by serious study on the part of lawyers. Revelations of crooked work in two offices of court clerks proved good for the cause, while correspondingly injurious to Boss Lorimer. Business men, hit several ways by mix-up of records and thefts of fees, got behind the new plan, which contemplated

a municipal court that would not only replace the J.P.'s, but deal with minor crimes, and with civil cases of more than petty importance.

Upon this there emerged an attorney of long Chicago and Illinois experience named Hiram T. Gilbert. He drew the needed law and saw it through the legislature. The politicians had taken great alarm, but when they discovered that in addition to twenty-seven judges and a chief justice, all elective, there would be a clerk and a bailiff, also elective, the bosses felt better. There would be hundreds of new jobs to play with. Lacking in the brass bands and gavel-tricks of some furious legislative work on Chicago's behalf, the campaign for the new court went through to success. Then when it came time to gain the approval of Chicago voters, the strong pleas made, and the memory of justice-court abuses, brought a heavy affirmative vote. Greenberg's notoriety alone, according to one authority, brought thousands of crosses to the "Yes" column.

The court, as finally set up, was a new thing in the United States. It was to deal with civil actions involving $1,000 or less; all infractions of city ordinances, and, at first, all crimes calling for fines or for imprisonment, except in the penitentiary. (The last-named jurisdiction was later found unconstitutional, and criminal cases had to be sent to the grand jury.) A greater innovation, however, was the power given to the chief justice. He was king not only over the associate judges, but over the clerk and bailiff. He was sworn to direct the assignment of cases and to be the court of last resort in all other functions. His became a conspicuous and difficult post, one commanding as much authority as that of the State's attorney or district attorney—if not more.

The choice fell upon Harry Olson, who had for ten years handled, or helped to handle, a procession of difficult, sensational cases in the Criminal Court; an assistant under State's Attorneys Kearns and Deneen; a fighter and a student of criminology. In the first election for the new court he defeated Attorney Gilbert, father of the law, and took command.

The Chicago Municipal Court thus entered upon a career that was bound to be uneven in effectiveness, thanks to all those jobs being hurled into the political pot; yet a much-admired innovation. Other cities studied it, and as they watched, reorganized their own judiciaries with Chicago as a model. Because of his study of the criminal—and of the "expert" who unscientifically diagnosed the criminal—Chief Justice Olson evolved the determination to apply psychological principles to cases within the court's jurisdiction. From this arose a psychopathic laboratory, under Dr. W. J. Hickson.

5

In an entirely different field, another big "clean-up" began in 1906. It was going on in the cattle-pens and slaughterhouses. The popular, but mistaken, idea has been that it started with Sinclair's *Jungle*, a sort of novel and indictment combined, picturing dire conditions in the yards. At first denounced as a lie and a socialistic lie at that, the book took hold of the public imagination, went rolling across the country gathering sentiment, and got into Congress. Soon a couple of government investigators came quietly to Chicago, with the encouragement of Roosevelt, and took back to Washington a report which it is said was favorable. Perhaps it was, since the best of the packers, with the coming of by-products manufacture, had tried to do better. At all events, Roosevelt was not satisfied. He sent out other investigators, who turned in a document telling of bad sanitation, dark and crowded working-places, rankly negligent meat-inspection, and other evils. Roosevelt gleefully sent the report along to the lawmakers, and in due time the Beveridge bill, aimed at remedying the defects, went through. A great rebuilding and cleaning up struck the yards. One visiting the plants now finds nothing for a Sinclair to criticize; he sees airy rooms, meats cleanly handled; he walks on brick floors instead of in mud and filth.

There were lots of things to be glad about as 1906 waned. The old cable-cars went out of business. Overhead trolleys, only a little while before denounced as a menace, became the thing, and not a soul but rejoiced. Such crowds rode the first day that it required police to control them. Flags flew from windows.

The campaign was on for the Municipal Court candidates. Some civic measures, long prepared, were to be voted for; notably the four-year term for mayor. The movement toward a Chicago Beautiful was being discussed at banquets, and a charming new idea, that of "forest preserves," was to be put up to a puzzled electorate.

But it was very difficult, that October, to keep people's minds on such subjects. One tremendous local warfare, stirring up passions, whipping people to frenzy, parting families, possessed the city.

The Cubs and the White Sox had each won a national pennant. They were clashing on the diamond for the championship of the world. People chanted, "We have been IT, we are IT, we will be IT." They sang, "Take me back to that great old Chicago town." The lead-writers of the newspapers exploded in adjectives, in stories beginning, "This, the capital of the Inland Empire, is today the Mecca of the fanatic tribes," etc., etc.

Bands played, street-throngs swirled, fair ladies crowned the heroes Doc White, Nick Altrock, Big Ed Walsh, Fielder Jones, and their white-stockinged mates; or else three-fingered Mordecai Brown, Johnny Kling, Evers, Tinker, the eagle-faced Frank Chance, from the West Side. The Sox won four games, the Cubs two. Total receipts were $106,550, considered immense in those days. Convening the "hot-stove league," fans voted that the "hitless wonders" had earned the bigger share. And the old Roman, Comiskey, was very proud. But City Clerk Pop Anson hung his head.

CHAPTER XII

PLACID old Lake Michigan—placid in that it failed to share the enthusiasms or conflicts of the thousands living on its shores—rippled before the city during all these years, bringing it ships, furnishing it water to drink, enticing it to pleasure. It was the city's greatest asset, people said; yet for a long time they let it remain the privilege of a few. They allowed certain parts of its shore to be used for ugly commercial buildings. They permitted a railroad to parallel it.

A few years after the World's Fair, a gentleman said at a banquet: "A very high purpose will be served if the lake shore be restored to the people and made beautiful for them."

Continuing his speech, he grew lyrical and also prophetic:

"The lake has been singing to us many years, until we have become responsive. We see the broad water, ruffled by the gentle breeze; upon its breast the glint of oars, the gleam of rosy sails, the outlines of swift-gliding launches. We see racing-shells go by, urged onward by bronzed athletes. We hear the rippling of the waves, commingled with youthful laughter, and music swelling over the Lagoon dies away under the low branches of the trees. A crescent moon swims in the western sky, shining faintly upon us in the deepening twilight. . . .

"And what sort of prosperity is this which we should foster

and maintain? Not that for rich people solely or principally, for they can take care of themselves and wander where they will in pursuit of happiness; but the prosperity of those who must have employment in order to live."

This prose poet was none other than Daniel H. Burnham, and he was addressing men who might fairly be called "rich people"—the Merchant's Club of Chicago. His outburst was an early expression of the Burnham dream, which seems to have been nurtured by that citizen who was always suggesting things, J. W. Ellsworth. The desire, no doubt warmed by many days of watching the lovely inland sea in its endless moods, grew gradually into a "project." Through it all ran the great impulse of the World's Fair.

The Merchant's Club, glad to have an objective, cherished the project; talked of it from time to time. Then came the Commercial Club, another body of men representing both wealth and public spirit, with a proposition to Mr. Burnham, presented by Franklin MacVeagh, to draw a plan. But by this time Mr. Burnham had promised to draw one for the Merchant's Club. Whatever rivalry might have been threatened was ended by a merger of the two clubs in 1907 under the name of the Commercial Club. Their combined strength and money was easily adequate to launch properly even so vast a conception as Mr. Burnham now had—much more vast than the development of the lake-front alone.

The years that went by, taking in different city administrations, and starred for good or ill by many happenings, turned the dream from a mere succession of speeches into an exhibit of drawings, both beautifully painted pictures (by the famous artist Jules Guérin) and careful diagrams, accompanied by the necessary text. The *Plan of Chicago* became a book. It was published by the Commercial Club in 1908. The president of the club at that time was John V. Farwell (the younger). The one hundred members subscribed $85,000 to start the thing off.

How could the city ever make reality out of what was in the book? If all those millionaires had given every penny they had, they could not have paid for the improvements dreamed. The task must evidently become a municipal affair. Clyde M. Carr and others advocated this idea strongly. It presented difficulties; the chance of the plan being strangled by politics, the equally strong possibility that the cantankerous voters might not favor it. The City Hall must do its part. So that when, in 1908-1909, the launching of the enterprise as an official Chicago matter had become urgent, a great deal depended on who ruled in the City Hall.

2

The man who ruled there was Fred A. Busse, aged forty-three, the rugged, portly son of a German Civil War veteran. He was at first sight coarse in appearance, with his big round body and his face that expressed more vigor than refinement. His speech was full of Chicago dialect, and his command of grammar not half as complete as his command of men. Fred Busse (hardly any one called him Mr.) had been elected mayor in a close race which put an end to the régime of Judge Dunne; a curious race, too, because Busse had been painfully injured in a railroad wreck and could make no speeches. He hated speeches, anyway.

This rough-talking, quick-thinking stout man was born in Chicago, not two miles from the City Hall. As a boy he roamed the North Side; he got into scrapes; it was written of him later that he had known, as friend or enemy, practically every other boy on "the near North Side"—not so difficult in the '80s. When he was old enough, he started and built a coal-business. He became well-to-do, but remained single and continued to live in a few rooms, with his parents, over the coal-company's office. He went into politics, got elected to the State Legislature, joined the Lorimer wing of the Republicans, became boss

of the Busse Wards, was appointed postmaster of Chicago by President Roosevelt, and finally was nominated for mayor. He continued to live in the flat over the coal-company's office.

Fred's companions in his younger days had not been of the scholarly order, nor those pure in speech or of the Band of Hope. He drank a good deal of beer in saloons, and there were nocturnal exploits and practical jokes. An early acquaintance was one Barney Bertsche, who was a clever hoodlum and lasted even to join in the champion hoodlumism of the 1920s. Befriending of Bertsche was charged against Busse during the campaign. Stories were told of his saloon-fights,—mostly mere pranks. He was pictured sometimes as a bum, and sometimes as a Lorimerite serpent. But at the same time, not only powerful business men but newspaper publishers realized that Busse had executive ability and a grasp of city problems.

With his election, consequently, it was felt by important groups that things looked distinctly better. The Dunne régime, these people thought, had slumped into police misrule and executive indecision. Busse would clean house. Moreover, his election coincided with the presentation to the voters of the most competent and far-reaching traction-program the city had yet seen. Ordinances had been expertly drawn by Attorney Walter L. Fisher, who had succeeded Clarence Darrow as Dunne's special traction-counsel, and the companies had accepted them. They provided for twenty-year franchises, compensation to the city of 55 per cent. of the companies' net profits, reconstruction and rehabilitation of the systems, through routes, five-cent fares, $5,000,000 for subways, and other benefits. A board of supervising engineers representing the city was established. The city could purchase the lines at any time, upon six months' notice.

This solution, as it seemed, of the traction-puzzle was passed by the City Council, vetoed by Dunne, and passed over his veto. In the campaign it was supported by Busse, and was approved by the voters. Chicago's mood became more and more cheerful. The Mayor, who had seized office in what the news-

papers called a *coup*, plunged ahead, demanding a flock of resignations, shaking up the Health Department, the Smoke-Prevention Bureau, pounding his desk before Chief of Police Shippy and roaring, "Get the big thieves! I'll back every honest copper." He shook up the Board of Education, got into a long and violent litigation and lost most of it, received reporters and cracked jokes, and all the time seemed to be thinking, "What can I do for this town?" The prohibitionists reviled him because he would not close the saloons on Sunday. An extension of the telephone franchises came to a head, amid charges of graft, and Busse's approval of the ordinance exposed him to cries of "In League with Big Business!"

He broke out occasionally with a "Go to hell!" and every one enjoyed it. He attacked the city's financial snarls, with Banker Walter H. Wilson as Comptroller. He kept on dodging speeches.

In the middle of his term he very quietly married a young woman named Lee, and when the "old gang" came to congratulate him, he blushed.

3

Here was vigorous human nature in the City Hall, and also, it appeared, insight.

The Chicago Plan advocates were encouraged to take up their pet project with the Mayor. And so it came about that one of the least visionary, one of the least "highbrow," of all Chicago's mayors became an instrument in realizing one of the city's most idealistic and most splendid conceptions since the World's Fair.

One can imagine Fred Busse sitting up nights with the elaborate book, *The Plan of Chicago*, amazed and perhaps puzzled by the future paradise that it pictured. But there was no uncertainty about the message he sent to the City Council in November, 1909, accompanying his appointment of 353 citizens who were to constitute the first Chicago Plan Commission. The Mayor took the thing, as was his wont, practically. He

got a group of "lowbrow" aldermen together and said, "You'll have to be for this some time; why not now?" In his message, after referring to the labor which the fathers of the project had given unselfishly as volunteers, he wrote:

"This plan is not to be considered as the embodiment of an artist's dream or the project of theoretical city beautifiers who have lost sight of everyday affairs and who have forgotten the needs and interests of the mass of the people. On the contrary, the men who have produced the Chicago Plan are all hard-boiled business men. . . . Making Chicago attractive to visitors from all parts of the world will add to Chicago's resources a very great commercial asset, the value of which will be reflected in every piece of real estate within our limits. . . . They [the planners] have particularly had in mind relief for the neglect from which the great West Side has suffered."

Striking thus the right notes to silence discontent, Mayor Busse proceeded to recommend as chairman of the commission a member of the opposing political party, Charles H. Wacker. The non-partisanship of the plan, which saved it from much trouble through successive City Hall upheavals, was established.

Mr. Wacker was the right man. He had been vice-chairman of the Commercial Club's committee under Charles D. Norton, who moved to the East before the approval of the City Council was sought. No one, apparently, then thought of any one but Mr. Wacker for the job. His heart was in it from the beginning. It was linked in his mind, as in all others, with '93. He had been a director of the Fair; the youngest director, in fact. First a brewer, then a building-association man, wealthy but not too much so, loyal to German musical affairs, mixer in different sets, supporter of various things like the Symphony Orchestra and the United Charities (of which he became president), Mr. Wacker could step confidently into the task of educating a prodigious mass of people, many of them indifferent, sullen, or openly rebellious, in a subject much to their future benefit.

Mr. Wacker was a ruddy, sanguine man who smiled his way through trouble. He acquired a prized lieutenant (called secretary) in Walter D. Moody, whose brain popped with publicity-ideas and who could clothe the vision of future Chicago in splendid banquet-phrases.

The two, with the advice of a good-sized executive board, set out to convince the city. Meanwhile Edward B. Butler, art-lover and early friend of the Chicago Plan, became head of the Commercial Club committee, which continued to help and to raise funds.

Years before there had been heard the chant of groups of business leaders who cried down the artistic creations of Mr. Burnham and his assistant, Mr. Bennett, in their top-floor studio on Michigan Avenue. There had been heard the scoffings of men who considered Chicago beautiful enough, who had "practical" ideas that ought to be tried instead. Now the missionaries of the plan-gospel were confronting the sceptical public at large. They had to cope with unbelievers who considered the published sketches "just a lot of pretty pictures." They had to argue with financial wiseacres who said the money could never be raised through bond issues. They grieved over "whispering campaigns," which sometimes found publication in socialistic or labor papers, accusing the plan-promoters of trying to bring real-estate profits to somebody. The opposition was not very loud, but it was troublesome; and worse than that, the mood of people generally was lethargic. For the huge swirling masses, so hard-pressed just in daily living, the big idea was too much.

The average citizen, however, could not escape hearing about the plan. If he picked up a newspaper, he found one of Mr. Wacker's pleas. He got in his mail a booklet condensing the outlines of it. If he went to the movies—to see the hazy inarticulate films of those days—he was likely to find a two-reeler that sought to educate him about his city and its future. If he went to church, a sermon about the plan might be aimed at him. If he stayed home with the children, those old enough for

schoolbooks were apt to confront him with a catechism which they were studying and which asked questions like:

"What are the agencies that make for the future greatness of the city and the greatness and happiness of all the people?" or, "Why is the Chicago Plan superior to that of any other city, foreign or otherwise?"

For the brilliant scheme had been developed to place in the schools 70,000 copies of a manual that recited the needs of city planning, the work of Baron Haussmann in Paris and of others elsewhere in Europe, the history and problems of Chicago, and the nature of the commission's plan. Mr. Moody wrote the manual. School Superintendent Ella F. Young made it an eighth-grade study.

Young men and women in their twenties today have not forgotten that book. The children became voters. When in later years they were presented with ballots including Chicago Plan projects, they voted "Yes" almost automatically.

Wacker and Moody roamed the city, delivering stereopticon lectures, with pamphlets distributed free at the door. More than a tenth of the city's population heard the plan thus described. In the newspaper offices, almost any day, a city editor was likely to find the beaming face of Mr. Wacker at his elbow with, "I have a little statement here," or, "Will you please ask your headline writers not to use the term 'city beautiful'? People are so apt to misunderstand it."

This went on for years; but it was not all the commission did. That body knew that the launching of a specific project would impress the public most of all. So in 1910 the widening of Twelfth Street, great east-west thoroughfare running over railroad yards, through a dense and cluttered part of the West Side, was submitted to popular vote. It won by 21,000, although in the City Council previously ten aldermen had been hardy enough to oppose it.

The next time, thanks to the whirlwind education of their constituents, those aldermen reversed their votes.

With all such victories, however, even the stout optimism of Mr. Wacker and others must have faltered when they surveyed the huge, helter-skelter city and thought what had to be done. It lay there, a creature of men with no time to plan, and with land to sell. Streets had been made running at right angles, whenever one of these early subdivisions was platted. Streets ran into the river, or were stopped by railroad tracks, or were choked off by lumber-yards. Thousands upon thousands of people, even if not so dreadfully housed, could find no convenience in getting from one section to another. Railway stations had been set where it seemed expedient. The planners, attacking all this, kept calm, and reiterated:

"This will be a slow process. Its realization will take many years."

They had this kind of faith:

"As fast as people can be brought to see the advantage of more orderly arrangement of the streets, transportation lines, and parks, it is well-nigh certain that they will bring about such desirable ends."

Still, it was hard for Chicago to believe that any program could accomplish such an unscrambling of the scrambled city as the plan suggested, in summary as follows:

"First, the improvement of the lake-front.

"Second, the creation of a system of highways outside of the city.

"Third, the improvement of railway terminals, and development of a complete traction-system for both freight and passengers.

"Fourth, the acquisition of an outer park-system, and of parkway circuits.

"Fifth, the systematic arrangement of the streets and avenues within the city, in order to facilitate the movement to and from the business district.

"Sixth, the development of centers of intellectual life and of civic administration, so related as to give coherence and unity to the city."

The pictures showed, among other things, a great civic center—a work not undertaken to this day—two level boulevards, diagonal through streets, relocated railroad terminals, and a system of islands, lagoons, and boulevards along the lake. On that especially tangled subject, the location of terminals, Frederic A. Delano worked out a solution which formed an important contribution to the plan. Mr. Delano, nearly ten years before, had issued a booklet picturing what Chicago ought to be.

5

The fact that the lake-improvement was mentioned first in the plan caused murmurs, although it was logical that it be so mentioned, and had been one of the first considerations of planners even before Burnham's day.

In this place belongs a cut-back to a time, nearly contemporaneous with the World's Fair, when a great lover of the lake-front was acting in what many people considered an eccentric manner. One real eccentricity he seems to have had: the use of an initial instead of his first name, which was Aaron. So he called himself A. Montgomery Ward, and later in the title of his company omitted even the A. This pioneer business man, who started an immense mail-order house in a loft—and developed it regardless of enmities and jeers—earned finally the nickname Watchdog of the Lake-Front. It became his passion, his dominating motive, his relentless purpose, to keep buildings off that shore, at least within the mile or two bordering the downtown district. He said that he acted to protect the people, and one cannot find that any other interest prompted him.

Through a stretch of years, Mr. Ward spied out and squelched every effort to erect by the lake a permanent structure tall enough to count as a building. Business men went to

him with, "Now, surely, Mr. Ward, you will listen to reason." He rebuffed them. Even a project to put up an armory received none of his sympathy. He kept a corps of lawyers busy drawing injunctions and fortifying his resolve. Four times, at least, he fought contests to the last ditch—that is, the State Supreme Court—and he always got a decision. It was even necessary to reckon with him when the Art Institute was built.

It would have been hopeless indeed for the city-planners had Grant Park been full of buildings when they began to realize on that rich asset, the lake. As it was, they had before them a long, curving shore, to which the waves brought gifts of sand. It was made clear that the waste material from building-excavations, from city dumps or from river-dredgings could be utilized for "made land." Estimates showed nearly 4,660,000 cubic yards of waste produced annually. When the idea took hold, there came a procession of wagons, sometimes etched against the skyline like caravans of old, and there came up from the freight-tunnel little cars, bringing the waste. It was valueless, whereas the land it would make was estimated as worth $45,000,000 and by some more than that.

The filling of the lake-front at length became a customary, a hardly conspicuous, feature of city routine; yet it was one of the epic things of the period. The job continued all through the early stages of formulating the Chicago Plan, and kept on into years past the point this narrative has thus far reached.

In 1909-10, however, the lake-front scheme was still embryonic. So also was the boulevard-link improvement, which now has given an unimagined splendor to Michigan Avenue.

The manual which the school-children were studying told of the proposed widening, of the expected construction of "a wide, roomy concrete viaduct and bridge across the river . . . a double-deck, bascule structure." It described the grades, "less than those existing on Fifth Avenue, New York." (The writers had to look out for everything, including the fear that vehicles could not get up the grades!) And the book revealed how

Mayor Harrison (the younger) in his fourth term [1] had started an inquiry regarding a north-south boulevard-connection, and how this plan was delayed to death in sessions of successive boards of local improvements. When the Mayor returned in 1911 for his fifth term, after eight years out of office, the commission was ready for him. Formalities were got over quickly, and the proposal came before still another local-improvement board, which ordered estimates. . . .

And there the project stopped, for the time. Moreover, the cheery manual could talk only in hopeful terms of the fact that the plan provided "means of securing forest places for the people." It said, "The spaces to be acquired should be wild forests, filled with such trees, vines, flowers, and shrubs as will grow in this climate. Country roads and paths should be run through them and the people should be allowed and encouraged to use them freely."

Children who read those words were doubtless optimists, but hardly to the extent of picturing themselves, twenty years later, driving their cars over concrete highways to the forest preserves, building camp fires, even sleeping in tents under the luscious branches of maples and wild oaks.

Nor, perhaps even today, are they aware that they owe this escape from the stony confinement of the city to the Chicago Plan, to the genius of Burnham and his helpers—Burnham, who sought above all the welfare of people, who worked hard, and who wrote the words, "Make no little plans. . . . Aim high in hope and works."

[1] Mr. Harrison, in a newspaper interview in 1920, credited Mrs. Horatio N. May with the initial idea of a boulevard-link. She proposed a tunnel. Later, Alderman Honore Palmer, son of Potter, suggested a bridge.

CHAPTER XIII

It was a pity, some people said in a rather loud tone, that the spirit of Chicago could not tend always toward noble visions, constructive efforts for the people, high aims and hopes.

There were people then, in the second decade of the century, who worried about the opposing currents—the impulse toward creating a good as well as a handsome city, at war always with an impulse to steal, to murder, to destroy the fruits of hard work.

These clashing currents have upset Chicago throughout its history, even to the present time.

2

In that second decade the city was rapidly growing toward the stature it has today. It caused more and more astonishment to the visitor.

It was nearly 200 square miles in area, and its regions where nothing grew or was built only awaited the attention of development-agents. It had well over 4,000 miles of streets and alleys. People rode entirely on electric street-cars, unless they preferred the speedy elevated trains, or used suburban steam-lines, whose growth in capacity and number of trains

was scarcely less notable than the improvement in street-cars since the 1907 ordinances. But alas! There was no subway.

Downtown, although there remained many a lowly and tired-looking office structure, whose elevators died at inconvenient times, the building of skyscrapers had come to a stage representing, to many observers, the last word. Indeed, to prevent the city from being taller, the aldermen fiddled continually with limitation of building-height. There were at least twenty which rose to 200 feet or more, five of them the homes of banks. Strikes still were something of a community amusement, but they could not check the boom, which brought a record-breaking total of $96,000,000 in buildings in 1910. The "new" Federal Building had been finished long ago. So with the new County Building. The new City Hall was nearly completed.

State Street was "the greatest shopping street in the world," in all the guide-books. But in outlying regions there were other brilliant shop-centers, and the mail-order business was a sort of miracle.

The city was rich. It had over a hundred banks with clearings of $38,000,000 a day. Deposits in national and State banks had increased during fifteen years from $201,030,840 to $905,442,374, through the prodigious toil of men like Forgan, the Reynolds brothers, Mitchell, Byron Smith, and a legion of employees. The taxable property was estimated at $2,500,000,000; records do not say whether it all got taxed or not.

The twenty-six railroads which entered the city—and went no farther—were prospering with the multitudes who had to, or only wanted to, come into the metropolis. They disembarked in six principal stations, of which the La Salle Street terminal and the greatly admired Northwestern Station were newer than others; the latter, in fact, not yet quite done. A grand new Union Station was in prospect.

Visitors could choose among scores of hotels. Especially recommended, downtown, were the Auditorium and its Annex, the Palmer House (No. 2), Sherman House (No. 3), the tall La

Salle, and the Blackstone, winner of an architectural competition.

Taxis were quite easy to find and could be enjoyed for not more than fifty cents per mile—twenty-five cents for each additional passenger, half fares for children. The pioneer company, the Coey Auto Hiring Co. (organized 1905), had been followed by the Fay Auto Livery Company, using three-cylinder "gas" cars. Later Walden W. Shaw started the first big company, with John Hertz as a helper. When Hertz began running his Yellow Cabs, it was the unwritten law that a Shaw could pass a Yellow, but a Yellow could not pass a Shaw. . . . Strangers did not understand this.

3

A rich city indeed, rich in money and in energy. A dominating city, with a position increasingly strategic as to the movement of water and rail commerce.

"Chicago," said a publication of that time, "is noted for the magnitude of its commercial enterprises, for the greatness of its financial institutions, for the excellence of its parks and public playgrounds . . . for its universities, its efficient public-school system, and for other educational, artistic, and morally uplifting institutions that give to Chicago an enlightened, a cultured, and a progressive citizenship."

The Association of Commerce speaking . . . This organization was the descendant of a Merchants and Travelers Association of about World's Fair time, combined with the Chicago Commercial Association. To avoid confusion with the Chicago Commercial Club, it adopted in 1908 its new name. It was powerful, and not alone in trade matters. Its viewpoint was—and is—that whatever made Chicago more estimable, whether in money-profits or in culture, was good for business. In 1910 it had about four thousand members, representing all kinds of commercial effort. These men, working on numerous committees, took as their motto, "Chicago the Great Central Market."

But besides such work as bringing conventions to the city and boosting the long-delayed waterway-project, they labored—not always with a welcome from the "antis"—to assist in development of the "good side" of the city, and especially in educational matters.

4

These educational matters were doing pretty well.

The universities had expanded in a manner that rivaled the growth of the Loop. The University of Chicago had long since completed its Tower Group—the dominating structure being the gift of John J. Mitchell and modeled after Magdalen Tower, Oxford—its Bartlett Gymnasium, and the School of Education, given by Mrs. Emmons Blaine. It was now building the majestic Harper Memorial Library. More than two thousand members and friends of the university united in giving $1,045,052 for this library. Meantime Northwestern University had received from James A. Patten, the grain-king, funds for a huge gymnasium, built during 1910 on a shaded avenue of Evanston. An engineering-building was put up, and the School of Commerce was growing. Both universities were developing their work of teaching and research and were receiving strong financial aid from Chicagoans. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had just announced his final gift of $10,000,000 to his educational child, with a letter consigning it to the mercies of the people of Chicago and the West.

Armour Institute, Lewis Institute, the Hebrew Institute, Moody Bible Institute, and still other institutes were flourishing. The city had a strong group of law schools. It had a long roster of medical schools; so long they had to be weeded out. Of high rank were Rush, Loyola, the University of Illinois medical department, and Northwestern University school of medicine. The last-named was strengthened in early days by Dr. Nathan S. Davis, a patriarch of general practitioners, and a founder of the potent American Medical Association. The city had become by 1910 the home of six Protestant theological

seminaries. These were matched by about as many Roman Catholic colleges. Music schools, of which the American Conservatory and Chicago Musical College were the pioneers, were drawing thousands of students. The Art Institute was becoming more and more the leading school of the kind west of the Hudson, and the public visited its collections to the number of over 700,000 annually.

5

Of the three principal libraries, the Public library had grown with the city so that it maintained seventeen branches, some of them in quite benighted regions. It gave out more than 2,250,000 books through its circulation department. Its special collections had been greatly enriched. For rare books, however, students went to the Newberry, with its museum of ancient manuscripts, incunabula, books on beautiful buildings, genealogical, historical, and musical collections. For scientific study people frequented the John Crerar, with its 265,000 volumes in the field of science, especially medicine. The Crerar had not yet a building of its own.

There was hardly enough Chicago-born literature of national renown to fill a good-sized case in one of these libraries, yet genius was knocking at the gates. Not only Hamlin Garland, but in that second decade novelists as good as Robert Herrick, Susan Glaspell, Edith Wyatt, and Edna Ferber were typing copy in Chicago—and shipping it to New York. Henry K. Webster had a bigger audience than they; Opie Read bigger still. Emerson Hough, I. K. Friedman, Floyd Dell, belonged to the Chicago of that day. Sherwood Anderson was approaching its threshold. The Cliff-dwellers Club, founded by Garland, had been running for a few years. And there was about to be established that institution that has lasted through up-and-down waves of Chicago's fickle interest in fine literature—*Poetry*, Harriet Monroe's magazine. First published in 1912, it was hospitable to early work by Vachel Lindsay and Edgar Lee

Masters, and to fledgling poems by Carl Sandburg, which had vainly knocked at Eastern doors.

6

The public schools, despite political quarrels, had become modernized in many ways. There had been added two high schools for technical training alone. The Chicago Teachers College was turning out teachers with some conception of science as a foundation for their work. There was now a Parental School for children who proved hard to handle. There were vacation schools, a school for crippled children, and special classes for the deaf, the blind, and the subnormal. The number of pupils had passed the 250,000 mark.

And then, the Field Museum, though still housed in the old Fine Arts building in Jackson Park, had become in six years what some writers called an inexhaustible mine for students of anthropology, botany, geology, and zoology. Explorers were continually adding to its stores. It was equally rich in specimens suggesting prehistoric ages and in the latest discoveries concerning North American ethnology. Free lectures were being given. Citizens like N. W. Harris contributed small fortunes to help its extension-work in the public schools and elsewhere.

7

The religious life of the city had come to embrace every Protestant denomination, which did not often cross swords with the solid group of the Roman Catholic archdiocese, then under the leadership of Archbishop Quigley. The edifices of many Jewish synagogues stood here and there; the Reformed congregations grew with the changing city. Christian Science churches, usually marked by their Grecian columns, were multiplying. Adherents were crowding the temples of many "queer" sects. The city had a good many Mormons, and even more unconventional believers. Taking all those enumerated together,

it is estimated that Chicago had between twelve and thirteen hundred churches in 1910.

It was clear that the spirit of the Protestant churches was undergoing a change. There was a trend toward social service, and institutional ideas, though often debated, were gaining. Militant preachers, who cried against social wickedness, were more numerous, though not more vigorous, than in days when Newell Dwight Hillis berated the city for its civic sloth and wickedness. At the same time, there were here and there distinct movements toward leveling barriers between denominations.

Undenominational, and very powerful, of course, was the Young Men's Christian Association—established in 1878—which was particularly a godsend to foreign-born and lonely youths. Its status in 1910 is inadequately expressed in the detail that it had a dozen or more buildings, in many parts of the city. A work not as large, but equally beneficent, was being done by the Young Women's Christian Association.

For about three years there had met in Orchestra Hall every Sunday night large audiences under the auspices of the Sunday Evening Club, founded by a Yale man who had always worked on the interdenominational idea, Clifford Barnes. He was also known as a capitalist, but he was by nature an altruist. Through his efforts, the club brought to Chicago religious speakers of top rank. Soon the people crowded Orchestra Hall; there were long lines out in Michigan Avenue when "drawing-cards" like William J. Bryan spoke. Everything, including the music of a fine choir, was free.

Civic ethics, in this period, found a new architectural symbol, the new City Club building, completed during 1911. The club had been formed in 1903 on the suggestion of Walter L. Fisher, who as head of the Municipal Voters' League had seen the need of organized discussion to keep reform ideas stirred up. At the City Club centered for years many of the frankest and most thoughtful debates on traction, public improvements, and civic misdemeanors. "Big business" was not sacred there; partisan politics got a chilly hearing.

The city was not only talkative, but also generous. Its wars and social tragedies led in almost every case to gushes of feeling, then to organizations. For example, there was formed in the Black Winter of 1893-94 the Bureau of Associated Charities. After another stretch of hard times in 1907-08, this body joined with the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, adopting the name United Charities of Chicago. Millions came to be dispensed by this body—always after careful study of cases—and such sectarian agencies as the Jewish Charities of Chicago and the Central Charity Bureau of the Catholic archdiocese disbursed other millions. Union in effort became the policy after the World War, and the Chicago Council of Social Agencies was formed. A publication of that body in 1924 stated that $18,000,000 a year were being expended by private social agencies to help keep the city "healthy, happy, and safe." Chicago and Cook County, officially, were spending more than $9,000,000 a year for workmen's compensation, non-support cases, mothers' pensions, and pensions for public employees. There was developed eventually, and managed by Frank D. Loomis, a Community Trust, to make simpler the devoting of large private funds to benevolence. Charity, despite wars and woes, grew until more than a hundred thousand Chicagoans were giving two dollars apiece to help the poor.

8

A great many of the city's institutions were based on borrowed ideas. Not so with a five-year-old child that was destined to be Gargantuan—no other than Rotary.

In 1905 a young newcomer to Chicago, an attorney named Paul Harris, burst out over the dinner-table at Mme. Galli's restaurant with his inspiration, described as "the formation of a club to bring together men in different lines of business for mutual acquaintanceship and friendship." Sylvester Schiele was across the table from Harris. They adjourned later to the office of Gus Loehr, where the three, with a tailor named Hiram

Shorey, appointed a meeting a fortnight later, and the club was organized on February 23. It was agreed to admit only "key-men" in different lines of business, to meet in their offices in rotation, and to admit members for a year only; hence the name Rotary. The immense growth of the society compelled a change in some of these by-laws. Others—such as compulsory attendance, classification, civic service—were invented by Harris. Schiele contributed others. A member named Harry Ruggles put in the luncheon-singing custom; another called Montague Bear conceived and designed the Rotary Wheel which one sees adorned with Jim, Ike, and Fred.

Chicagoans all! And few Chicago ideas have spread farther.

9

"What a city!" would exclaim those very Rotarians—and many an unrotarized visitor as well—"What universities, schools, art collections, ornamental buildings!"

And what a musical city! For, with its combination of wealthy people who had "heard things played abroad" and of foreign-born who took music as a matter of course, Chicago was bound to become a warm supporter of that art. Like any urban center whose chief mental trait is youth, it acquired the passion for music before it grew toward other forms of culture.

Yet, even with all the love of melody instinctive in the masses, the privileged citizens had to make them a present of it. The early struggles of Thomas and his orchestra form a chapter highly suggestive of the crudeness which so many critics of the city detected at that time. The great orchestra leader fought a battle with deficits, no less than with the sneering criticisms of certain newspapers, from which he might have retired disheartened but for the faith of a small group, among whom shone a quiet gentleman named Charles Norman Fay. This group in the '90s inspired Thomas to go on, and to present music of the first rank, despite the fact that the entire guaranty fund was being exhausted every year.

Regardless of the general public indifference, the music-givers had determined that Chicago should have an orchestra, and they dug into their pockets to have it. Then in 1903, when it seemed that Thomas and the rest really must give up, the enterprise was organized all over again. D. H. Burnham, long a trustee, stepped in and formed a syndicate to buy property for a home for Thomas's musicians on Michigan Avenue. The present Orchestra Hall was then built by popular subscription, about eighty-five hundred persons contributing. It was opened late in 1904, but the renowned conductor, after all his stormy career in an adopted city, did not live to enjoy the new hall. He fell a victim to the dampness and chill of its rooms while it was still scarcely complete, and died in January, 1905. Frederick Stock, his viola player and assistant, took up the baton, within a few months was officially made conductor, and carried the orchestra on to many triumphs.

Chicago's interest in music, however, had not begun with Thomas. It had found utterance, largely because of the German citizens' insistence, in the Philharmonic Society, whose leader, Henry Ahner, gave concerts in the '50s with a twenty-five-piece orchestra. This venture failed, but an energetic leader, Hans Balatka, revived the work and was the first to play Wagner compositions in Chicago, in November, 1860. Balatka, through various tribulations, kept on until the advent of Thomas with his New York players about 1870.

Adelina Patti first sang in Chicago in 1853, at the age of ten. A little earlier, the first opera performances were given in Rice's Theater, which, however, burned down on the second night. Nearly every year after that, some New York company was heard in Chicago, often in the old MacVicker's Theater, afterwards in the Exposition Building, finally in the Auditorium. Chicago heard all the great of the opera stage,—Patti, Nilsson, Lili Lehmann, Materna, Calvé, the De Reszkes, and the rest. Maurice Grau gambled on Chicago's music-interest; sometimes won, sometimes lost.

At length, after years when the Auditorium performances

became more and more brilliant as well as profitable, Chicago at last had its own opera company. So we return from early days to 1910, when Chicago was almost its present self. A strong body of guarantors, among whom Charles G. Dawes, John C. Shaffer, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick were leaders, organized in that year the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, "pooled" with the Metropolitan directors, employed Andreas Dippel as general manager, Cleofonte Campanini as musical director, and Bernard Ulrich as business manager. The first season, with singers like Mary Garden, Carolina White, Schumann-Heink, John McCormack, was a success, partly due to exchange of singers with the Metropolitan. Three years later Mr. McCormick bought the stock of the Eastern directors and the company became strictly Chicagoan, with Campanini promoted to general director. Singers like Melba, Fremstadt, Titta Ruffo, and the "divine" Lucien Muratore were starred. Raisa was discovered.

For a good many years, as November came around, Chicago could see the calm baton of the Italian maestro uplifted from his illuminated desk for the first bar of the opening of the season.

And a goodly sight it was.

10

But music, after all, was a diversion of the few, a recourse of the more refined, an indoor sport. A good deal of the vigor of Chicago went into creating pleasure for the many.

In the pre-war days, the theater, even of the first class, was not beyond the purse of a thirty-dollars-a-week man. He could get a balcony seat for next to nothing and see Mansfield or Terry; for ten cents he could go to vaudeville, for two bits he could be stimulated at the Haymarket, the Alhambra, or the old Criterion. Supposing he preferred "high-class" shows, he could find plenty on the downtown Rialto, where electric signs flashed in profusion. In a single week in the Spring of

1911 there were advertised John Drew, George Arliss, David Warfield, Albert Chevalier, Julian Eltinge, Eva Tanguay, and the veteran Lillian Russell. The drama was in its heyday. Those five- and ten-cent attractions, beginning to be known as the movies, were not yet considered worth a journey downtown.

Outdoors, amateur sport was coming up strongly as a rival of professional baseball, boxing, and racing—the last two having turned into "illegal" amusements. Automobile-races were plentiful. A miracle called the aeroplane was just coming. Tennis and golf were having a boom, and those who did not belong to clubs could play in the parks.

The parks—those were among the jewels of the proud metropolis. Years and years before, when many a more obvious problem remained to be solved, men had stepped out in what looked like a visionary and quixotic plan for large parks, much larger than 200,000 people needed. Then were laid out Lincoln Park (1865), Humboldt, and Union. Jackson Park followed the World's Fair. These great playgrounds, even with their immense acreage and connecting boulevards, were soon seen to be insufficient for the spread-out city; they were inaccessible for thousands of the neediest people; there were said to be five thousand people for every acre of park space.

Then came the idea of small parks, some of them thrust into regions of hideous houses and poisoned air. A small park commission which began work in 1899 with little money or encouragement, found more of those as time went on, and by 1904 had opened a respectable number of free places to play. A new and revolutionary plan had been formulated, too: to put up buildings, clubhouses, in those small pleasure-areas, for people's enjoyment the year 'round; to include libraries, assembly halls, and swimming-pools. Fourteen such places were placed under jurisdiction of the South Park Commission in 1903-1904. They were called for a time "socialized parks." By 1910 they had been doubled in number, and the West Park system had acquired nine of them, while the North Parks included seven.

None of these, owing to the scrambled jurisdiction within Chicago's limits, was directed by the city; but the city created a special park commission, which put in before 1910 sixteen good-sized playgrounds. During that year 3,000,000 boys and girls whose pleasure had been found largely in vacant lots, or in crowded streets, played at the expense of the city; and there were established also forty or fifty even smaller playgrounds, some of them covering only a few city lots.

It was not easy to finance all this. Every bond issue meant a political quarrel. Citizens had to pour in voluntary contributions. But, as one writer put it, "Chicago waited, watched, collected cash—and did the impossible."

11

What a city! Could there be anything wrong with it? The half of its face which was toward the world, and which booster literature celebrated, was clean, brilliant, and benevolent. But, as many thoughtful people knew, the other side was unclean, revolting.

The "muck-rakers" of the period looked at the reverse side. A few days before the election of Mayor Busse, there appeared in *McClure's Magazine* an article by George Kibbe Turner, delivering these brutal blows:

"The reputation of Chicago for crime has fastened upon the imagination of the United States as that of no other city has done. It is the current conventional belief that the criminal is loose upon its streets. . . . Why has that city, year after year, such a flood of violent and adventurous crime? Because of the tremendous and elaborate organizations, financial and political, for creating and attracting and protecting the criminal in Chicago."

And this was written, not in 1928, but in 1907!

CHAPTER XIV

PUBLISHED during the last weeks of Mayor Dunne's term, in the midst of his fight for reëlection, Mr. Turner's charges were denounced as a lie by Democrats, but were gleefully pronounced by Republicans to be the truth.

He hurled figures about with abandon. His estimate of the gross receipts by vice-lords the year before was $20,000,000. He figured the gross receipts from gambling at $15,000,000. He said Chicago spent $100,000,000 a year for liquor. There were 1,000 unlicensed saloons, he declared, in addition to 7,300 that were legalized. The whole thing was made possible, he generalized, because of the working of invincible syndicates in league with the powers that be.

These powers laughed off the statistics as the natural hyperbole of an expensive magazine-writer. But no one disproved anything. Indeed, the whole drift of Chicago history discouraged the desire to disbelieve. Had there not been charges away back in the '80s, that gambling-syndicates, liquor- and vice-syndicates controlled somebody, charges which Carter Harrison I hotly repelled? Had not similar accusations been flung in the face of Mayor Hopkins, and even in that of the more conservative Swift; and had there not been a police scandal or two in the time of the younger Harrison, and again in the

idealistic period of Dunne? And would it not be just the same under Busse? And would it not always be just the same?

Chicago was so used to the system, of which it caught glimpses, but never learned the whole truth, that it was bound to be convinced of a horrible state of affairs, while it was powerless to end that state.

The sovereign voter, through phase after phase of city government, had looked on helplessly while the men he had elected were bought and sold; he had read how one mayor after another, and one State's attorney after another, announced great plans as he took office and alibied himself when he left it; he knew the parrot-chatter of chiefs of police, "I will clean up the city," "I need a bigger force," "There is no gambling." He had seen the few really able chiefs become old men in six months, be discarded, or resign.

Decades before—though this was little known—one of the best and sternest chiefs the city ever had measured his strength against a saloonkeeper alderman, and lost. He caused the saloon to be raided because of the robbery of a citizen there.

The alderman appeared at the Chief's office and said:

"You don't know what you're up against. The old man [the Mayor] won't back you."

"I'll bet you he will," said the Chief.

There was a race to get to the "old man's" office. The Chief got there first.

"You can accept that resignation of mine you have in that pigeonhole," he said.

The Mayor was surprised. He sought to soothe his Chief; he hinted that the alderman was nothing to him.

However, the boss reached the Mayor's ear, and within twenty-four hours the Chief received a blunt note accepting his resignation.

2

Under such conditions, suspected if not proved, the non-political citizen had a poor chance. Still, he fought on, always

hoping to crash through the wall of politics. Before Busse's term had gone far, the "forces for good" began to concentrate against a problem which seemed to them worse than gambling or the saloon—the problem of segregated and protected vice. This system had reached even greater strength than during World's Fair times, when the principal district for it was downtown. It now flourished a mile or two farther south.

The subject of segregation was one that had been argued for centuries, but had lately become very acute in America. Many cities were in a state of mind over it. Chicago, a brewing-vat of opinion and loud argument, Chicago, the home of more political factions and clashing opinions than any other place in the world, was bound to have its explosion.

Eight or nine years before there had been a preliminary blast, when business and religious interests, working through the newspapers, sought to cleanse the Loop of some nasty basement wine-rooms. For there were basements in those days in main streets, and the passer-by could look down flights of steps into smoke-enveloped revelry. Women trapped their victims in these dens; drunkards were robbed there. And the same kind of bloated lords who afterwards shone as rum-runners—or in county offices—had the same kind of malign power over city police. One Albert Friedrich is especially remembered for boasts of immunity, as well as for his particularly tough dive.

It took strong bombardments of the City Hall, and terrific adjectives in the press, to dislodge these "barons" from their dugouts under office buildings. Mayor Harrison, who honestly held the view regarding vice that "it is impossible to run a city of almost 2,000,000 people with a strict blue-law construction," finally revoked the liquor license of Friedrich and a dozen others, and closed a string of dubious hotels.

"No more drinks tonight," howled Friedrich to the mob; and to the reporters he said Harrison had tricked him. "The Mayor's currying favor with the religious crowd," said he.

Complaint continued. Knights and ladies of reform like Arthur Burrage Farwell and Lucy Page Gaston were heard. Mr.

Farwell scored one with the charge that "vice in private drinking rooms of downtown hotels is just as bad as it is in Hinky Dink's place." Ministers prayed and preached.

Fire was turned sharpest on Joseph Kipley, the chief of police who always wore brass buttons and had a beard like that of an elderly French sculptor. Kipley included among his best sayings the claim, "I stay at home nights with my family. That's why I don't see what's going on." He took this useful family South with him on a trip that about coincided with the sitting of a grand jury.

The jury indicted Friedrich and others and turned them over to prosecution with a stern written reproof, but doubtless with scepticism as to their conviction.

And so it went.

3

The chariots of reform rumbled on, with many a lurch, through the remaining term of Harrison and that of Dunne, and arrived, in added force, at the administration of Busse.

Fred was torn between the insistence of political friends, and an apparent desire to listen to the pleas of social workers. He had inherited from his mother, some say, an impulse of sympathy with goodness, which had not been smothered by his wild oats. Perhaps, as a man of experience, he knew even more than the reformers how bad things could be. He knew why certain regions were called Hell's Half Acre, or The Bad Lands. He knew the uses of sliding windows, hung on hinges, to lookouts in the Levee, and all the tricks, including the elaborate system of electric bells connecting one house with another, to warn against police—one wonders why, when the police were so harmless.

So that it was a mayor fully posted, at least, whom the agents of good confronted. He swore at them, but listened. As a matter of course, he defended his chief of police, George Shippy, although it was shown that "some one" was protecting vice, and besides, bombs were bursting every few nights in

front of the house of the gambler Mont Tennes or elsewhere. Shippy, however, wrecked his career by shooting down an unhappy youth, Lazarus Averbuch—an anarchist, said the detectives—who rang his doorbell one night. The Chief went into a slump after this mysterious affair, and never recovered.

Soon came the campaign against the First Ward Ball, a noisy annual event staged in the vast spaces of the Coliseum, where Presidents had been nominated and circuses glittered every winter. The ball was the pretty device of Aldermen Coughlin and Kenna for enriching their campaign funds by about $50,000 each Christmas time. Jawn had it one year, and Mike the next. The unfortunates of the Levee were forced to buy tickets at fifty cents each, and their masters to take large blocks. Every known gambler, de-luxe safe-cracker, and snake of the underworld was expected to "check in," while eminent politicians did not shun the fête. It went on, as one writer put it, in a "blur of tobacco smoke, red slippers, and cosmetics." The newspapers mentioned abbreviated costumes. All liquor-laws were suspended; and the frolic was allowed to go on after hours at Freiberg's dance-hall, managed by the immunized Ike Bloom.

In Jawn's year he would appear among the dancers, clad often in bottle-green evening costume, receive compliments on his latest song ("Dear Midnight of Love" was his masterpiece), and beam upon the happy though staggering throng. It was his year in 1909.

There had been a most unreasonable effort for a twelvemonth to abolish the chaste frolic. The Woman's Club and other organizations had joined the protesting ministers and social workers. During 1909, however, the fight had gained so much headway that things were different. The Mayor had taken a long step in the direction of good police administration, all the best citizens said, by appointing Leroy T. Steward, superintendent of city mail delivery, as Shippy's successor. The new Chief was above suspicion as to honesty; he had plans for reorganizing the forces on military lines (an old cam-

paigner in the Spanish-American war, he); he attacked the police problem with the logical, if rather innocent, notion that he could appoint good men and they would stay good. Meantime, his career became that of a superintendent surrounded by spies, and jeered at because he appreciated art and enjoyed Schumann's "Traumerei."

Chief Steward attacked the Levee; successfully, for a time. But there was no stopping the First Ward Ball with a stroke of the pen; the thing was too complicated for that. It involved, eventually, such efforts as a threat against the Coliseum's managers, and an appeal to Catholic priests who had their own kind of influence with the aldermen. The matter finally came squarely up to Mayor Busse. Before him, standing neutral but alert in his office, appeared Arthur Burrage Farwell, the Rev. E. A. Bell, head of the Midnight Mission, and Bathhouse John.

There was a colloquy, part of which was reported as follows:

Bell (to Coughlin), "You are leading yourself and others to damnation."

Coughlin. "It's no worse than other balls."

Bell. "But you run it for your own profit."

Coughlin. "Well, don't you make your living off the people down there in the district?"

And so forth.

The Mayor remained mum, but took in every word. Within a few days Coughlin announced that the ball was off. Busse had "told Jawn to quit." A concert was staged in the Coliseum that December—to rows of empty chairs, and a sparsely occupied dance-floor.

"I'm an optimist," said the alderman as he surveyed the crash of his $50,000-a-year privilege.

He had a right to say it. For twenty years more he held his place in the City Council, nor was there any sign that he would leave it until his grave was ready.

4

The episode of the First Ward Ball was only a symptomatic event, and this was true also of various demonstrations such as the melodramatic night march of "Gipsy" Smith and his hosts through the South Side vice-area.

Before it occurred, appeals were made to the swarthy evangelist to give it up. Thoughtful religious leaders strove with him, but vainly. His head whirling with the passion to save, he notified the newspapers and went ahead. Twelve thousand people, it was estimated (though the estimate may well be cut in half), fell into line behind him as he strode along his glorious path, clad as for the pulpit. The marchers were somberly attired also. Long black gowns trailed in the mud. Black neckties were worn. From all throats issued the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

During that march, up and down and back and forth through the squalid Levee streets, the windows of houses were darkened; the inmates crouched there listening. A tremendous crowd was attracted from the first. Hoodlums packing the curbs looked threatening, but showed no violence. Astonishment was too great.

Gipsy led the crusaders to the Alhambra Theater, where he addressed them, and with his dark, shining face upturned, prayed for the souls of the fallen. The hour was late. Even as the evangelist prayed, the red lights were piercing the darkness again, dancing and music were resumed, corks popped in honor of the crusader. He told his audience, "This will do vast good. We have struck a blow for Jesus." Street-car riders the next morning read their papers with unusual zest.

5

There was a crusader of a very different type who, in a region well removed from Twenty-second Street but almost equally tough, had taken note of the depravity and sorrow that mocked the optimism of church trustees. He was a Dean;

a young Dean with a round determined head which he thrust frequently into trouble. A New Hampshire and Dartmouth man, he had known Chicago only a few years.

This was the Rev. Walter T. Sumner, in charge of the Episcopal parish of Sts. Peter and Paul, whose cathedral had once welcomed the wealthy residents of Washington Boulevard, but found itself in a degenerating locale, with the dismal Desplaines Street police station not far away. Dean Sumner was also secretary of the Episcopal city missions. He was the kind who would start with facts close at hand, and deduce from them theories of social control. He also made a hard-hitting speech, when necessary.

The Federation of Churches, in which Dean Sumner was influential, was strong in 1910, having about six hundred members. It included all Protestant denominations and had the advice of settlement people as well as theologians. In January of that year a meeting was held which resulted in an appeal to Mayor Busse to appoint an investigating body which should survey the whole question of vice in Chicago, and do it scientifically.

Thus for a second time it fell to Mayor Busse to set in motion one of the city's far-reaching and difficult efforts to revolutionize itself. It compared in scope with the early lifting of Chicago from the mud, with the building of the drainage-canal, with the urban reconstruction involved in the Chicago Plan. But it was less attainable than any of these, for it dealt with human conduct.

The Mayor agreed to appoint the investigating body requested. It came to be commonly known as the Vice Commission. Dean Sumner was named chairman. The diversity of membership is implied in such names as Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Julius Rosenwald, President A. W. Harris of Northwestern University, Chief Justice Olson of the Municipal Court, Judge M. W. Pinckney, of the Juvenile Court, W. I. Thomas, University of Chicago sociologist, and Graham Taylor, head of Chicago Commons, which had fought

a battle of its own against the ousting of decent foreigners by resort-owners.

According to some versions, the Mayor had been led to believe that all appointees were pledged to segregation. Perhaps a similar belief caused the aldermen to fall in line. Even Coughlin and Kenna, the First Ward "lords," and John Powers, veteran foe of reformers, shouted "Aye" when it came to voting money for the work.

A full year passed, during which corps of investigators worked day and night gathering facts. They interviewed hundreds of people in the vice-district. Scores of conferences were held by the different committees, hearings were given to all sorts of informants, from missionaries to white-slavers. The data were assembled at great pains and published in a volume as thick as an astronomy textbook, with a statement and appeal to the public. One paragraph which went pretty deep read as follows:

"It is the habit of Americans when they make laws to insist on ethical ideals. They will not compromise. They have been endowed, however, with a fine ability to be inconsistent, and having once declared their ideals, to find no difficulty when it comes to the administration of the law in allowing officials to ignore them. . . . This is the basis of graft and the greatest evil in municipal government."

The report had its comforting side for the officials who suffered by implication. It declared that the conditions were not unique in the city's history; in fact, they were "better than the city has known in many years." (A possible bouquet for Chief Steward.) But it was set down as proved that vice existed as a highly commercialized business. The profits were set at over $15,000,000 a year—only $5,000,000 below George Kibbe Turner's figures. Men were the gainers, women the victims. The number of these unfortunates was estimated to be 5,000. This was small compared with the estimate of 15,000 issued by the city Civil Service Commission a year later.

A shot was delivered which made many a business man set

down his coffee-cup and pick up the newspaper with both hands:

"With this group [the men in control of vice] stand ostensibly respectable citizens, both men and women, openly renting property for exorbitant sums."

There was a stir in State Street when store-managers read that economic and sanitary conditions of department-store work made women of these working-forces especially susceptible to being misled. Some stores, said the report, paid only six or seven dollars a week to women clerks. No woman, it was asserted, could live on less than eight dollars.

In the vast array of facts there were not overlooked the plight of many immigrant women, coming to Chicago alone, alighting in thronged railway stations with addresses of friends pinned to their clothing, lured away by cab-drivers, expressmen, or panders, and eventually lost. Sometimes the addresses proved incorrect. Sometimes the women who had expected to be met by friends were defeated because the immigrant-trains had been sidetracked for other, richer, traffic. There were terrible stories between the lines. That beneficent agency, the Immigrants Protective League of Chicago, was not yet born.

The situation of children was dwelt upon; the possible fate of little people who sold gum or candy or newspapers late at night under the red lights; the moral destruction of messenger-boys; the fact that in the First Ward two hundred and ninety-eight boys and girls under twenty had been enumerated, living in dwellings that overlooked the back yards of disorderly houses. These were facts which officials found it hard to answer with the words, "The people should have their liberty."

And there was one section which pointed forward to a mighty problem of later years. It described the establishment of vice-areas within, or adjoining, the settlements of Chicago's growing population of negroes. These poor and bewildered people were represented as about one jump ahead of the spreading line of red lights. It was shown that a great majority of the employees in resorts were black. And the children—1,475 boys

and girls were counted in the Negro settlement, polluted by unsought contact with "the worst forms of bestiality."

What should be done about it all? Segregate or not? The Mayor, remarking, "These conditions are with us; to pretend that they do not exist is hypocrisy," had called for a scientific study, and for recommendations as to the best method of control. So the fifteen men and women of the commission gave them to him. They declared for a rigid suppression of the evil. Not only did they urge breaking up the segregated districts, but they called for an end of "protection," and an enforcement of the law, which was clear enough—$200 fine for each keeper, the same for each inmate, the same for any one renting property for prostitution, the same for any one found in a resort. The commission asked the establishment of a Morals Commission of five members and a Morals Court to deal exclusively and intelligently with persons arrested under those ordinances.

But before the slow wheels of city legislation could turn, one four-year mayor had gone out—sickened by tongues that wagged, it is said—and another, of the opposite party, had come in.

6

A Democratic mayor—Harrison in a fifth term, after a victory over Prof. Charles Merriam—sat in the fine new City Hall, while a Republican State's attorney served out his term in the dreary Criminal Court Building. He was John E. W. Wayman, known as a bright young lawyer, and, at the outset, as a "live" official, but nothing like as capable as his predecessor, John J. Healy, from whom he had taken a nomination after a contest that stirred much bitterness.

Chicago's open brothels, so powerful a factor in its reputation from the first, were beginning to go. In 1911 the Mayor closed the Everleigh Club,[1] most elegant and infamous bawdy-

[1] Mr. Harrison's attention was called to a pamphlet blazoning Chicago's fame in terms that enraged him; declaring, in effect, "two things you must not miss: the stockyards and the Everleigh Club." Exploding, the mayor ordered the resort closed, over protests from police officials.

house of Twenty-second Street and probably of the whole world as well. Visiting European gentlemen said that it eclipsed anything of the sort in Paris. Transcontinental travelers marveled at its seductive distinction, its cultivated gentility, its six parlors each named for a different flower, each furnished in the color of its particular blossom and scented by a fountain that gave off the faint perfume of the chosen bloom. The creation of those decorous sisters, Minnie and Ada Everleigh, was, in its infamous way, a work of art, and the legend of its grandeur, of its inmates, some of whom, it is said, wore only evening gowns and discoursed politely on Oscar Wilde or Longfellow according to the abilities of the patrons, was one that had spread from coast to coast. In a lesser grandeur shone the resort of "Vic" Shaw. The mayor closed that also.

The Arena Hotel, too, disappeared. For almost a generation this most aristocratic of assignation-houses, standing at 1340 South Michigan Avenue, had been the resort of ultra-sophisticated sinners. Seen from without, it was only a three-story residence set well back from the sidewalk, its front door never opening, its blinds drawn. But in the rear was a courtyard which carriages, then, in time, automobiles, entered by a driveway that passed under an arch, and at the side door the patrons were admitted by an attendant who politely turned his back that it might always be said that no attaché of the Arena had ever looked upon the face of a lady guest.

Other "houses," somewhat less notorious across the world, winked out as Chicago cleansed its name. The major work, however, was yet to come. The autumn of 1912, the Vice Report having been doing its propaganda work for more than a year, found Wayman in a quarrel with a good many of the people who had thought him a white hope. He was seeking a renomination, and his actions were puzzling indeed. They culminated in a battle with the current grand jury, Wayman declaring the indictments it brought illegal, and calling it a runaway grand jury.

A storm came down upon his head. Part of it came from the

Committee of Fifteen, a voluntary body composed of men like Clifford Barnes, its chairman, Julius Rosenwald, H. P. Crowell, of the Quaker Oats Company, and Harold H. Swift, youngest son of the great packer. Men like these had several years before financed the sleuthing of a young attorney named Clifford Roe, who proceeded to smash a far-spread syndicate of vice. Now they made it hot for the wavering Wayman, who was in discomfort as well because Mayor Harrison was padlocking resorts, suspending police, and stirring up his Civil Service Commission.

It was a sultry Summer for Wayman, nor was it improved by the fact that Virginia Brooks, a young woman leading a crusade in a tough southeastern corner of the county, was calling him names that hurt. Being of a somewhat theatrical turn of mind, she organized and led a parade through the Loop district at the end of September. Reporters not too strict about numbers said that they counted 10,000 persons in this odd procession, which included many children, and was embellished by floats as elaborate as are seen nowadays in a California carnival. Perhaps the prize-winner was a Viking Ship presented by the associated Norwegian churches. Twelve men in armor stood alongside the ship, dominated by a young man in pink tights representing the god Thor. So that there would be no mistake about him he carried a placard saying: "The Great God Thor with his hammer. The Norwegians will help smite the saloons."

An anti-cigarette float read, solemnly, " 'The Cubs must cut out cigarettes,' says Murphy." Some of these allusions seemed irrelevant to Wayman, but the paraders got back on his trail at an Orchestra Hall meeting.

Some weeks before this, another odd thing had happened. Philo Otis, secretary of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, a member of a very old Chicago family, and a man of strict views, asked an injunction against the owner of a building next to the one he owned in the Levee that was occupied by the Midnight Mission. He charged direct violation of the city ordi-

nances. This, the first case of the kind in Illinois, resulted in a clear victory. The offending house was closed. The case was called the Appomattox of the war on open vice.

Wayman, harassed, bristling from a colloquy with Chief Justice Olson and in a state of mind which, according to report, was the precursor of that in which he committed suicide some years later, flew into a passion. Threatened by a special grand jury, compelled to withdraw from a fight for renomination, and peeved at the millionaire committee, he suddenly swore out warrants in the Municipal Court for a hundred and thirty-five dive-keepers, owners, and agents of property.

There followed, at once, the most spectacular raids ever seen in Chicago's Levee. Battalions of detectives invaded the districts, especially on the South Side, where the most powerful resort-owners reigned. Keepers and inmates were jammed into patrol-wagons, except when favored ones—among them a giant negress named Black Mag—were allowed to ride to the police stations in their own shiny autos. A terrific clamor and a midnight orgy filled the streets; "good folk" who watched it looked on in dismay. Curiosity-seekers parked their cars near enough to see the grinning or weeping sinners being herded into Black Marias. Gangs of young men rushed up and down the streets breaking into empty houses or cracking the doors of places that had just put out their lights. The boom of Salvation Army drums, the gleam of their banners under flickering lights, amid the yelping crowds, added a strange touch to that Hogarthian night picture.

Next day the quiet, well-behaved Chicagoan had another shock to his feelings. From some central headquarters of the underworld went out an order to the "slaves" like this:

"Get on your loudest clothes and more paint than usual and parade the streets."

"Go to the residence districts, ring every doorbell; apply for lodgings."

"Get rooms only in respectable neighborhoods."

So into Michigan Avenue at four o'clock in the afternoon

poured a horde of women in silks or satins, wearing big plumed hats. It was said that some had not been outdoors in daylight for months. They tripped or staggered along, while parties in automobiles drew up to stare and the police stood helpless. Scarcely a house or flat in avenues south of the Loop missed a call from some woman pleading that she had "lost her home." Not one was taken in; but on the other hand, when lodgings were offered by committees hastily formed, scarcely one would accept the invitation.

The terrible picture faded as quickly as it came. One thing that drove it to the rear was the shooting of a candidate for President named Theodore Roosevelt in Milwaukee, the night of October 14.

But, on returning to the front page, the segregation topic was batted back and forth; university presidents told their views; sociologists everywhere were drawn into the argument; a noted woman physician remarked, "A sin hidden is much better than a sin exploited." Brand Whitlock sent the sage word from Toledo that "there is no solution that does not presuppose human perfection." Segregationists and anti-segregationists fell upon each other, debating until a minister cried from his pulpit: "For the Lord's sake, let us have a rest! Shut up! Let us get together without a word of publicity and look our problems in the face."

The vice-lords watched the turmoil unperturbed, with sneers. They filed bonds, and waited.

One who felt the least concern was a burly duke of the vice-domain, James Colosimo. He was "pinched" almost with apologies. His right-hand man, by the way, was one John Torrio, even then feared. An assassin was to have Colosimo's blood within a few years, and the crown was to pass to Torrio. He in turn was to hand it down to a young gun-fighter named Al Capone, alias Brown.

A few lines about the aftermath of the crusade:

Mayor Harrison appointed a Council committee which canvassed the same ground the Busse commission had covered at a cost of $20,000. The aldermen met, listened to testimony for weeks, were about to vote a pro-segregation report, but weakened and reported for "further investigation."

Barratt O'Hara, lieutenant-governor under Dunne (the former mayor, now head of the State), headed another body which investigated vice and low wages together. A decided change in wages of women resulted; unions of department-store employees were formed.

The Morals Court recommended by the Sumner group was established in the spring of 1913 and heard some five thousand cases in a year—many before crowds of morbid sightseers. It was followed by a Court of Domestic Relations and a Boys' Court.

The Morals Commission had to await appointment by Mayor Harrison. He named at first a second deputy chief called Funkhouser, who lasted until Thompsonism put a blight upon everything of the kind. In 1915 Harrison named the Morals Commission. Confronted by the Committee of Fifteen with list after list of owners of resort-property, he gave the migrant resort-owners little rest. As his term drew to a close, it seemed that he discerned a change in public sentiment since the '80s, a revulsion against restricted vice-districts under police supervision, and he declared, "Chicago is through with the segregated-vice idea."

New slams at vice, prosecutions of crooked police, war on a "clairvoyants' trust" and upon those new terrors, "auto bandits" (one "Teddy" Webb was the worst), broke, with a lot else, when Wayman was succeeded as State's attorney by Maclay Hoyne, grandson of Chicago's first city clerk. There was an almost continuous uproar about matters suggesting that, as Hoyne said, "Chicago's criminal world was increasing in power

from year to year, and growing bolder." True though this may have been, it was not then an international scandal. It was only part of a local turmoil which fascinated strap-hangers and brought guffaws from the man whom "Al" Smith has called "the fella on the sidewalk."

8

And all this time the city grew larger, more generous, more favored of the gods, more stately.

CHAPTER XV

We now turn back to May, 1909, in order to quote a few words about a Chicagoan of considerable prominence, then and later:

"Few men in the community have stirred conflicting enthusiasms, prejudices, animosities, and altogether divided public opinion as has 'Billy' Lorimer. On one side he has been lauded as a wise and progressive statesman, and on the other denounced as a disreputable gang politician. . . .

"Through all the praise and abuse Lorimer has maintained the same placid, benign attitude which by many is considered the secret of his success. A man who never lost his temper, who never has been heard to swear, who does not smoke or drink, who always spoke softly and kindly, Lorimer, with that patient, childlike countenance, those compassionate, drooping eyelids, has endured all and bided his time. Always observing apparently the doctrine of non-resistance, he has awaited opportunity, rested while his enemies worked, listened while his rivals talked, and then blandly and gently led the way to the solution he himself had planned."

Thus the *Chicago Tribune*, in unusually benevolent mood. What called forth the statement was the fact that Billy Lorimer, while the Illinois Legislature was deadlocked at

Springfield in that May of 1909, had walked off with the biggest prize of his life, the chance to sit at the north end of the Capitol at Washington alongside of the veteran Shelby Cullom.

Scarcely had he taken the oath of office before some of those in Chicago who considered him a disreputable gang-politician began planning to unseat the poor, harmless fellow. And this was finally done.

2

The story of the struggle covers a period of years, and belongs to the nation as much as to one Great Lakes city. It makes a brief appearance here because the enmities it generated are still forceful in that city, and because the antagonists on both sides were very interesting Chicago people.

Take Lorimer, for instance. There have been glimpses of him in earlier pages as street-car conductor, as constable, as Congressman. What needs to be told now is that he, the son of a Scotch Presbyterian minister, was born in England in 1861 and was brought to Chicago when nine years old; that he and a brother were left three years later to support their mother and three sisters; that Billy, in that village-like Chicago of the '70s, sold newspapers and blackened boots on street-corners, painted signs, drove a truck for packing-firms,—all this before he collected fares on the old Madison Street horsecars, and became a big man around the car-barns through organizing a Street Railway Employés Benevolent Association. He was a politician, even then in 1884, boosting James G. Blaine to people who rode on his platform in the chill October weather.[1] Lorimer became an organizer, bringing together in his mother's kitchen some friends who formed the Sixth Ward Republican Young Men's Club. In those years he became known and approved by Joseph Bidwill, a district leader. They learned much from each other.

Without pursuing Lorimer through the mazes of Chicago

[1] Knut Hamsun was a street-car "hand" in Chicago at about the same time.

politics to any extent, it becomes clear that he was of the very soil of the city. He was a boy among boys who formed early and enduring friendships, expressed in joint business ventures and political schemes. They cared nothing about the abstract science of government, nor about what their enemies in a "higher" sphere thought of them, nor about ethics. What they cared about was friendship—and jobs.

So this group, dominated always by Lorimer, pushed its way up, regardless of the frowns of civic idealists, and laughing at buffets from the Democrats. Having once acquired power in the city and its suburbs, Lorimer developed ability as a maker of mayors, county officials, even governors; not overlooking, however, his own pay-check, for at thirty-five he was a Congressman. The mayors he "made," wholly or in part, were Washburne, Swift, and Busse. (He failed, much to his regret, to "put over" a shrewd, cold-blooded judge named Elbridge Hanecy.) His governors were Tanner, whom he boosted for state treasurer as early as 1894—and at whose right hand he sat in the Executive Mansion during the Yerkes warfare of 1897—and Richard Yates, for whom he stampeded the Springfield "love-feast" of 1899. Lorimer's county officials were legion, including John A. Cooke and John Linn, old friends whom he made court clerks, and who went to prison for taking too many fees; and Charles S. Deneen, who, though elected State's attorney on the Lorimer slate, soon broke away from him. Lorimer also "made" a senator, Albert J. Hopkins.

Back there in the days when Yerkes was the target of "Hang him!" mass-meetings, Lorimer was his cool and reliable agent in getting votes for fifty-year franchises. When the drainage-canal was building, he had a contracting-firm which certainly got none of the worst of it on bids. He made money here and there; he was "in" everything; he was roasted and kicked; his blond head rose again and again, bloody but unbowed, from newspaper attacks. His friends got into deep trouble, but no matter how it affected him, he strove to get them out. It was written, "It is part of Lorimer's philosophy of life that it

is no crime to cheat the law of its prey if that prey happens to be a friend."

3

As for his enemies, a list of them would nearly fill the rest of this volume. Suffice it to mention those whom he himself honored with special mention when he defended his claim to a Senate seat.

He named President Taft, he named Theodore Roosevelt, he named William J. Bryan—but the roster must again be limited, this time to Chicagoans. Well, there was Governor Deneen, whom Lorimer had helped to make State's attorney, only to find that cheating the law of its prey would not be so easy as he expected. Then there were the editors of the *Chicago Tribune*, to whom Lorimer was disposed to refer vaguely as "the McCormicks and Pattersons." Robert W. Patterson was editor until just before the Lorimer scandal started, and Medill McCormick was publisher. Mr. Patterson died, Mr. McCormick became ill, and the control passed to Robert R. McCormick and Joseph Medill Patterson. Had Lorimer spoken of the "heirs of Joseph Medill," he would have been accurate. Then there was James Keeley, the militant managing-editor of the paper, who had gained glory in company with Chief Justice Harry Olson, by pursuing to Africa a shivering fugitive bank-wrecker named Paul O. Stensland.

Another "enemy" was Victor F. Lawson, editor and publisher of the *Daily News*. About the time when young Billy Lorimer was selling papers on the streets, Mr. Lawson, son of a prosperous Norwegian who helped found Lincoln Park, was working in the office of the *Daily Skandinaven*. While Lorimer was a conductor, Lawson, with M. E. Stone, was making the young *Daily News* a success. When the blond boss became Congressman, the brown-bearded Lawson was making two newspapers successful—the *Daily News* and the *Chicago Record*. The views of the two men concerning civic duty, municipal

government, and social ethics were utterly irreconcilable. And though they were both churchmen, Mr. Lawson's religion took the form of devout membership in the old New England Congregational church, suggestive of Pilgrim worship. Mr. Lorimer did not greatly resemble a Pilgrim.

Mr. Lawson fought with all the belligerency which underlay his calm exterior the machinations of Yerkes. Lorimer fought with his devious devices, his back-room conferences, and his friendships to make Mr. Yerkes richer.

Now Mr. Lawson had an intimate friend named Herman H. Kohlsaat who, naturally enough, was among the "enemies" of Lorimer. Mr. Kohlsaat was a few years younger than Mr. Lawson, having been born in Ohio in 1853; his childhood was spent in the ancient Illinois metropolis, Galena. At fourteen he came to Chicago, where he became a carrier of *Chicago Tribunes*, then a cash-boy for Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company, then a bakery salesman. He bought the lunchroom business of his firm, quickly formed his famous "string" of stool-and-counter lunchrooms, progressed both there and in his large bakery, and at forty was wealthy. He then bought a half-interest in the *Inter Ocean*, sold it and bought the *Chicago Times-Herald* and the *Evening Post*. He was in high prosperity in 1901, when he took over Mr. Lawson's *Record*, sold the *Evening Post* to John C. Shaffer, and called his merged morning paper the *Record-Herald*. Selling this to Frank B. Noyes in 1902, Mr. Kohlsaat stayed out of the field for eight years, but in the Lorimer-scandal year of 1910, he returned to the fray, repurchasing the *Record-Herald*.

A gentle soul and generous, a lover of club-talks, maker of newspapers that were too good—for his purse—Mr. Kohlsaat was in some ways a strange man to be chosen by destiny as agent of the *coup de grâce* for Lorimer. Yet that was practically the fact.

These powerful publishers formed a group who, on a great many matters, managed to agree. They were of one mind, at

least during 1909-1912, concerning the infamy of Lorimer. Therefore he lumped them together in his category, and called them the "trust press," an enduring phrase!

Of course there were the Hearst papers, morning and evening. Lorimer did not say so much about them. Mr. Hearst was by way of being a Democrat. And lastly, there was the International Harvester Company, which was also, after a time, in the conspiracy which Lorimer deemed arrayed against him.

4

For the origins of the unremitting conflict between the anti-Lorimer publishers and the placid Billy himself, one would have to search far into the early factional quarrels and line-ups of Chicago. Doubtless one factor was the struggle to wrest from Yerkes his traction-monopoly. Others might be found in more intricate relationships, business and social, outside of which Mr. Lorimer always stood. The sober old furnishings of the Chicago Club might have told tales. The Chicago was not Mr. Lorimer's club.

Whatever the cause, the group quietly dominated, off and on, by Mr. Lawson—adviser of the hot-blooded *Tribune* crowd as well as of the rather talkative Kohlsaat—did not like Mr. Lorimer. He became Senator, the potential dispenser of a vast patronage, much against their will. And unfortunately for him, the circumstances attending the selection of this would-be political Kaiser soon began to furnish ammunition for the allies.

In April, 1910, the *Tribune* published a terrific scoop. It was the confession of a wretched Democratic Legislator named Charles A. White that Lee O'Neil Browne, chunky member from Ottawa, Illinois, had paid him $1,000 to vote for Lorimer as Senator, and that Representative Robert E. Wilson (forever after called Bathroom Bob) had handed him $900 in the bathroom of a St. Louis hotel.

The *Tribune* was performing one of its big stunts. It had

joined with State's Attorney Wayman in checking up the facts, and within a week two others of the fifty-three Democrats who voted for Lorimer added their confessions. Browne was indicted for bribery, and within a fortnight his trial was begun.

Events followed, in a tangled skein very expressive of modern legal procedure, as well as of one side of Chicago social doctrine. A third confession, this time mentioning $2,500, was blurted out. The Browne jury disagreed; another jury acquitted him. A juror in this second trial related to a grand jury that he was bribed to vote "Not guilty." Charles E. Erbstein, attorney for the defense, a lawyer whom criminals trusted for many reasons, was suspected, indicted, tried twice, and the second time acquitted.

The Chicago fella on the sidewalk knew not what to make of it all. However, that fella had been fully able to understand and enjoy an episode that had happened a few months before, adorning the whole tragedy-comedy most delightfully. In September, 1910, Theodore Roosevelt, out of the White House and restless to return, was invited to address the Hamilton Club of Chicago. He had been on a Western trip, and on the train whom should he meet but Mr. Kohlsaat. The publisher-baker told the ex-President some very pertinent facts about the blond boss.

And so, when a committee of the club, in panoply of silk hats and braided coats, met Mr. Roosevelt at Freeport, he was ready with an unexpected question.

"Is Senator Lorimer to be at the banquet?" he inquired.

"He is a member of the club and has accepted an invitation," was the reply.

"Then I must decline to go," snapped Roosevelt.

He explained that he thought Lorimer as bad as the poor devils who took the graft. He insisted, it was recounted, on a telegram being sent to Lorimer "advising him of the situation." This was done. And Lorimer stayed away. His only satisfaction was to hear, months later, one of his defenders say on the floor of the Senate:

"Theodore Roosevelt could enjoy a luncheon with Booker Washington, but could not afford to dine in the same room with William Lorimer."

5

As 1911 came in, both the Illinois Senate and the United States Senate appointed committees of investigation. A subcommittee of the latter exonerated Lorimer, but a minority headed by Beveridge opposed this. In March, despite all the long speeches and the even longer testimony, the Senate voted 46 to 40 to let Lorimer stay. Among those who backed him was Chauncey M. Depew of New York.

The fella on the sidewalk said, "I knew they'd never land that guy."

But wait. it was now Mr. Kohlsaat's turn to play the "heavy" part. According to his own account on the witness-stand, Mr. Kohlsaat was walking to the Chicago Club one day to take luncheon when he met Clarence S. Funk, general manager of the International Harvester Company. They fell into conversation about the Lorimer case. In this casual talk Mr. Funk mentioned a rather startling fact. It was that a gentleman had asked him, the month after Lorimer's election, for $10,000. "Well, we put Lorimer over down there at Springfield and it cost us about $100,000," was what this gentleman had said—so Mr. Funk told Mr. Kohlsaat. The $10,000 was to be one of a number of contributions to reimburse the $100,000 pool.

"Of course, I don't want to be known in this matter," Mr. Funk warned the editor.

Mr. Kohlsaat kept the story to himself. But a little later, he began printing on an inside page in the *Record-Herald* editorials very unfavorable to Lorimer. Finally, one editorial distinctly mentioned the $100,000.

The committee in Springfield, headed by Senator Helm, hopped on this editorial. It summoned Mr. Kohlsaat. By the time he reached the witness-stand Mr. Funk authorized him to

tell all. Further, Cyrus McCormick, head of the International Harvester Company, had assented. Then Mr. Funk was called. He declared Edward Hines, lumberman, was the person who asked that the Harvester Company give $10,000 to reimburse the restive donors of the $100,000.

"You people [of the Harvester Company] are just as much interested as any of us," were the words attributed to Hines, "in having the right kind of man at Washington."

Mr. Funk refused politely, on behalf of the Harvester company.

The "probe" went on. Mr. Hines denied the story. Next, Edward Tilden, packer, was raked into the inquiry as reputed treasurer of this fund. Mr. Tilden got himself arrested for refusing to give up records; he was released by habeas corpus. There was a succession of interesting witnesses before the Helm committee. Then the scene shifted again to Washington, where a new inquiry, stirred up by Senator La Follette, was ordered in June.

To skip a wilderness of detail, including 5,000,000 words (actual estimate) of testimony and speeches, the second attempt to unseat Lorimer was successful. Senators, convinced by the new revelations, flopped over. The grave Shelby Cullom, who had been defeated for renomination because he stood by Lorimer in 1910, turned against him. The vote was 55 to 28. The case had dragged on to July 13, 1912.

6

Surveying the musty record, the reviewer of today feels a certain depression over the thought of that long-continued burble of words, that sweating of miserable culprits, that shifting and always dreary scenery. So much rhetoric! Such digressions! Such wreckage! Even names that in those days evoked a thrill are today as the dead leaves. Indeed, the majority of the actors are in their graves, including Browne, who fell from his Ottawa back yard into the river not so long

ago, and Erbstein, who died of pneumonia, carrying many a secret with him into the dust.

There rises most distinctly the figure of Lorimer, making his last speech, his face dripping with sweat in the heat of a Washington July, his serenity gone, his sentences full of "Oh, my friends!"

He attacked Mr. Lawson as a tax-dodger on the strength of a clerical error long since explained.

He attacked the *Tribune* because of its lease of school-property,—the canceling of a revaluation clause, a matter upheld by the courts.

He assailed Governor Deneen for having, when State's attorney, retained the fees of office.

He assailed Taft, Roosevelt, the State's attorney in Springfield, the Harvester Company, and all the rest.

Mopping his broad white brow, he shouted, "When you have driven me hence, beware! The guillotine is there for you, as it is here for me." He said that had he been willing to enter the offices of the "trust press" as a suppliant he could have been their "white-haired boy." With pathos he pictured success for a lake-to-gulf waterway, one of his pet ideas, and he not there to vote for it!

In soft-violin tones, he referred to his family, saying, "When I return to my home, one look at their beautiful faces, one kiss from each, will be compensation for me."

After the vote was announced, he walked toward the cloakroom with a smile. He came home to Chicago soon after, there to be met at the station by an automobile parade, with placarded cars and cheering occupants, and led by one of Lorimer's bright young men—William Hale Thompson.

7

The "trust press," the *Tribune* school-lease, Lawson's taxes, Deneen's fees—these became themes sounded for years on the loud horns of political campaigners. If Lorimer did not create

these themes, he at least developed them like a master of counterpoint. He taught them to his pupils. William Hale Thompson learned to sing them forwards and backwards. And the old dream of a waterway, the useful old piece of ballyhoo—he taught them that also.

Lorimer was through, said the fella on the sidewalk. Instead, he had no sooner been buffeted from the Senate than he was scheming new schemes. He might have turned successfully on his enemies, some think, had it not been for another calamity.

Shortly before the White confession, a blundering small-town man named Charles B. Munday had succeeded in interesting Lorimer in organizing a string of banks headed by the La Salle Street National. Lorimer became president and elicitor of funds from public treasuries to fatten his banks. Munday was vice-president and financier. "Oh, what a financier!" Lorimer might have cried in a speech, had he been making speeches just then.

Little interest attaches nowadays to the horrible details. The banks, especially the La Salle Street Trust and Savings—into which the La Salle Street National had been converted—were rotten with mismanagement, loans to politicians, and loans to Lorimer commercial ventures. After the crash in June, 1914, people recalled the closing of the John R. Walsh institution in 1905, when the career of that old-time Chicagoan, railroad organizer, newspaper owner, was wrecked. The fact was revealed that when the two Lorimer banks were merged, their persuasive president had taken over to the Central Trust Company his check for $1,250,000, and cashed it; the money was carted to the La Salle Street Trust and it was there, according to the law, when the State examiner called. After he had gone, it was carted back to the Central Trust.

Much later, in official statements, officers of the latter bank explained that the transaction was following a custom of long standing. Its president, Charles G. Dawes, who was far from owing Lorimer any favors, political or otherwise, has repeatedly told friends why help was authorized for the ex-Senator

who had worn a path from one bank to another to get the cash.

"Why did you let him have the million?" a reporter asked Dawes in 1924, when he was campaigning for Vice-President. "You believe he kept you from being Senator."

"Oh," replied Dawes, "the poor devil was down and out."

Few people at the time of the débâcle were sorry for him. Depositors waited. Stockholders "shelled out." There were wails everywhere. On charges of looting the banks of nearly $2,500,000, and of breaking practically every banking-law, Lorimer, Munday, and others were indicted. The former was acquitted; Munday went to prison.

"He's done now," said the straphangers of the ex-Senator, purged of blame.

He faded into the background, indeed. Perhaps it was time for younger men. He ate of bitterness, and he met the reproaches of friends now impecunious. His great friend Busse—a note for $20,000 signed by the ex-mayor was found in the bank—died in debt that Summer, his death possibly hastened by worry.

The interminable legalisms, receiverships, hearings, suits and counter suits, judgments, awards of a small per cent. to stockholders and depositors—the creditors' final loss was sixty-one cents to the dollar—dragged on through more years. After a while nobody read the papers to find the latest on the Lorimer banks.

Europe went to war.

CHAPTER XVI

A couple of strange "character actors" now enter the spectacle.

One is James A. Pugh, a mayor-maker; the other Fred Lundin, would-be President-maker.

Following them is to be introduced, in the midst of the tragedies and the chaos of a war of many nations, the mayor of Chicago whom the two, counseled by the hero of the previous chapter, created, and over whom they quarreled.

2

Pugh was the loquacious one, the back-slapper, of the two. His unconscious play of humor, closely allied to pathos, consisted in his hero-worship, his naïve faith in his strapping playmate, Thompson, of whom he said years ago, in characteristically unprintable language, "He's the ——est —— —— of a man who ever grew up in Chicago." It was said in the tone of a compliment.

They knew each other as very young men. Thompson, though a Bostonian by birth (1869) had been brought to Chicago in his infancy. His father, Col. William Hale Thompson, was by that time wealthy enough so that William, Jr.,

could enjoy elegant leisure. However, according to his campaign biographies, he sold papers and did odd jobs so as to keep out of mischief. Later he was cook and foreman on a Wyoming cattle-ranch.

Pugh, born in Wales four years earlier than Thompson, became a promoter, a schemer of warehouse-projects on the lake-front. He made money and spent it on things like speed-boats, yachts and aristocratic dogs. A good while before he experimented with politics, he built four motor-boats called *Disturber I, II, III* and *IV*. The last one, the experts said, would run sixty miles an hour, "if," said Pugh, "she don't bust herself." She did neither.

Happily, and without the cares of state, "Jim" Pugh and "Bill" Thompson in those days sailed the blue bosom of Lake Michigan. Of the two, it is testified by experts, Thompson was the better skipper.

"Say what you like of him," declare old yachtsmen, "Bill could sail a boat."

They were blithe companions in the yacht-club rooms, in hotel bars, in athletic-club billiard-rooms. Pugh was Thompson's superior, mentally and also physically, although a good many inches shorter in stature. Bill, say intimates of both, had a touch of awe of this rough Welshman, who could outtalk him any time. Yet they played about serenely together, except when they were too exhilarated. One evening, it is related, Pugh chased Thompson in and out of several hotel and office buildings, in a fury over something or other; lounge lizards and loiterers at bars were convulsed to see a chunky bull-calf of a man pursuing a giant athlete through swinging doors and out into alleys.

At some time in those early days, Thompson loaned $25,000 to Pugh to save one of his warehouse-projects from calamity. Almost that exact amount, the Welshman declared years later, he spent of his own funds to help elect Thompson mayor. Others have estimated his expenditure at ten times $25,000.

Toward 1915 he was prosperous. He had a warehouse-

scheme in which Lundin had joined him, and the stock sold well. In those days Pugh, known to yachtsmen everywhere, not omitting the veteran Sir Thomas Lipton, wore diamonds, $20 shoes, fur coats; he had a house on Sheridan Road, a magnificent red automobile, and a $2,000 bulldog which sat haughtily on the seat by the chauffeur.

When he died on his Michigan farm a few years ago, there remained in addition to that property, which he had deeded to his secretary, an estate of $10,000.

3

Lundin's comedy was more subtle, and at the same time was related not so much to naïveté as to the sinister humor of the anterooms of legislative halls, or the littered hotel-chambers of political conferences.

It pleased the newspapers at one time to picture him as a mystery man, but there never was any mystery either about his activities or about his mentality. Everybody who knew any history knew that he had been an admired member of the Lorimer political group as far back as his twenties—and that was as long ago as the World's Fair. Everybody who recognized eccentricity, such as Chicagoans most enjoy, could identify the mental processes which made him wear, in a city where most men dressed as alike as two magazine "ads," a long black frock coat, a stiff-bosomed white shirt, an artist's flowing bow-tie, a pair of conspicuous colored glasses, and a hat with an egregiously broad brim. That was his custom from early manhood to middle life. Not only had he not forsaken it, but he had become proud of it. More consistent in his freakishness than in his political alliances, he chose to be stared at in Chicago streets because of his clothes, although his strange, cat-like nature bade him retire to obscure hotel rooms, use the telephone sparingly, and be very careful what checks he signed.

The uniform was a perpetual reminder of the days when he had driven up and down the remoter streets of Chicago in a

wagon drawn by a single horse, selling a soft drink of his own invention called Juniper Ade. He took with him a pair of negroes with banjos, who would lure a crowd by sentimental ditties. Then to the open-eyed circle, under the glare of torches, Lundin would extol the "delightful and refreshing beverage" which he had for sale.

Lorimer scouts marked him out as a person with qualities greater than those of a medicine-man. The blond leader admitted him to counsel, took him away (politically) from blunt, one-legged Henry Hertz, North Side boss, and proceeded to "make something of him." He made him a State Senator at twenty-six, and found him adroit in framing small Senate bills annoying to corporations. Lundin was useful in the great Yerkes conflict in 1897, to which so many Chicago relationships and ructions run back. He made himself strong in the seventh Congressional district, and in 1910 captured a seat in the national House of Representatives. At the other end of the Capitol Lorimer was trying to hold onto his own place. The two old friends, both of religious inclinations, roomed together in the Washington Y. M. C. A.

Somewhere along the line, principally in those vivacious early conferences of politicians now grown elderly and scarred, Lundin became the associate not only of Lorimer, but of men whose exploits have been described in thousands of newsprint columns: Such statesmen as Len Small and Michael J. Faherty. Nor did the ex-medicine-man lack opportunity to know the promising youth who, with his athletic record, his social abilities, and his father's money, might prove supremely useful as the occupant of a big office—even the mayoralty.

Lundin very carefully cultivated Thompson. There was a club where Bill was a hero, where he was the honor guest at dinner. Fred always managed to be there. He was a busy man, but he got around to the dinners.

Thompson noticed this loyalty of a gentleman so distinguished, and liked Lundin more and more. Whenever possible,

the gawky man with the wide, humble smile [1] would whisper in the ear of the tall, handsome, susceptible Thompson that he was destined for great affairs. "Even," with a toothy grin, "the White House."

In the meantime, Jim Pugh, the old yachting friend, continued to picture, without quite such broad flattery, the good which Thompson could do Chicago were he mayor.

"Boss of the greatest city in the world; how would you like that?"

For the time being, the prospect was enough.

4

There was a war in Europe. The news of it had come to the busy, sufficient-unto-the-day, Anglo-Saxon Chicagoan, knowing nothing of Europe's intrigue or anxieties, as something incredible, a bad dream. Within a short time he began to appreciate it as a spectacle, to enjoy following the communiqués and sticking pins in maps. He learned much geography and the pronunciation of the names of French generals.

The realities became more vivid to this Chicagoan when he began to sense in the air he breathed a tension of nationalistic feeling. If he had not thought about the "foreigners" and about how deeply ran their blood-tie with Europe, he thought about it now. Not only did he find German, French, English acquaintances—citizens of those countries and reservists—being summoned across the sea to fight, but there was reflected to him the rising war mood, the basic war hates, of many who did not go. It was mostly unintelligible to him, the reason why people who had become Americans, and were prospering here, should so bitterly take sides about the beastly doings of a lot of countries whose bondage they had escaped . . . Well, he could understand how the English felt. But as for the Germans, French, Poles, Italians, he thought they were fanatics.

[1] He called himself "the poor Swede," also, at times, "insignificant me."

Why not take it coolly? Why not profit by it, as some business men were beginning to do? The war could not last long, anyway. Already, in the Winter of 1914-1915, there was talk of the great peace-jubilee to be held in Chicago soon; a big chorus of singers, etc., etc. . . .

The politicians saw further into the minds of the foreign-born than did the ordinary citizen. They knew more about the race-divisions, the numerical percentages, and the way different peoples generally voted. Not only were they unofficial census-takers, but they were psychologists. With some satisfaction they saw the cleavages developing in a society which the less active-minded Chicagoan dreamily supposed to be pretty well Americanized and solidified. They noted, and fanned, the sparks of prejudice, the growing flames of allegiance to this "old country" or that, this group or that, which began to array Teuton against Latin, which so disturbed many of the placid Scandinavian groups, which divided even nationalities like the Germans into those who repudiated Emperor William II, and those who clung to his image.

The little politicians listened to pitiful stories of men and women of foreign origin whose relatives were being killed, shed a crocodile tear, and passed on the news to the big politicians. The latter filed the interesting data in a drawer marked "war hates," to be drawn upon at a later day.

Foxy leaders like Fred Lundin overlooked none of the valuable new facts, the new influences upon voters, that were coming to light. But the time was not yet ripe to use them.

5

The program was to introduce gingerly, and by tactics that would not create alarm, the carefully instructed and properly flattered William Hale Thompson into a complex local warfare over the control of Chicago affairs. The thing had to be done with care, not only to avoid awakening the slumbering

voter—and diverting the war fans from their maps—but also to avoid reminding people of the defeats the Lorimer-Lundin element had quite recently suffered. They had, in 1912, sought to cover the retreat from Washington by organizing the Lincoln Protective League—which the "trust press" persisted in calling the "Lorimer-Lincoln" League. The State ticket so headed was crushed by the voters, and not alone by Wilson voters. Moreover, in that same defeat, William Hale Thompson failed to gain the place on the board of review for which the League nominated him. There had followed this, too, a Republican Club of Illinois, to which Bill was persuaded to contribute rather liberally, and it had not outlasted the odium of the Lorimer bank failures.

So, although Pugh and his friends were talking persuasively to yachtsmen, boxing-followers, and old-time football fans who had seen Thompson play tackle on the C. A. A. team of the '90s, it was deemed imprudent to release the complete news of how mighty a man Thompson was. Lundin, who, though making money as Pugh's partner, was awaiting the best moment to shoo him away, let the athletes organize. He let a campaign be started, without too many brass bands, to run Thompson in the primaries against Harry Olson, and against Charles M. Thomson, who represented the remains of the Bull Moose movement in Chicago Republicanism.

Lundin also waived objection to Thompson's platform, the planks of which most interesting to a reader of the present were:

"I will suppress crime, drive the crooks out of Chicago, and make the streets safe for men, women, and children. I will protect women from insult in public places.

"I will put the public schools under a business administration.

"I will lead to resurrect the spirit 'I will' for a greater Chicago."

The platform was passed around from hand to hand of the

Lorimer-Lundin conferences, whose gang of would-be payrollers was waiting to rush to the City Hall, and was greeted with chuckles. It was handed about at dinners of the Pugh athletic group, while the candidate, flushed and blinking, sat at the head of the table, nodding:

"Sure, that's my platform."

There were slaps on the broad back.

"You'll win by 40,000, Bill."

But not much of this was revealed to the readers of pro-Olson newspapers, since for the most part they treated Thompson as a minor candidate. The real conflict seemed to be on the Democratic side, between Mayor Harrison, seeking nomination for a sixth term, and Robert M. Sweitzer, a pleasant county official backed by Roger Sullivan, and a Roman Catholic.

Thus, while the trench warfare of the 1914-1915 Winter was proceeding in Europe, while generals schemed out Spring offensives and the Kaiser's naval strategists were preparing for the reign of terror on the ocean lanes, Thompson's backers so managed things that only small-bore artillery was used against him. Newspapers reviewing the candidates could say nothing worse than that he was a Lorimer follower. They gave casual publicity to his promise that he would be personally responsible for the conduct of the police force, and they printed, in small type, "He says he will not use the people's money to build up a machine." It was a political contest, and little else. The big bosses played chess. The voters . . .

This primary election, in which Chicago women for the first time voted for mayor, was held in February. Thompson "nosed out" Olson. The editors were so surprised that they declared that only the official count could decide the result. The official count showed that Thompson won by 2,508.

On the Democratic side Sweitzer defeated Harrison more decisively. The Mayor prepared, after all those years, to resign his place. A new deal was in sight, and why not? Only here and there was a plaintive voice heard like that of the

"poet" who, perhaps thinking of the father as well as the son, wrote lines under the title, "Harrison's Farewell," lines beginning:

"Oh, its good-bye, old Chicago, farewell to the City Hall.
Sorry I've got to leave you, but it's written on the wall."

Sung to the tune of "Tipperary."

6

Chicago did not know what was happening to it that Spring. Heavy shocks came from across the water. Ships were sunk. England blockaded Germany. Hindenburg rose like a vast shadow of Thor on the eastern horizon, and peace looked farther away. Thousands of men walked the streets of Chicago, idle, as in the days of 1893-1894.

In the whirl of new motives and new worries, it was easy for the political chess-game, played without regard to the public welfare, without the slightest sincere concern for anything but power, to run on, move after move. Only a few out of some 2,500,000 people bothered to know that Thompson had a "Lorimer past"; few thought about old grudges like those resulting from the 1904 campaign, when Deneen had neatly beaten Frank Lowden (Lorimer's preference) for governor; few understood how quickly such quarrels could be silenced.

The war-map fans glanced at paragraphs on the fourth page of the evening papers telling how angry Harrison was at Roger Sullivan because of the February result, and how, before that, Sullivan had been angry at Harrison because Larry Sherman beat him for the Senatorship.

Who cared about a war of political bosses, when the kings of Europe were covering the land with blood, and people could read items like, "The German losses now are estimated at 1,800,000"?

Soon, however, the fight between two home-boys to be mayor began to emerge into a louder, more wordy phase, which distracted the citizen from his gazing across the Atlantic. The campaign grew hotter. The candidates began to shout from the stump the vituperations carefully taught them by the bosses. Sweitzer raked up Lorimerism. Thompson countered with the charge that if good-natured Bob were elected, Roger Sullivan would be the real boss of the city. Sweitzer discovered inconsistency in Thompson's speeches:

"He talks church, home, and civil service in Hyde Park; in the First and Second Wards it is, 'I am for prize-fights, dice-games and jobs for you colored boys.' "

Sweitzer learned later that, in both places, Thompson was believed.

Broad-shouldered Bill developed unexpected skill with an audience. Then, as in later campaigns, his appearance on a platform, high-colored, grinning, the warm-hearted, magnetic friend of everybody, clear to the back row, would rouse mad huzzahs. He adopted the eight-gallon hat. "When I rode to the range," fell into his speeches, which came to be an amazing jumble about street-car fares, subways, promises of police reform, slams at Roger Sullivan, and fragments of things touching on national issues. The crowds sat goggle-eyed and admiring as he soared into regions of economics, severely blaming Wilson and the Democrats for "the present industrial depression," and reviving from a past era the phrase, "the full dinner pail." (Tremendous applause.) He would quote figures sagely from a slip of paper. He hesitated at none of the most perplexing questions of national statesmanship—and approval came to him in waves, not only from the anxious dolts on the floor, but from educated logicians who sat, with folded arms, on the platform behind the water-pitcher.

It was a matter of life and death for the Republican leaders to elect Thompson mayor, or at least to elect a Republican mayor. It was life and death for the Democrats to win.

While the world was whirling into hell, while, moreover, the city of Chicago was suffering from its same old diseases—lazy government, crooked police, stupid smoke-inspectors, dirty streets and litters of garbage—the leaders on the Democratic side dropped everything to carry their feuds to the bitter end. From the Republican side came the voice of Mr. Deneen, saying:

"Let us forget our differences. [Meaning the row in Republican ranks.] We must return to the old American policy of 'the majority rules,' if our party is to be restored to power. [In 1916.]

"Mr. Thompson comes from one of our oldest and best-known families. . . . He has character, energy, knowledge, and experience. . . ."

Mr. Deneen hoped that this would be the first of a long line of political victories that would "restore the Republican party to control of the city, the county, the State and the nation." (Long continued applause.)

The bosses now took out of the drawer marked "war hates" a few of the squirming specimens there concealed. The Democrats worked up an apparently passionate movement for Sweitzer among the Germans. (About the same time, some of the more fiery Germans were holding meetings and crying out, "God punish England!") Sweitzer pro-Germanism proved to be a mistake. Before it could be stopped, it was turned into a weapon for that pure-blooded American, Thompson. Clubs with badges, "Unser Wilhelm für Bürgermeister," did not work so badly.

Religious hates were dragged in along with war hates. No one said a word against bigotry. It was useful. It was the duty of party leaders, in order that the ranks be kept solid for 1916—no matter what became of Chicago—to uncork the vials in which hissed the hottest chemicals such a city knows. From the Lundin-Pugh-Thompson office issued bales of secret circulars reviling Sweitzer's Catholicism, insulting the Pope, and decry-

ing Sullivan both as a Catholic and because of an old, faded scandal, Ogden gas. From the Democratic printing-presses were ground out roorbacks to the effect that Thompson had promised to drive Catholic teachers from the schools. The Thompsonites smuggled into mail-boxes charges that Sweitzer would fill the schools with adherents of the Pope.

Everything grew frenzied. Women, hectic in their first mayoralty battle, organized clubs on both sides. They sat in the galleries of theaters and hissed opposition candidates at meetings. A Can't Stand for Thompson Club of women paraded. A pro-Thompson rival shrilled references to somebody named "Barney" Grogan. It got so that the doors of noon rallies would be crashed by mobs of enemies, and the steel curtains had to be rung down.

"Full dinner-pails! . . . The Pope! . . . Lorimer! . . . Wide-open town."

Thompson was the champion of decency. Clergymen prayed for him. He was a Protestant, anyhow . . .

Thompson would get back jobs for thousands. The unemployment was terrible, and it was aggravated by a building-trades deadlock almost as bad as that of 1900. There was an Industrial Commission appointed by Mayor Harrison, which had recommended many things, plans thoughtfully worked out by a great humanitarian, Prof. Charles R. Henderson; he died of overwork on this task. The mob scarcely noticed his name.

Thompson, Thompson, would fill the empty pails!

7

On the Saturday night before the election, there was staged a boisterous Sweitzer parade in the Loop. It was a nightmare of gaudy floats, bands, the county Democracy in silk hats, braying auto-horns, sidewalk fights, and drunkenness. Thompson men sought to break the ranks. A band of sixty in cowboy hats raged up and down under the bright electric lights of the Rialto. . . . Flags were torn from cars, coats were torn

from Democratic backs. The carnival went on until late hours. The saloons were packed. Harpies picked the pockets of drunken men.

And so this was what the town would be like under Sweitzer, reasoned quiet folk, moralists, and Republicans.

To the polls on the April day swarmed women voters in great numbers—to their first big local election. A vast majority of the registered men and women jammed the booths, bursting with emotion over religion, morals, or political bossism. Democratic leaders caused their droves of sheep to vote for Thompson in large numbers.

And so it was a landslide. Sixty-one per cent. of the women (while incidentally electing a better City Council than Chicago had seen since 1897) cast their ballots for Thompson.

When the votes were counted, the creature of Pugh and his Sportsman's Club, also the political adopted son of Lundin and Lorimer, was found to have captured Chicago by a plurality of more than 147,000.[1]

[1] The Chicago political writer, Paul R. Leach, contributes this reminiscence:

"Receiving the returns that night in a room in Hotel La Salle were three men, Pugh, Thompson, and Lundin. Pugh was at the 'phone.

"'Bill, you old son of a ——' Pugh shouted, slapping Thompson on the back, 'I always knew you'd do it!'

"'Mistah Mayah,' said the suave Lundin, offering his limp hand, 'allow me to congratulate you.'

"From that moment, friends of Pugh say, dated the downfall of Pugh as Thompson's closest adviser, and the ascendancy of Lundin. Flattery did it. Those who have remained close to Thompson today never call him 'Bill,' nor even Mayor. It is Mr. Mayor."

CHAPTER XVII

He sat at the great glistening desk, in a room banked with flowers. To the casual eye, he was a healthy, normal, and earnest being. He was impressive, he was even handsome, with his sleek black hair, so faintly touched with gray, his warm black eyes, his height. Good, amiable man. And lucky!

Head of the government of a city of 2,500,000; the city in which his father had believed and for which his father had toiled. Mayor of Chicago, with congratulations raining in; of a pleased city—pleased, anyhow, to have the latest fight over—a united party, with the approval of business men, the worship of a multitude of spirited friends. Mayor of Chicago, with a chance to make greater and greater a city which he truly believed to be glorious.

Thompson at forty-six!

He would be a good mayor. He would include in his broad vision "all the manifold interests" of such a metropolis. Leading business men were to be his advisers; he asked for their cooperation. Thompson would not build a machine—not he. Nor would he let the street-car companies raise their fares, not a cent.

This calm and smiling Thompson, confronted just after his

term began by a strike of the street-car men, drew together the contending chiefs and smiled them to a settlement. "He acted with unfailing good humor and common sense," said a contemporary chronicle. Chicago, which had spent several half-enjoyable days getting to work by impromptu buses, by catching rides, by pedestrianism, hailed the settlement with relief. Thompson was hero for a day.

Again, when the excursion-steamer *Eastland* keeled over in the river, costing the lives of hundreds more than were lost in the Iroquois fire, the mayor was keenly on the job. That is, he was "junketing," but he hurried back on a special train. He was prompt to appoint a relief-committee, to stimulate Chicago's outpouring of money for the families of victims. On behalf of the city he publicly resented the calmness of a Cabinet officer who seemed indifferent to the slack Federal inspection of lake steamers. He spoke for the people. He was a Mayor!

It was in those days the people dubbed him "Big Bill," in affectionate Windy City language.

Ambitions whirled in his brain; visions of mighty deeds for Chicago. A new city booster, in direct succession—yet how different—from William Bross and John Stephen Wright, had come forth to lead the "I will" chorus. He was louder than his predecessors, and his voice was supported by the powerful new devices of a great publicity-age—electric signs, glistening cars, "ads" brilliant with color and ingenuity, soon an imperfect invention called radio.

The magnificence of Chicago, its greatness, past and future —and, not forgotten, that waterway!—thrilled Big Bill, diverted him from slow, careful tasks like city bookkeeping. He talked like a super-real-estate man, and sometimes like a prophet. It was in his blood.

Within a few years—and he may have been planning it even then—he was to inspire a sort of miniature World's Fair. He and his crowd organized on the Municipal Pier a celebration called the Pageant of Progress, in which anxious business men

joined (the times being very bad) in order to exhibit their wares. There were parades, circus stunts, and general uproar—followed by another uproar in the courts and out when it was found that city officials had an interest in a concession monopoly. "This great permanent exhibition" ran for two years only (1921 and 1922).

Back there in 1915 Thompson burst upon the Chicago scene, a huge figure emitting jokes the crowd could understand, a glittering drum-major for a brass band any merchant was glad to join.

Powerful politically, he dared to issue an official order no mayor had attempted for more than forty years—closing the saloons on Sunday. A great publicity idea! A "national stunt." The cries of cheated saloon-men died away harmless outside the City Hall windows.

Bill was boss. At the same time, Lundin was the "man behind." And as for Pugh, he was now a discarded friend.

CHAPTER XVIII

WITHIN a period that seems like the leap from noon to midnight, Chicago found itself in the war.

The situation was not simple. There were close to half a million people of German birth or ancestry living in the city. There were a good many thousands belonging to other nationalities who, secretly or not, sympathized as much with the Prussian cause as with the opposition. There were those excited by the recent overthrow of Czar Nicholas. The word "anarchist" came back, soon to be replaced by "Bolshevik." In addition, there was a large group, or coalition of groups, which honestly objected to the entrance of the United States into the world-conflict. Chicago's immense family of human beings, who had been through so many crises together, and who had accomplished so much despite petty tiffs around the breakfast-table, was now to show what would happen in the face of perhaps the severest test of all.

What sort of commotion could be expected, in a community so mixed, in one where men "spoke right out," where every fellow was as good as the next, and knew it? How wholeheartedly would the Chicago which, with its suburbs, had given Wilson 217,528 votes in 1916 as a peace-keeper support him in a war abroad? Would there be Copperheads and draft-riots now?

There were no riots. There were no parades of protest. Instead, through the anxious fortnight before the declaration by Congress, when lawyers debated whether a state of war existed, Chicago became military on the theory that such a state did exist. The aldermen, the universities, and business bodies galore declared for universal military training. National Guard regiments were mobilized, and left for "an unknown destination." Youths from Gold Coast families eagerly sought recruiting-stations. The owners of yachts entered them for a flotilla of sub-chasers; William Hale Thompson's *Tuinga* headed the list.

Indeed, the roar of "Uphold the President!" quite drowned out the voices here and there—including those of two Chicago Congressmen—raised by people who doubted "whether the present provocation would justify a declaration of war." (The provocation, of course, was the loss of American lives at the hands of the submarine fiends.) Men who pulled down the Stars and Stripes got black eyes. "Disloyal" grumblers got jostled on street-cars. Suspected "alien enemies" were jailed. Some of them were innocent enough, it turned out. The pronunciamento of the Loyal Legion, calling for the resignation of one Congressman, was more conspicuous than the resolutions of the Chicago Federation of Labor asserting that "the common people do not want war," and declaring that armed neutrality was enough.

Bugle-calls sounded in the early sunlight on the last day of March. All day, along boulevards and under the thronged windows of skyscrapers, passed parades of men in uniform, and joyful bands. The Loop flowered with recruiting-banners, and silken Stars and Stripes floated like brilliant clouds overhead. Then in the evening three thousand people swarmed into the Auditorium, while thousands more beat at the doors. Governor Lowden, with his booming voice, hurled to the topmost balconies his appeal to stand by the President; Bishop Samuel Fallows, the tears coursing his ravaged face, spoke, and was

echoed by loud "Amens." Bryan was hooted as a pacifist. The sedate Harry Pratt Judson, university president, read resolutions which were adopted with a shout. A lone woman heckler was silenced.

In these days there were crammed together the framing of the draft-legislation; the scramble of headlong youth to enlist before conscription; the turning loose of furious young women to shame slackers; the organization of the councils of defense; hot demands like that of the Bohemians to tear out of school textbooks a page that praised the Kaiser, striking resolves like those of James A. Patten and others to quit speculation in grains; a leap in prices, and a strike of bakers to boot; a declaration by wealthy women, of whom Mrs. J. Ogden Armour was one, that they would trim household budgets.

There was a mystery, a disturbance, in the air. Newspapers were feeling the first censorship. Government and State agents were rounding up possible spies, and turning most of them loose. A cook in a swagger club was conspicuous among these. There was a mild heckling of German symphony-orchestra players; and a rash public-school teacher, who in a pamphlet called the war unpopular, was suspended, the door slammed on him, and "Benedict Arnold" flung at his stubborn head.

The war was the most popular thing in Chicago.

3

How, then, explain the attitude of the Mayor of Chicago, who loved popularity above all else?

While Washington moved toward the final decision, he had been shaking his large head, doubtful about things which to most others seemed clear enough. He doubted the propriety of pinning yellow ribbons upon slackers at the marriage bureau, where applications by hundreds—mounting to as many as four hundred a day—were swamping the clerks. Facing questions about endorsing the expected draft, he kept an odd silence.

Had he really been thinking of German sentiment, he must

have given at least some attention to utterances like that of the *Illinois Staats Zeitung*, leading daily, whose editorial "admits that the German government has sinned, and condemns the government for those sins. There is only one kind of thought and action for every loyal American citizen: Stand by the Stars and Stripes."

The Mayor, flying in the face of the city and possibly that of Providence too, became more emphatic. He issued a pamphlet, when passage of the draft-bill became certain, opposing that measure and also objecting to supplying foodstuffs to the allies. This, he argued, would bring starvation to the American workingman. The brochure was read with astonishment.

Then came the still celebrated "Joffre incident." No sooner had the stalwart and placid general, accompanied by gesturing Viviani, reached American shores than cities tumbled over each other, asking for visits. The mayors of these cities uniformly presented the invitations. Thompson was silent. His silence became prolonged enough to attract notice by newspaper men, who, as one of them has written, "supposed at first that the Mayor's attitude was more a matter of indolence than anything else." The City Hall reporters kept at him, however, and on the third day, about three weeks after the declaration of war, the brooding thoughts of the Mayor found utterance.

"It is possible," he said—the accounts of the interview agree, word for word—"that a portion of the citizens of Chicago might not be wildly enthusiastic over it" [a visit from the French mission].

He gave out the news that he had asked the corporation counsel, his staunch friend, Samuel Ettelson, for an opinion about his authority to extend the invitation. The next day, more of what was on his mind came out.

"Are these distinguished visitors," he inquired, "coming here to encourage the doing of things to make our people suffer further, or have they some other purpose?"

He read to the scribbling reporters census-figures which showed that in the public schools there were numerous foreign-

born children, and thousands born in America of foreign-born parents, and he said, looking up:

"Chicago is the sixth largest German city in the world. It is the second largest Bohemian city, the second largest Swedish, the second largest Norwegian, and the second largest Polish."

He had evidently prepared for the interview.

"I think," he said, "that the mayor is presuming considerably when he takes the position that all the people are in favor of this invitation."

Thus the questioning, doubting Mayor, who presently was "rebuked" when the City Council voted unanimously to send to the Joffre party the invitation which the corporation counsel had ruled it ought to send.

The anger of enthusiastic war-workers was unbounded. The newspapers interviewed everybody, eliciting here a statement that the Mayor should resign, there an assertion that his name should not be mentioned in polite society. Representatives of eight Slavic nations joined in a public protest. Theodore Roosevelt was in town, and snapped out before a great meeting the words, "Let us not try to curry favor with the Germans by meeching meanness to General Joffre."

There never was perfect accord between Thompson and Roosevelt. At a parade in honor of Hughes in 1916, the "Cunnel" appeared, the Mayor also; there were terrific huzzahs. After the parade, Thompson came into a room full of his cronies, flung his cowboy hat on the table, and said loudly:

"Well, I put it all over the son of a gun. He thought the cheers were for him."

4

The Joffre incident passed over for the time being. Chicago had now, after two years, got somewhat accustomed to unaccountable things, unpleasant surprises, issuing from the then voluble Mayor. It had been jolted in the Autumn of 1915 by his order closing the saloons on Sunday. The political motive of

that action, if it was political, never had become fully clear. Somewhat clearer were the City Hall's muddling of the police problem, the neglect of the Morals Commission, and the temporary ruin of the city tuberculosis sanitarium through political appointees. People said, "Lundin, that's all." People said, "The 'poor Swede' tells him what to do." And the "poor Swede" wailed, "I'm not in politics at all."

Was Thompson's anti-war attitude caused by Lundin? Was it due to friendship with the more Kaiser-loving Germans? Was it keen politics? Was it stupid politics?

At least one trustworthy witness, Colonel (now General) John V. Clinnin, came out a couple of years later with first-hand proof that early in the war, before the entry of the United States, Thompson and Lundin shared the belief that the Americans were opposed to the war, that the people would not stand for a war with Germany. Clinnin actually saw the City Hall organ, the *Daily Republican*, being "edited," with the Mayor and his mentor inspiring editorial attacks on Wilson, and somebody else carrying the copy to the printer.

"No candidate," said Lundin to Thompson, "could succeed with the German vote against him."

Indirectly, through newspapers friendly to him, the Mayor fell back upon the view that it was the City Council's business to invite Joffre and Viviani; and he pointed out that at the Auditorium meeting when they were welcomed he delivered an official address. Lastly, he exhibited a letter sent by Cyrus McCormick, chairman of the citizens' committee, thanking the city administration. The letter, however, was addressed to Mr. Ettleson.

The Mayor stubbornly held his ground. Late in the Summer of 1917, he again exhibited his defiance of the mass-sentiment in favor of the war and against its opponents. The People's Council of Peace desired to hold a convention of protest. It found no welcome in North Dakota, in Minnesota, or in Wisconsin. Next, the pacific group announced that it would meet

in Chicago. The Mayor did nothing to prevent this, and the delegates arrived.

Governor Lowden acted without delay. He sent word to the Chicago police that such assemblages were not permissible anywhere in Illinois. The Mayor, enraged by this invasion of authority, gave his own orders to the police, whose Chief declared, "I have notified my men to offer no resistance to the meeting." Thus the convention was held under police permit, while troops sent by the Governor to prevent it were on the road.

"No official under our constitution and laws," wrote Thompson in a message vetoing a resolution passed by the City Council to rebuke him, "is vested with the arbitrary power and tyrannical authority to prejudge that a meeting called for lawful purposes is to be used for an unlawful one."

Was it shrewd politics, reasoned pacifism, or Lundinism? Whatever it was, these war incidents became accepted as part of a Thompson program to "grab the German vote." They figured in his unsuccessful campaign for Senator in 1918. They were still alive when he came up for reëlection in 1919.

Before that date, however, a movement had come to the foreground which, in effect upon Chicago's politics no less than upon its permanent social structure, was more important than anything due to the war.

CHAPTER XIX

THERE were withdrawn from activities in Illinois, during 1917-1918, more than 350,000 men. Of these fighters in army and navy Chicago sent the most, proportionate to its population. Enlistment and the draft half emptied offices and shops. The steel-plants, railroads, factories, were starved for men; and not only because of outgoing youths donning uniforms, but because the great streams from Europe had been dammed. By this time nearly every nation from the tip of the British Isles to the Bosphorus was involved. An immigrant from these borders was as rare as a man from Borneo.

Into the vacuum rushed the American negro.

It does not seem wholly true that, as common talk had had it, the big industries lured the colored man Northward. They did not need to. That swarm in the Southern States had long been awaiting a chance to move. For over fifty years the negro had been free, but in the same period he had been treated as a separate sort of human being, and often as a lower sort—and sometimes as a sort lower than a tame animal. He was sick of it. He was particularly sick of suspicion and cruelty, of Jim Crow cars, of "the buzzard roost" in the theaters, of disfranchisement, of judges who gave white men the verdicts. It was not that he was starving, at least in large numbers. It was

"that inferior feeling." And so the negro, even when singing under the Southern moon, was eager to give up his vine-hung (and probably unsanitary) cottage in the fields for whatever he could get in a white man's town.

Chicago, lined up with the Mississippi States and a terminus for the big North-South Railroads, was the natural goal for as many of that huge negro population in the central South as could find the carfare. It shone like a great North Star to those dreamers. Many thousands of the race had settled there before the World War, anyhow; the World's Fair had attracted many. Their Chicago newspapers, in addition to messages by letter and otherwise, carried down to the black folk below the Ohio appeals like this, from the *Defender:* "I beg of you, my brethren, to leave that benighted land. You are free men. . . . Your neck has been in the yoke. . . . To die from the bite of frost is far more glorious than that of the mob."

More sober, and more grammatical, appeals described the high wages to be had. As much as $8 a day. It was given out that there were 50,000 jobs open in the stockyards alone. Chicago, Chicago was the place! The Southern negro felt that he knew the city; knew it, if in no other way, through Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues.

Ah, yes! And, if not too benighted, he knew a great name that was linked not only with Sears Roebuck but with his own welfare—the name of Julius Rosenwald. The Jewish philanthropist, long before the war, had come to realize that the advancement of the negro had claims upon his tender sympathies as sharp as those of needy, retarded people anywhere. He had visited Tuskegee, had held long talks with Booker T. Washington. He had winced over tragedies of race in Chicago, for so long his own city. And, figuring it all out with the wisdom that had built a colossal business, he poured out his help through a system aimed at good management of what he gave and at the basic needs of the colored man, namely, education and better morals.

Thus, with heavy benefactions to negro schools and with his

coöperative offers that led to negro Y. M. C. A. buildings in more than a dozen cities—Chicago included—he had by wartime come to be known as one of the two or three greatest American friends of the black race. Never did he cease to help universities or Jewish charities or relief funds of general scope; he gave them millions. But he had a special warm spot for the negroes: he called them, in one prepared statement, the neighbors of the white man.

Within a few years more it was to be known that he had a special project for relieving the problem of housing black families; and before he was seventy this model-apartment scheme on Chicago's South Side was to reach the point of actual building.

2

The great migration, one of the most notable movements of a people ever recorded, began in 1916, with the increasing suction of men into foreign armies. It reached its peak when the United States mobilized. During 1916-1918 about half a million negroes journeyed from Southern to Northern States, intending to stay. Chicago, which had received tens of thousands since the Civil War, and had seldom bothered about the black streak in its human fabric, became the destination of about 65,000 negroes, and realized full soon that it had a race-problem.

Of course, it seemed as though there had always been the Black Belt, down there in the region where refined folk hated to go; down there alongside the red-light district. There had also been black patches on the West and North Sides. Few of the average thoughtless Chicagoans had ever supposed there would not be room for more in those unsightly areas. But now, with hordes of black men coming in, and with whole families disembarking, bundles, babies, and all, from trains, with black laborers crowding the street-cars, and with an obvious bursting of housing barriers, the situation was as clear as though some mighty flood had swollen a murky river above its banks.

"Shortly after the migrants began to arrive," says that amazing report, *The Negro in Chicago*,[1] "practically all available houses had been taken and filled to overcrowding. On a single day the Chicago Urban League found 664 negro applicants for houses, with only fifty-five dwellings actually available. At the same time, rents for negroes were increased by from 5 to 50 per cent."

The newcomers captured what they could out of the fourth-rate or fifth-rate dwellings unoccupied by the very poor. Many were glad to lay down their tired heads in rooms whose squalor was equaled only by their vicious history—for it was in the once gaudy, now foul, houses that had paid fortunes to Levee-kings that thousands of negroes found homes. They saw with round eyes fragments of Gomorrah. They came upon mysterious tunnels, odd electric devices. They opened closets whose doors stuck, and found the rags of brilliant costumes. They came upon a skeleton, here and there. . . .

When investigators went to see how the migrants were faring, they got curt reports, like: "No gas, bath, or toilet . . . plumbing bad; leaks . . . hot-water heater out of order . . . water for drinking and cooking has to be carried in . . . asked landlord to turn on water in kitchen; told them to move."

Some landlords were not even as good as that. They made promises, broke them, and cursed the poor devils who got insistent. There was a continued shifting of negro families from one hovel to another, or from one large but squalid apartment to another, a childlike optimism ever leading on.

And often they did find better things. And as time passed, members of the race who were determined, who were buffeted but resilient, pleasure-loving but hardworking, acquired property, found better homes, swelled the membership in churches to an amazing degree, and, however tough the struggle, rejoiced that they could ride in any seat vacant in a street-car, or sit on the main floor of a theater.

[1] *The Negro in Chicago; a Study of Race Relations and a Race Riot*, by the Chicago Commission on Race Relations. The University of Chicago Press. 1922.

They spread into boulevards of the South Side. They crept south along the old and charming double avenue, Grand Boulevard, and along South Park Avenue, and into aristocratic old Prairie Avenue, and the white man moved on ahead —often hurling a bomb as he went.

The black race dug its foothold deep. It acquired a fancy for real estate, and did not at all mind a burden of mortgages. Carl Sandburg, the poet, investigated the situation in 1919, and wrote: "Twenty years ago fewer than fifty families of the colored race were home-owners in Chicago. Today they number thousands, their purchases ranging from $200 to $20,000, from tar-paper shacks in the still-district to brownstone and greystone establishments."

3

While the black man thus progressed, while in a few months a virtual savage from the cotton-fields would don the clothes and something of the manner of an urban dweller, while the oppressed creatures could learn to play and to save their dimes, it could not be said that the negro in Chicago found himself always proud to live. "Change of residence," says the commission's report, "carried with it in many cases change of status. The 'leader' in a small Southern community when he came to Chicago was immediately absorbed into the great, struggling mass of unnoticed workers. School-teachers . . . had to go to work in factories."

He, the negro, half-child, half-man, was still the under dog. He was still a "separate" being. Though he was happier than he had been, there was a disturbance within him, deep down. He threw out his chest and jingled his silver, to keep up his spirits. He was delighted when white people treated him nicely.

Only one big politician seemed unreservedly his friend, and that was the great Mayor Thompson. As far back as the primary of 1915, Thompson had attracted a notable negro vote. With the assistance of colored aldermen, he carefully devel-

oped it, not only showing himself in the Black Belt whenever he could, but appointing colored men and women to places in the City Hall. By the time of the mayoralty election of 1919, this deliberate cultivation of a struggling, half-segregated, and intensely emotional race had resulted in the capture by Thompson of almost every negro's heart. Little they cared how the enemies of their friend protested about Thompson's machine, about the collapsed finances of the city—slumped from a surplus of about $2,800,000 in 1915 to a deficit of over $4,600,000 in 1919—or about the increase in murderous crime, or about quarrels over subways, or about "Thompson's disloyalty."

He would appear at campaign meetings down in the dark South Side, and be greeted as "our brother." His big face, rounder and swarthier than a few years back, would beam acceptance of the term.

"I will protect the weak against the strong," he would thunder.

And were not they the weak? He himself was a strong figure to them, big and broad. A distinct person, a gladiator. For the rest, as James O'Donnell Bennett described him in those days: "Eyes heavy and somewhat sad; nose too small, but beautifully modeled; mouth lax and heavy and not reassuring except when he smiles, and then the smile irradiates the whole face . . . complexion still florid as in the old days; eyebrows heavy and give the face strength; on the whole, a massive head, poised on a powerful neck."

His voice would go out in a roar over rows of crinkly-haired heads, shouting down the men and things these under dogs hated—the "trust newspapers," or rather the millionaires who owned them, the smug or academic social students who talked about "clean politics," the upper crust of society generally.

He shook the hands of those black folk. He admired their babies. On at least one occasion he took up a pickaninny on the platform and held it on his broad shoulder.

He was running against two vote-getting opponents: Sweitzer, whom he had beaten before, and Maclay Hoyne, the busy,

ambitious State's attorney, who chose to run as an independent. John Fitzpatrick was also running on a labor-party ticket. Thompson had the advantage of the divided opposition. At the same time, he fought weighted down by the odium of payroll padding, his truckling to Lundin, and the forlorn, crime-ridden conditions of the city. His promise of a traction settlement was a matter of course. All candidates promised one. As for his war record, as for his soarings into irrelevant national issues and his hollow appeals to free Ireland, they may have helped as much as hurt him. The soldier voters were still in France.

Anyway, after the three-cornered campaign had run its course of political maneuvering, mud-slinging, Loop parades, and saloon-fights, it became clear that Thompson was still on top. Behind the brave claims of his rivals lurked the probability of defeat. He was not to be the "landslide" hero of 1915; that was clear also. In fact, the issue might narrow down to a few thousand votes.

And that was what it did. It narrowed down to a margin, throughout the city, that might by itself have called for a recount. But the negro men and women marched to the polls, solid for Thompson. In some precincts not a vote was cast for another candidate. Thompson got 15,569 votes in the principal black wards, as against 3,323 for the next man. His official plurality was 21,622. Evidently, then, even if beaten by some thousands without it, his negro support would have elected him. The phenomenon was startling almost beyond expression.

4

Not quite four months later, the condensed venom of political hate and race-hates gave Chicago five of the worst days it had ever known.

The black cloud rising for several years past had been met with no civic movement merited by such a problem. Good negro leaders had worked to benefit and civilize the newcomers from

the South; white philanthropists like Rosenwald had done what they could, while the City Hall worked to corrupt the black men politically and morally. But it was after and not before the outbreak of July, 1919, that organized and scientific study got to work—and then it was ordered by the governor of the State and not by the Mayor or City Council of Chicago.

The menace hovered and grew. The negroes obtained more and more jobs; their swollen population crept out of regions where they were tolerated into locales where they "did not belong." The situation passed from one of grumbling and jostling into one of sporadic terrorism. That cowardly weapon, the secretly planted bomb, was employed by well-dressed fiends who sought to scare negroes out of newly acquired homes or to "warn" real-estate men who helped the negroes get them. Within the two years from July 1917 to July 1919, twenty-four bombings were recorded. Not one was traced to its source.

Along with all this went a guerrilla warfare carried on by gangs of young hoodlums to whom the pursuit of a negro down an alley was a joyous adventure as well as a "duty." Along a strip of several miles, north to south, adjoining the Black Belt and with a deadline between, these gangs, some of them dominated by youngsters under military and voting age, had their hunting-grounds. It needed only a tocsin to unite them. The reëlection of Thompson, after a display of every evil prejudice, racial, nationalistic, or religious, seemed to furnish such a signal.

On Sunday, July 27, there was trouble at a South Side bathing-beach, used by both whites and blacks, with an invisible line between. Somebody crossed the line, and stone-throwing began. A seventeen-year-old colored boy swam into the area used by whites, and while a shower of stones was flying, he took fright, sank, and was drowned. A white man was pointed out by negroes to the policeman on guard, but was not arrested. Instead, the officer arrested a negro on the complaint of white bystanders.

Two hours passed, while more and more negroes collected at the beach. The lone officer sent for reinforcements. On their arrival, a negro fired at them and was himself shot down. Then, as the day wore on and darkness came, messages sped from place to place in the negro quarter that the great terror had become a fact. Groups of whites and blacks met; there were disorganized fights, stabbings, shootings.

The next day, a working-day, was quiet until the afternoon hour when laborers jammed the street-cars returning from work. Cars were brought to a halt, negroes jerked from the platforms and beaten. Thirty blacks were maimed, and four killed, while one white man was murdered.

The outbreak spread out into tragic incidents all up and down the embattled part of the South Side. This was one, as described in the commission's report three years later:

"Rumor had it that a white occupant of the Angelus apartment house had shot a negro boy from a fourth-story window. Negroes besieged the building. The white tenants sought police protection, and about a hundred policemen, including some mounted men, responded. The mob of about fifteen hundred negroes demanded the 'culprit,' but the police failed to find him . . . a flying brick hit a policeman. There was a quick massing of the police, and a volley was fired into the negro mob. Four negroes were killed and many were injured."

At midnight that same night, Monday, Chicago's nightmare was intensified by a car-strike, tying up all the surface and elevated lines. The mobs, on both sides, now attacked men walking to work. Automobiles filled with armed hoodlums sped through the hot, dusty streets of the belt, firing at will.

Nothing less than panic had seized Chicago. The smoke of burning negro homes was rising. Mobs pursued their victims even into downtown streets, where some white men wearing the uniforms of soldiers and sailors killed two negroes and wounded others. The police seemed powerless; indeed, there was some evidence that they were friendly to such gangs as Ragen's Colts, the Lorraine Club, and the Sparkler's Club—all "mentioned,"

but none convicted, in connection with murderous assaults. So there came, within twenty-four hours after the trouble began, appeals to the city authorities to ask for militia. Chief of Police Garrity, Spanish War veteran, held back, declaring that inexperienced riflemen—the "crack men" were still in France—would only make matters worse. "Mayor Thompson," says the Commission's report, "supported the Chief's refusal until outside pressure compelled him to ask the Governor for aid." Governor Lowden, watching the situation from a hotel room, acted, but so much time had been lost that the troops did not begin active duty until the evening of Wednesday. With the arrival of these five thousand men, striplings though many of them were, the riot began to die down. A rain-storm followed the intense July heat that had helped madden the crowds. "From this time on," says the report, "the violence was sporadic, scattered, and meager."

5

It was while revolvers were still cracking that citizens met at the Union League Club and petitioned Governor Lowden to appoint a State Commission to study "the psychological, social, and economic causes." On August 20 he named twelve persons, six from each race. Julius Rosenwald, the philanthropist, and Victor F. Lawson, the editor, were among those representing the whites. Funds were raised through an auxiliary committee. A long and intensive inquiry began.

The great book, of nearly seven hundred pages, was at length issued. Of its magnanimous and enlightened appeals, aimed at quieting race-prejudice, Chicago absorbed all too little.

"What are we going to do about it?" one man would ask another, as the years went on. And people shook their heads.

CHAPTER XX

THE service-men who came back that Summer were excited about "old Chi."

They had heard of the reëlection of Thompson; some of them had made long-distance protests. They had read about the race-riots, the street-car strike, the new seven-cent fare, the uproar about "H. C. L.," and the (temporary) collapse of the saloon. It must have seemed to many of them, while still abroad, that their city, despite its immense Liberty Loan successes and its Red Cross generosity, was almost as insane as the battle-front.

But they found it going about its business with the same nonchalant and cheery and chip-on-shoulder spirit that it always showed.

Moreover, they found it increasing in beauty.

2

"Beautiful," was not their adjective, nor "wonderful," nor "attractive." They said:

"Look, fella, there's a new skyscraper at La Salle and Adams."

"The Field Museum is sure stickin' up out of the mud."

"Why, they've cut off the old buildings already to build the boulevard!"

Their city was changing, as noticeably as the lines of automobile-bodies—which also they noticed—as vividly as the movies were changing. Although these boys may not have understood it, quite, the immense conceptions of a new city, born ten or twenty years before, were now forcing their way upward through architectural débris; they were penetrating crowded and smutty areas like a fine plow that turns its furrows among rotten roots. A triumph over stupidity, indifference, bickerings, and greed was being expressed in long, broad sweeps of highway, as well as in victorious towers and cornices.

The last time the service-men saw the improved West Twelfth Street, for example, it had been, for much of its length, a chaos of dust and stripped buildings, their ends torn off like the shelled towns of France. Before that, even long before there ever was a parade of Chicago doughboys, Europe-bound, there had been dragging through the courts the formal objections to the condemnation proceedings. About the time when Wilson was nominated for a second term, the court opened the way for tearing down buildings and widening the street; in August of that year, the city paid for the first piece of property condemned, and the wrecking began. Then, in December, 1917, while some of the troops had gone over, but many more were in camp, the job of widening the street from 66 feet to 108, for a mile and a half west of the river, was complete, and a little before Christmas there was a carnival in celebration. Nearly 100,000 people rode in decorated cars, or cheered from the curbings.

To accomplish this end, there had to be worked out a compromise with stubborn railroads about the viaduct which was to carry the improved street eastward over the river. Then the city had to buy 302 individual pieces of property; it had to deal with sharp lawyers representing property-owners who at first fought bitterly, and some groups of whom were harangued by agitators.

But, "as a lasting tribute to Chicago's citizens of foreign origin," wrote Walter D. Moody,[1] "it must be recorded that these people, when they were properly informed, . . . undertook to coöperate with the [Plan] Commission, and did so with such complete harmony and faith as to put some of the more Americanized sections to blush."

When the condemnation suit came to trial, the city, according to Mr. Moody, met with scarcely any opposition.

3

In carrying through the boulevard-link improvement, the commission and the city encountered one of the Americanized sections, and faced a tartar.

The construction-problem was not as simple as the one of lopping off the fronts of some West Twelfth Street stores. Meanwhile, the importance of dealing adequately with Michigan Avenue, part of the city's "front yard," was in many ways greater. The boulevard had been widened already, from Park Row north to Randolph Street, creating what used to be called "the splendid mile." But this splendor was abruptly checked by arriving at a length of street, from Randolph to the river-bank, historic but hideous, and only 66 feet wide.

Mr. Moody vividly describes that strip as one which "presented the appearance of a poor, tenth-rate city . . . Many vacant buildings showed the grime of years upon their windows, their door-lintels were hung with cobwebs, and a general air of decadence prevailed. At the corner of Randolph Street . . . traffic was barricaded by the 66-foot jutting building-line which caused the vehicles struggling to enter the gap to be massed in solid and almost inextricable confusion. At the river, traffic was obliged to make a sharp turn up a steep grade to cross the Rush Street Bridge, and thence it continued in that narrow, overcrowded thoroughfare for blocks before it could again turn lakeward into Pine Street."

[1] *What of the City?* by Walter D. Moody. A. C. McClurg and Company, 1919.

This account added that the Rush Street Bridge at that time—before its two-level successor was used—carried 16 per cent. more traffic than London Bridge. Across it rumbled 77 per cent. of all the automobiles, and 23 per cent. of all the commercial vehicles, which entered the Loop district from the North Side.

It was in the Spring of 1914, in the last year of Harrison as mayor, that the City Council authorized the improvement. In November the first bond issue of $3,800,000, went over by a popular vote. The majority was 78,846; a victory gained over growlers who objected to a move to help "the rich automobile crowd," who called the proposed street "the swells'" thoroughfare, and the "boulevard on stilts." At least as unselfish a stand might have been expected from "the swells" as had been taken by their less prosperous fellow-citizens of West Twelfth Street. But not so! The suit to gain possession of the land needed went into court in February, 1916, and was not finished until more than two years later.

"The trial of this case," Mr. Moody wrote, "was contested by two hundred and five lawyers who, in their efforts to obtain good deals for their clients, added tremendously to the cost of the litigation, the city being obliged to employ a large array of high-priced experts to defend itself against its opponents.[1] Many instances of unselfishness and fine public spirit were shown by citizens whose property was either taken or heavily taxed, but many other instances of selfishness of the first order showed themselves, which resulted in the cost of the improvement being materially enhanced."

A direct settlement had to be made with 8,700 property owners. Many "got ugly" because they had cherished a fear that the entire cost would be up to them; some, no doubt, were angered because the "low-brows" elsewhere in the city had urged that very arrangement. Others simply clung to what was undoubtedly gilt-edged real estate. One big company carried to

[1] Coming events cast shadows. See Chapter XXVIII for an account of what the undue employment of "experts" did to the Thompson administration.

the State Supreme Court a claim for $1,000,000, but got only half of it. The commission, with strong assistance from a body now named the North Central Association, had managed to sign up, before public hearing, a majority of the lineal front-footage; and thus a year's delay was saved.

The tearing-down process began near the river on April 13, 1918. There was an automobile parade and a dinner eaten by about a thousand people. Mayor Thompson spoke; so did his "demon of energy" (the president of the board of local improvements) Michael J. Faherty; so did Mr. Wacker. With characteristic warmth of phrase, Mr. Wacker said:

"The administrations of Mayors Fred A. Busse, Carter H. Harrison and William Hale Thompson will illumine . . . the brightest of all pages in the history of our beloved city."

The great improvement crashed on. It swallowed tons of money—bond issue after issue. The war boosted prices; the treasury emptied itself and was refilled, with Faherty's usual wild prodigality. By the spring of 1920 the cost had grown to nearly $16,000,000. Bond issues were no longer feasible. There was a deficit of more than $1,000,000. Experts (many of them mere minor politicians) grabbed nearly $800,000. It was Faherty's motto, then as well as afterward, to "Go ahead on the jump and straighten out the legal end later."

None of this darkened the festivities on the fourteenth of May, 1920, when the "splendid mile" had been pushed northward over the river, and far beyond, and was ready to be enjoyed. The mighty two-level bridge, which rose into the air like an alligator's jaws when ships whistled, and over which, at later times, millions of autos were to run while heavier vehicles clattered in the half-darkness below, was open for traffic.

Another flowered procession of motors . . . Big Bill, his cowboy hat, and his Booster's Club . . . signs hoisted, reading "All hats off to our Mayor. What do we live for?" . . . shouting people on the curb . . . flags waving, whistles blowing . . . airplanes showering down booster circulars. . . .

The next day, two thousand cars per hour hissing over the smooth, wide structure. . . .

Another milestone!

4

It was like Chicago, the Jekyll and Hyde of cities, the city of dual personality and gaudy contrasts, that on the same day when a beautiful civic adventure was celebrated there should take place a ceremony marking the end of a vice-lord.

On that May 14 there passed along South Side streets, with throngs following, and judges and aldermen in swell cars, the flower-covered coffin of Big Jim Colosimo, unctuous monarch of the Levee for years. Under his bland exterior, his "front" of café proprietor and host to politicians and college boys alike, he had the temper of a huge spider who waits and waits. He hid behind his "front" and sent out Torrio to do his ugly errands. He poured wine from dusty bottles—and in the back room counted his Midas-like pile.

Some one shot him dead in his "refined" café one afternoon. Dale Winter, singer protegé of his, mourned him, along with the widow. And though both police and friends swore to "get" the assassin, he never was found. No one ever knew—unless it was Torrio.

5

Where the lake lay glittering, there was no suggestion of the city's volcanic heart. The march toward improvement went steadily on, through a labyrinth of plans, counter-plans, legalisms, politics.

A tangled business, indeed, this lake-front development! It can scarcely be more than suggested in a few paragraphs. One is confronted by a tremendous library of records, in which lie moldering the details of negotiations between such ponderous units as the City Council, the Park Board, the United States War Department, and the Illinois Central Railroad. Besides,

there were individual property-owners with riparian rights. All had something to say. The original authority of the government, the grants to the railroad, legislation that heaped up through the years, created a web almost baffling the clearest minds.

The story of the effort to compromise the Illinois Central case is typical. Told at its briefest, it runs like this:

The agreement was prefaced by four years (1903-1907) of legislative action, necessary that the city might acquire those riparian rights held by citizens. Next came negotiation with the railroad, which had an undisputed claim to the lake shore bordering the heart of the city for about four miles. The argument dragged on until the winter of 1911-1912. Terms were reached, but rejected by the aldermen. Then came forward a citizen group including Lessing Rosenthal, Allen B. Pond, and Charles E. Merriam, who suggested better terms with the railroad; that is, better for Chicago. They proposed a much-reduced grant to the Illinois Central in return for the coveted strip of water as well as ten-odd acres of land. In the meantime, the South Park commissioners, two of whom were John Barton Payne and Charles L. Hutchinson, reached a special settlement with the Illinois Central. It assured the site near downtown for the Field Museum, instead of in Jackson Park, where it seemed for a time the merchant's gift might have to go. The site was provided only a few months before the limit in Mr. Field's will for acceptance of his $8,000,000 bequest.

As for the complete project of shore-development, it came to the verge of success, and then a new "hitch" developed.

The War Department, keeping a watchful eye on the lake-front that Chicago was trying to make its own, had to be appealed to for a permit before the filling proposed could be done. Mayor Harrison led a large and determined delegation to Washington. Mr. Secretary, backed by an array of engineers, said he could issue no permit until the entire question of Chicago harbors was resolved. Back came the delegation, and the Plan Commission, which had to veer with each wind,

started to adjust its blueprints to meet the new circumstances. At length the plans were ready, and in the fall of 1914 the Council Committee on Harbors, Wharves and Bridges called for a recommendation covering everything. It was forthcoming. Nearly two years passed in hearings and in argument. An ordinance was adopted. The Illinois Central rejected it. Deadlock . . . Next the railroad was requested to, and did, submit a complete terminal scheme. It came before the City Council in September, 1916, but now a subject of debate not yet thrashed out—though raised tentatively years before—entered the long-drawn conferences: the question of electrifying the railroad system. Stalemate once more.

The Great War was on, but despite its distractions, all parties to the lake-front problem, strongly urged by such bodies as the Association of Commerce and the Union League Club, gathered themselves anew, and in 1918 negotiations were resumed. By July, 1919, the Council Committee on Railway Terminals had recommended an ordinance providing for electrification of the Illinois Central, a grand new terminal station in harmony with the Field Museum, and other important features. The railroad finally accepted the measure and filed bond for $1,000,000, agreeing to electrify its suburban lines by 1927, its freight-service by 1932, and its through passenger-lines by 1937.

Thus, during a period which saw world-convulsions as well as stormy political years in Chicago, the will and ingenuity of citizens who held fast to the lake-front dream forced a path through meshes of trouble as dense, if not as wounding, as the barbed wire in No Man's Land. The Field Museum and the Stadium were built, and these two classic structures became dazzling ornaments of "Chicago's front yard." Farther north, meantime, beyond a curve of blue water, there had been thrust out into the lake the Municipal Pier, whose twin towers and double chain of lights contribute so much to Chicago's night-scene.

By the lake-front negotiation, the way was opened also for

the creation of a shore Elysium, comprehending the island necklace, the splendid curving boulevard on the lip of the lake, the vast undulating expanse of park along the city's central area—all those beauties conceived so long ago, and now flowering in a way that thrills not only every Chicagoan, but every visitor. The nuisance of hundreds of puffing locomotives, belching smoke that discouraged tree-planting, was on the way to its end. But, as the candid Moody wrote:

"Reviewing the years of wrangling, bickering, and delay, one is forced to the conclusion that two-thirds of these nine years [1910-1919] have been wasted, and that two-thirds of the controversy has been stupid."

6

If this criticism was true of negotiations, what could be said of the troubles that grew out of labor strife?

The city was eager, it was passionately determined, to build, build, build. Some great urge, not wholly commercial, yet certainly not wholly idealistic, forced it on. This passion brought about, after years of struggle, the erection of the Union Station; and thanks to Mr. Wacker, John F. Wallace, and others, the huge terminal group conformed to the Chicago Plan better than for a time it seemed likely to do. Yet this great project was halted at least twice by long and bitter labor-contests.

There was tumult all through the building-industry. There were here, as in most other fields, effects of the effort of a topsy-turvy world to get back on its axis. Material prices were sky-high; so were living costs; wages, however, in the building-trades had not kept pace with this rise. In the whirl of new angers—and with many people so ready to raise the cry "Bolsheviks!"—the ideal of arbitration, which seemed so well established back in the 1900s, was frequently lost to sight in the building-field.

There were a good many union officials, czars of certain building-trades, who had a passion to get rich quick. There

was a culmination of devices such as exclusive agreements between material-firms and union rings, or "shake-downs" which scared contractors badly if they did not impoverish them. The "pineapple" and the sawed-off shotgun had come into use, superseding the brass knuckles of 1900. Sluggers more clever and blood-thirsty than Skinny Madden ever controlled could now be hired for $50 a day and up—or down.

There was one attempt to deal with this in 1917, when a noted Chicago laborite, Mike Boyle ("Umbrella Mike") was convicted, with others, of conspiracy to restrain trade. But this case, only one of a series of efforts to "clean up" or to "crush the unions"—as you happened to look at it—failed to clear the air. Looking at it from the viewpoint of such organizations as the Chicago Association of Commerce, the woods were full of union officials with criminal records, holding power through thuggery. The vexatious "jurisdictional strike" was snagging many an architect's plans. And money was leaking from the pockets of some contractors into those of some business agents. A legislative commission headed by Senator John Dailey sat on the matter during 1920, and heard dark and bloody tales, accompanied usually by an echo of the jingle of dirty money. Sums ranging from $3,500 to $47,000, it was alleged, were "coughed up" to assure the completion of big buildings. There were seven strikes on the Drake Hotel job!

Now there was a man on the Federal bench in Chicago to whom, at that time, people were apt to turn when they wanted something settled or exposed, fortissimo. He was a black-eyed judge, with a shock of white hair, a quid of tobacco in his cheek, and a spitfire vocabulary. Father Landis, back in Indiana, had named his son Kenesaw Mountain, after the battle fought near Marietta, Georgia, in 1864. The Judge, who in the 1900s won national attention by imposing a huge fine on the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and who scored almost every week by quaint remarks while hearing minor cases, was always ready to take up troublous questions.

In 1921 the embattled builders and the trades unions laid

their troubles in his lap. There had been a lockout that exhausted everybody's patience, and held back enterprises worth hundreds of millions. Judge Landis agreed to arbitrate the wage-scale, and then elected to take up other issues, too. When he was ready to rule, he not only revised wages—ordering what amounted, roughly, to a 12½ per cent. reduction per hour, and more—but he went into the whole basic trouble. He declared from the bench that Chicago building was in bad repute. Capital, he said, was avoiding the city as though it were diseased. "There is a virtual famine in housing-accommodations," he said, though it was only a few years since Chicago had had about 30,000 vacant flats.

The agreement Judge Landis proposed called not only for arbitration, but for an end of sympathetic strikes, a removal of limitation on material to be used, and an abandonment of union rules that tied contractors' hands.

This was the Judge's own "pineapple," tossed among the building-unions. The labor history of succeeding years was made turbulent by it. Some unions, such as the plumbers, revolted. The carpenters, who had proposed arbitration in the first place, concluded that the Landis survey would go beyond wages into matters over which the local union had no jurisdiction, and remained aloof. When the row broke, they took up litigation which, late in 1928, was decided by the Illinois Supreme Court in their favor.

As for the associated contractors, cheered up by Judge Landis' decision their way, they entered upon a distinctly new program. They decided to employ such unions as accepted the award, and to fight the others with imported men and troops of special guards. In an effort to back them up, the Association of Commerce appointed a citizens' committee, with a roster, at that time, of 179. Thomas E. Donnelley, son of the pioneer printer, became its head, and men of large wealth such as James A. Patten backed him up. The committee obtained $3,000,000 by public subscription.

It was another Chicagoesque conflict, with battle-cries such

as "Down with the boycotting millionaires!" on one side, and "No quarter to grafting labor!" on the other. There were desertions from both armies. Some of the unions got on the best they could under the new conditions; others tried to fight. A number of contractors, with nation-wide obligations, fearing strikes in other cities, finally abandoned their alliance with the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award (its full title). But that body became powerful, set up employment agencies; insured building-operations; backed up the police with special guards (as many as seven hundred at one time); employed publicity-methods with decided effect. Meantime, the venerable Building Trades Council went through "shake-up" after "shake-up."

And during those years, of course—this being Chicago—the struggle did not stop short of bombs, arson, or murder. The chief of the flat-janitors' union and nine others were convicted of conspiracy to bomb and extort. A police lieutenant named Terence Lyons was mysteriously slain by gunmen riding in a Ford car. Chief of Police Fitzmorris caused the Building Trades Council suite to be raided; scores of labor men were whirled to cells in patrol-wagons; three characters of great notoriety then—Fred (Frenchy) Mader, Big Tim Murphy, and Con Shea—were tried, but eventually acquitted. Mader "took a rap" over a matter of $700 and some Drake Hotel lamps. . . . But that, too, was crossed off, as the months went on.

People twenty years hence will wonder what it was all about.

7

Somehow or other, the city rose above its battles, its violent clashes in court and out, its gushes of hatred and its peril from human destroyers.

The blue sky itself scarcely seemed a barrier to spires and Babylonian towers. The Masonic Temple, miracle of the 1890s, was humbled, the Monadnock no longer attracted rural sight-

seers. These sightseers looked down from galleries hundreds of feet up—looked down over the far-spreading, wistful, and lovely lake on one side, and into the Liliputian movement on boulevards (new and glossy boulevards) to landward.

Figures, if you like:

The building-record, over $100,000,000 a year in 1914-1916, fell to about $64,000,000 in 1916, and to less than $35,000,000 in 1918. It recovered to $104,198,850 in 1919. But what of that? During the first year buildings erected under the Landis Award were alone valued at $115,000,000. And during the next six years, general conditions being what they were, there were to be added to the mighty roofs and walls of the new Chicago edifices that cost more than $1,700,000,000. In one year, 1924, more than ninety miles of buildings frontage went up. Meantime, pressure from people with city-planning minds brought new zoning ordinances and a commission which tackled the huge job of remapping a metropolis.

The age of mere millions had passed. The age of billions had dawned. There had vanished also all timorousness in the face of hugeness, all fear of building too much.

And with the ending of such fears, it seemed that the city had lost, as well, its suspicion that beauty did not pay.

CHAPTER XXI

BEHOLD now the days of super-speed, of super-brilliance, of super-power. American energy not only had survived the war, but apparently had been redoubled by it. Chicago caught the pace—the amazing, dazzling, even perilous pace of the third decade.

Now came the time of six-cylinder cars, owned by people for whom four cylinders had been a luxury. To eight and twelve cylinders new thousands aspired. Bright motor-headlights made firefly processions on every glassy street.

It was the time of stunning tiers of window-lights, surmounted sometimes by illumined castles in air, magic Parthenons floating among the clouds.

—The time of lofty hotels and "ultra" apartment houses, with tiaras of lights, elevators "you worked yourself"; electric devices that would have humbled Aladdin.

—Of more and more ambitious movie palaces, their fronts streaming with flashing arches or traveling placards; their interior an awesome mixture of all the architectures; their stages set with spectacles enriched by new inventions of electricians; their orchestras playing amid color shading from sunrise golden to sunset purple and back again.

—Of equally grand, bizarre, or at least big, dance-halls;

crowds larger than at State conventions; gleaming and sonorous saxophones—the Charleston.

—Of shop-windows as amazing as the World's Fair; of "specialties"; of antiques; of lightning changes in styles and merchandise-gambles lost; of gewgaws and gimcracks and bangles and bracelets; of billions of stockings and billions of little hats; all in floods of light, managed with great art.

—Of incredibly long lanes of street-lamps, up and down the slopes; light everywhere; light lavished and wasted; as much candle-power used in a week as the whole nation once used in a year.

And the element in which all this lived came from superpower.

2

Aladdin was reincarnated, for Chicago, in Samuel Insull. That citizen now dominates a power-realm so wide-spread and various that little people doubtless think of him as a vague Influence, above and beyond the turning wheels and crackling wires; a being who has got everything under his thumb, who sits and presses buttons, who owns too much. What did he ever *do*, men ask?

The name of Insull did not excite common talk in Chicago until something like twenty years ago. This England-born American had, however, arrived in Chicago in 1892. Before that date, he had observed the central West. He saw its sweeping areas, its beauties, its unused resources, its future wealth. It was the arena in which he wanted to perform; and Chicago was, perforce, its heart. To use Mr. Insull's own—and more practical—words,[1] "It seemed to me that this great community . . . must inevitably become the center of manufacturing for this populous and rich central valley of the country." He had, in 1892, at the age of thirty-three, advanced from being a London stenographer, the son of a manufacturer's agent and temperance-leader, to be confidential secretary to Thomas

[1] Address to Western Society of Engineers, February 1, 1923.

Edison, then general business manager of the Edison enterprises, and finally vice-president of the General Electric Company—a consolidation of the Edison and Thompson-Houston interests. But he had decided to get out of the manufacturing end into the "business of production and distribution of electrical energy."

"I was looking for a place," to continue the quotation, "where central-station business was the least developed. Fortunately for me, the old Chicago Edison Company had asked me to look for a president for that company, and I was bold enough to suggest myself as a candidate."

The leading spirits of the company, including the banker Byron L. Smith, did not seem to object to the suggestion. In fact, they seized upon it. So Mr. Insull moved from under the Edison roof and became a Chicagoan in time to make the World's Fair a demonstration to the world of the wonders of electric light. The central station there was the first large one energizing at once light, power, and transportation. Mr. Insull was young then, but there were already at work in him many of the same motives he has since followed. One was to make consolidations. His company absorbed a concern called the Chicago Arc Light Company—a mere child which, with other infants in the badly lighted city, could generate only about 3,500 kilowatts. He bought it from B. E. Sunny, who was to become one of the builders of the vast telephone interests. Later, Mr. Insull took into the fold a number of other electric companies, formed the Commonwealth Electric Company, and in 1907 welded all into the Commonwealth Edison Company.

Control of so much territory stimulated another of the super-power man's motives, which led toward greater producing-energy and longer transmission. There was nothing mechanical at that time—the end of the century—to satisfy him. But while he pondered, there arrived in America a device then regarded dubiously by many engineers, a Parsons turbine. It interested Mr. Insull very much; it started inspirations like those which set a composer to work on a symphony.

President Coffin of the General Electric Company, much interested in the western efforts of the former vice-president, suggested that Mr. Insull try out a 1,000-kilowatt turbine. It was not enough. Mr. Insull (after having some of his engineers travel about the country and find out how many or rather how few, turbines were in use), went to see Mr. Coffin.

"Build us," said he in effect, "build us a turbine that will produce 5,000 kilowatts."

Five thousand! Mr. Coffin's technicians shook their heads. However, Mr. Insull said he would be responsible. He made it personal, not a message from his directors. But, in his own words:

"After a long discussion . . . we decided to construct and equip a turbine station."

The first unit was of 5,000 kilowatts; a second, at the same place (Fisk Street) was of the same amount. The year was 1903. A few months ago a joyous group of power-men celebrated the placing of a tablet on that old station. Mr. Insull tells a good story about the first experiment.

"When they turned on the steam," he said, "my friend Mr. Sargent [the chief consulting engineer] told me that he thought I had better go back to the office in Adams Street. The 'innards' of the turbine were scraping on the casing and making a terrible noise. I asked Sargent why he told me I had better go to the office. He said: 'Well, I don't know exactly what is going to happen.'

"I said, 'Well, then, you had better go out as well.'

"He said, 'No; it is my duty to be here, and it is not yours.'

"I said, 'Is the thing going to blow up?'

"He replied, 'No; I don't think it is, but I don't know.'

"I then said, 'Well, Sargent, if it blows up, the company will blow up, and I will blow up, too; so I might as well stay here, and between us we will finish the job.' "

Very few Chicagoans knew anything about what the turbine meant, or even that there was a "5,000-k.w." one in town. They

did begin to find out that electric light was more plentiful, brighter—and cheaper. The turbine, unknown to the crowd, had performed an immense feat. Whereas, before Mr. Insull brought it, transmission reached only about 2,500 feet, it became comparatively without bounds. More of the amazing engines, which had been adopted far and wide after Mr. Insull's experiment, were put to work; they grew more gigantic; they generated up to 20,000 kilowatts, then up to 35,000, then up to 50,000. In 1926 Mr. Insull said: "The larger companies that supply energy directly to the Chicago district will not hereafter install any generating-units of less than 50,000 kilowatts capacity, or about 67,000 horse-power each."

The tremendous Crawford Avenue station at that time had a 75,000-kilowatt unit, and others, of 90,000 and even of 100,000, had been ordered. The region around Chicago was being fed, electrically, by enormous stations which, in cities north, southwest, and southeast of Chicago, drew the incredible energy from its source and supplied the enlarged domain which Mr. Insull in a super-power sense controlled.

He formed or consolidated companies whose work stretched out into "metropolitan Chicago," a district including a string of sixteen Illinois counties, two hundred towns, 6,000 square miles. Lights, telephone-current, electricity for street-cars and Ls—and finally for the electrified Illinois Central—all came from Insull turbines. He said in 1926 that the whole cash investment in plants and equipment devoted to the production or use of electricity, or in the production of electric appliances, amounted to more than a billion dollars. By 1926, Mr. Insull headed the Commonwealth Edison Company, with an investment of about $200,000,000. He had formed the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois. He had for a number of years been head of the Peoples Gas Company, controlling all gas-production. He had become chief of the city's elevated car-lines. Because he produced their power, he was a "man behind" the surface lines too. He had developed interurbans into high-

speed and long-distance systems. Enterprises which he managed or with which he had close relations employed over 150,000 men and women.

He had "sold electricity" to Chicago and its territory to an extent never known anywhere, and had reduced charges voluntarily. This was his other great motive: to convince people that electricity was "the thing." This principle he long ago established. And now Chicago, it is asserted, uses more electricity per capita than any other city in the world.

So much for the super-power man. Nearing three-score and ten, he is white-haired but active. He is a target for popular, or at least political, attack. "They say" that his interests backed Thompson; Corporation Counsel Ettelson has been one of Mr. Insull's lawyers. The latter has, at least, consistently opposed that anti-Thompsonite, Senator Deneen. He keeps on managing his own huge machine. He reaches out in "jobs" like his work during the war as head of the State Council of Defense. There are times when, it is said, he has felt that Chicago is somewhat ungrateful.

3

The city, during its great recovery from "war depression," was sometimes too harassed, and nearly always too busy, to be grateful. It was rising, and it was spreading. It was outstripping itself.

That "Great Central Market" swirled with effort, with incoming and outgoing riches. Titanic inner cities, consisting of industrial plants employing thousands upon thousands (one of them the development of Cyrus McCormick's dreams in the '40s), had grown up; the long trains of cars on private switch-tracks were as significant as the swarms entering and leaving the huge gates. Chimneys belched smoke all around the half-moon horizon.

Into the stockyards rolled interminable train-loads of animals (18,631,000 head during 1923) and millions more went out, eastward and to Europe, killed, inspected, dressed. The

floods of wheat, corn, oats, barley, avalanched into Chicago warehouses, and were passed on, amid a seesaw of Board of Trade prices, to the tune of (1924) 69,000,000 "bushels wheat," 99,000,000 "bushels corn," and other grains in proportion. Over 255,000,000 pounds of cheese, 446,500,000 pounds of butter, nearly 7,500,000 cases of eggs, were hurled into Chicago from the vast farm-lands round about, and consumed, or packed in the half-million cubic feet of cold-storage space, or sent on in refrigerated cars.

The city's legion of bakeries—cleansed and controlled for a generation past—turned out $80,000,000 worth of bread and related products. Candy was made to the tune of $49,418,800 worth. Twelve million dollars' worth of ice cream or water ices was turned out of modernized factories. Canners stuffed twenty million dollars' worth of goods into cans. And tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, chewing-gum valued at nearly thirty millions, were artificed—a part of that thirty million built the glittering Wrigley Building at the entrance to the Link Bridge.

Armies of men and women beyond enumeration toiled at all these activities and trades. Other armies labored in druggists' goods, patent medicines ($14,000,000 worth in 1924), $30,000,000 worth of soap, $13,000,000 worth of perfumery and cosmetics. In large-scale wood-working shops, furniture-products worth over $61,000,000 were made in 1923, upholding a prestige Chicago had enjoyed in that line ever since Scandinavian cabinet-makers began work in the city. Making stoves, lamps, carpets, light-fixtures, phonographs, and countless other necessities or luxuries, worked thousands of other mechanics. One battalion nailed together over $5,000,000 worth of coffins in 1923. It is affecting in that connection to read in one survey [1] that "in improvement of the harp Chicago has won unique distinction."

A great musical-instrument maker, this city; it produced, and still does, more than 180,000 pianos annually. It came to

[1] These statistics, like others in this chapter, are taken from the Chicago Association of Commerce twenty-first anniversary survey, 1925.

be a champion maker of banjos and of cathedral-chimes. In Chicago originated the modern player-piano mechanism.

Printing and advertising had developed to a vast extent. The survey says, "One local plant alone prints between 70-000,000 and 100,000,000 [mail-order] catalogues a year." Advertising firms listed had an annual output of over $30,000,000. Great national magazines sent their work to Chicago printers. It was stated that about 500 journals, from dailies to quarterlies, were run off Chicago presses. And during the years between 1899 and 1921 the value of printing-products increased from more than $36,000,000 to more than $237,000,000.

In the metal-industries, using round numbers only, value of products were charted as showing: in electrical appliances, machinery, and supplies, almost $400,000,000; products of rolling-mills, nearly as much; products of foundries and machine-shops, not quite $200,000,000, and of blast-furnaces, over $150,000,000. These represent in most cases a trebling or quadrupling of output since 1914.

Fully as striking, perhaps, was the growth of the clothing-industry, for years Chicago's lustiest effort, next to its stock-yards. The value of products as given for 1923 was $170,-497,452 in the men's-clothing line, and $54,583,589 in that of women's clothing. There were gains of millions in both during two years and tremendous progress since before the war. One reason, besides the greater demand, was the accomplishment of peace in this immense labor-field. Scurvily treated a generation before, forced into violent and even tragic strikes while fighting their way up, the clothing-workers achieved in 1911 an agreement with one large manufacturing firm—Hart, Schaffner and Marx—which paved the way eight years later for general agreements in the clothing-market. An arbitration board was created, under the chairmanship of a University of Chicago professor. The union (Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America) formed a trade board and an efficient internal government, affecting 40,000 or 50,000 workers. Soon

the union had a building of its own. The whole thing was a triumph of industrial statesmanship.

4

All in all, it was estimated, nearly half a million people in what is called "metropolitan Chicago" ranked as wage-earners five years after the World War. Thirty-nine per cent. of them were in manufacturing and mechanical industries; sixteen per cent. in trades; not quite six per cent. in professions. Various occupations accounted for the rest.

They were paid, during 1923, wages figured at more than $762,000,000. They spent it—most of it—in 50,000 retail establishments, of which 15,000 dealt in foods. But they saved enough so as to have more than $635,000,000 in savings in State banks alone, in 1924. It was figured that since 1900 the per capita wealth had increased about five hundred per cent.

Of these riches, during 1904-1924, millions upon millions piled up in the outlying banks.

5

The people were perhaps too little inclined to give science credit for Chicago's productivity and the wealth it made. They knew few of the names of men searching in commercial laboratories for new methods, devices, results, which would create new power, new efficiency. A volume could not contain the list of discoveries that benefited, for example, telephone-transmission, automobile parts, steel and iron processes, building-materials, the outputs of fine woods, cement, musical devices, and many other things.

And in still other laboratories, those of universities, profound basic studies were being carried on. The names of A. A. Michelson, Thomas Chrowder Chamberlin and John M. Coulter are among those that stand in the most conspicuous light. The first-named, a Chicagoan since 1892, won the Nobel

prize in physics in 1907. At more than seventy years of age he was still seeking to perfect the results of his lifelong study of light, its nature and velocity.

The medical scientists gave Chicago a renown that grew through the years. Such prodigious workers as Dr. Frank Billings, with his studies of focal infections and the relation of infections of the nose, throat, and teeth to disorder elsewhere in the body; such as Dr. Ludvig Hektoen, part of whose big work concerned precipitins in the blood; such as Dr. George H. Dick, who with his wife Gladys developed methods of prevention and treatment of scarlet fever; Dr. John B. Murphy, the great surgeon; Dr. Joseph De Lee, of the Lying-in Hospital; Dr. Arno Luckhardt, who discovered a new anesthetic, ethylene, Dr. Anton J. Carlson, who threw light on the physiology of hunger, and Dr. Alice Hamilton, student of industrial diseases—all these and many more accomplished advances in medical knowledge commensurate with the great strides of the city in commerce and manufacture.

The fame of such scientists spread quietly to hoary quadrangles abroad, to little groups of "those who know." But it was outshouted by trade statistics and silenced by the echoes of barbaric crimes.

CHAPTER XXII

THE city, in this period, leaped over borders, political and geographic.

It did not choose to become only a compact mass of hotels and apartments, in which normal family-life disappeared. It had, like every big city, an urge in that direction, but the stronger urge was the other way. Ignoring the lure of landlords who "did everything for you—and did you," the lure too of kitchenettes and coöperatives, thousands of householders strove to build or buy separate dwellings, even if they were only box-like bungalows. Real-estate men with limitless faith—and sometimes more faith than sense of beauty—put up whole towns of such houses. Far out on the prairies the daring subdividers plotted new communities, stuck up signs bearing aristocratic street-names, and were rewarded presently by a rush thither to occupy the little five- and six-room homes, often pathetically alike, which shot up on the flat land.

In the city proper there were more apartment buildings being constructed than family dwellings, but in the immense and growing half-moon of metropolitan area around it, that was not so. This exterior Chicago, physically linked with the municipality but politically independent of it, had a growth no Eastern metropolis could rival. The Chicago suburbs grew

several times as fast as the city proper. They were villages of homes, and some of them fought hard against encroaching flats. The residents owed to Chicago about all they had in money—for the vast majority of them worked downtown—yet they had migrated beyond the political border, and could look calmly upon a disordered City Hall, feeling that some one else was to blame. So, to visitors asking what was the matter with Chicago, there could be given as one answer: "Well, so many of the good citizens don't vote in Chicago!" Yet there was a growing tendency to think of a region containing between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 people, and taking in dozens of towns, as a metropolitan unit. There came to be a Regional Planning Association to treat the problem scientifically. Not inappropriately, Daniel Burnham, son of the great planner, headed this association.

Even in the corporate limits, there arose a diverse community feeling, rather than a civic unity, all up and down the long stretch of city on or near Lake Michigan. New centers everywhere—new groups of stores, theaters, churches, garages, and all that the ordinary man needs, with houses clustering about, neighborhood interests developing, improvement-associations, parent-teacher clubs, art and literary societies. More than a hundred Chicagos, there were, within the one Chicago. . . .

In those regions there remained, or there were brought to them, characteristics of small-town life—not so much the narrow ideas of Main Street as the Mid-Western notions of morals, of raising children in a nice neighborhood, of letting shade-trees live, of digging in the soil and "prettying" the front yard. In scores of the "little Chicagos," not a half-hour from the towering Loop by street-car or by steam lines, one could find all the tranquillity, the local pride, the "decency" which one is disposed to see—or imagine—in the tiny towns, unincorporated, through which one drives on a remote stretch of State highway. A few suburbs, on the other hand, were tougher than the slums.

The super-power giant, Insull, with his great organization and his impregnable monopolies, could keep pace with and even lead a growth into the metropolitan fringe. Unfortunately, transportation could not. The steam-roads did pretty well, and the Insullized Ls and interurbans managed to make progress, but the surface carlines could not expand in the same degree as other utility-services. The city rolled out beyond the end of their trackage, people clamored for cars—and the cars were not there. When lines had been extended, there was too much of delay and overcrowding. Motor-buses came into the picture, but there were too few of them . . . and there was still no subway!

Operating under the 1907 ordinances, and facing their expiration in a few years, the traction-companies met complaints that they "had plenty of money and could expand if they wanted to" with the claim that they could not raise a lot of new capital while their status was so uncertain. They explained that short-term franchises made long-term bond issues impossible. Unified control, it was argued, was a forlorn hope. No one could agree on what the properties were worth. For half of Chicago's corporate existence this traction-problem had confronted a city noted for its bold conquest of difficulties and now, despite the 1907 "solution," the problem was about as bad as ever. Half the city blamed political demagogues; the other half blamed the traction-interests and the "trust press."

And there was another keyring puzzle which nobody seemed able to work. The great sprawling city during decades past had swallowed village after village, including the town governments of those suburbs. In the remote era of the late '90s, the assessing power of town officials had passed to a central assessing board, and this was considered—too optimistically, it now appears—a great step toward just taxation. But the citizen still found himself under the thumb of a multiplicity of governing and taxing bodies. He paid to the city, to the Park Boards,

to the Sanitary District, to the schools, to the Forest Preserve District, to literally scores of other taxing bodies.

If he found joy in the South Parks, he must remember that more enjoyment could be voted only by a board named—by Chicago? No, by the circuit judges of Cook County. If he was a North or West Park patron, he must look to trustees appointed—by Chicago? No, by the governor of Illinois. In such a situation one reason is seen for the long delays and bickerings that hampered many great improvements.

The citizen was like a conscientious office employee with a half-dozen bosses all telling him what to do. And if he tried to throw off the authority of two or three, the others sat on him.

People who analyzed the mess attacked it, once in 1905 and again in 1920. The Legislature at Springfield was appealed to for a new charter for Chicago. In 1905-07 the city got its Municipal Court, and some minor benefits; but the voters listened to the politicians and voted down the rest of the program, including home-rule and consolidation of taxing bodies. In 1919 a law was obtained dividing the city into fifty wards and providing for non-partisan election of aldermen. In 1920 a constitutional convention again tackled the muddle, and brought into the program once more the possibility of improved taxation, consolidated and simplified government, and a moderate degree of home-rule. A great city was struggling to free itself; to run itself without a continuous appeal to a Legislature composed over 62 per cent. of "down-staters." The voters did not seem to understand this. They saw only menacing things like the State income-tax plan that threatened their pocket-books.

The Thompson machine, for reasons of its own, fought and beat the proposed State constitution, with its new charter-plan for Chicago, in 1922. Even the police were employed to ring doorbells and beg householders to vote "No." The school-teachers also worked against it. All municipal employees were told that control of their pension-laws would be taken from the State Legislature and vested in the City Council. Home-rule

applied to their own interests they did not relish. Moreover, certain features of the plan impressed labor-union people as "judicial tyranny."

The effort failed; the muddle remained.

3

But the vast swarm of workaday people—"middle-class," if the term is permissible—went their way quite happily, unworried by governmental absurdities. They inhabited a city which gave them the essentials of ordinary living, such as fair wages, decent housing, plenty of fun. Pay-checks were fatter all around. Many big concerns, after years of grumbling, had concluded that it was better to provide the wherewithal for motor-cars, fur coats and fancier furniture; the money spent seemed in the end to roll back to its source. In the living-quarters, nice bathrooms, appliances that "worked," and floors easily cleaned, seemed to make the average man more cheerful than he was before he could afford those things. And as for his pleasures, he was bound to have them; he had airily ignored the plaints of pessimists who said he was wasting his life, and now that he had stifled those plaints, an unheard-of amount of Chicago's energy went into giving the Plain Citizen his fun.

The movie palaces led. One company alone, which had pioneered in 1917 with a large and sybaritic theater (the first "ultra" one in America), had millions invested in four or five such houses by 1925. There were other "strings," amazingly invading not only dense neighborhoods but also remote cross-roads, which at once brightened. Orchestras, vaudeville programs, even acts of grand opera, were added as the busy showmen became richer.

But there were now such eager multitudes of music-lovers that all the allurements of jazz players and powerful pipe-organs failed to disturb the attendance at "highbrow" performances. Indeed, many of the movie concerts became "highbrow" on their own account. The Germans who had virtually

brought music to Chicago were now reinforced, as indeed they had been for years past, by passionate pilgrims (Italians, Russians, Jews, and many others) who delightedly climbed any number of stairs to sit in balconies at Orchestra Hall or the Auditorium. The growing rosters of music-students greatly helped. There were easily 20,000 of them in the city, attending the half-dozen big conservatories, or smaller ones.

Frederick Stock, who had taken charge of the Symphony Orchestra in 1905, had within less than twenty years developed himself from a good musician and composer into one of the finest conductors in the country. He, a German-born citizen who had laid down the baton during the war because of a foolish flurry about his citizenship, was the man who came forward to encourage American composers, virtuosi, and orchestra members. As Glenn Dillard Gunn wrote, Mr. Stock "did not try to force his convictions upon the public, but persisted in his efforts for the American composers, presenting their works in conjunction with the standard symphonic literature." He labored, too, to reach more and more Chicagoans with better and better music. He gave popular concerts and children's concerts every week. His men played in such fine part-season events as the Evanston Music Festival and the Ravinia Park open-air performances.

"Ah, Ravinia!" A delighted gasp often heard in Chicago. In the woodland amusement-place, some twenty-five miles from the city, a rather unambitious concert-program had been turned into Summer opera, chiefly by the efforts of Louis Eckstein. On a little stage, excellent singers, borrowed for those weeks, gave abridged but delightful performances of many of the standard operas. The natural setting was exquisite. Music-lovers, many of them the same who crowded downtown halls, flocked to the place by trainloads. Ravinia became more than a *succès d'estime*.

The big opera downtown had now come under the control of none other than the super-power man. A few years after the war Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick, who had, it is said,

poured more than $1,000,000, some years, into the treasury of the Chicago Opera Company, turned over their burden to a reorganized board, and the Civic Opera Company came forth, with Samuel Insull at its head.

Mary Garden directed the company with gorgeous effect that last season of the McCormick régime. The final curtain was rung down with a larger deficit, but a remembrance of a season when money had been no object. Mr. Insull took hold with the policy of creating a strong group of guarantors—they grew to more than two thousand—and new ideas of "selling opera." He reduced the deficit, reduced the salaries of stars, too, in some cases, improved box-office receipts, and clung to business principles similar to those that had made his public utilities a success. There were complaints from people who lamented the absence of singers like Muratore and Galli-Curci; but it seemed to many patrons that Chicago opera must needs undergo this phase of management in order to gain a greater future. It was to be a future in a forty-two-story building on the river bank. At the end of January, 1929, farewell was said to the "ancient" Auditorium. The opera was *Romeo and Juliet*, as in 1889, with Edith Mason, wife of Director Giorgio Polacco, in the soprano rôle.

4

Chicago, in the 1920s, went into the open air. The forest-preserve system, one of the original Chicago Plan items, had become a reality. Members of the Cook County Board of Commissioners, serving ex-officio as Forest Preserve Commissioners, had developed the woodland areas. Gradually more than 30,000 acres of land on the fringe of Chicago were acquired, isolated, and policed; and more was added every year. The president of the board, Anton J. Cermak, gained credit for a lot of this. With new highways and immensely more automobiles, these wild parks, along rivers or among hills, became the playground of people who could not afford the money

for country estates or the time for long journeys. A huge zoölogical garden, for which Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick gave 150 acres of land in 1919, took form. Other plans of development grew, urged by a citizens' advisory board headed by Gen. Abel Davis.

In the city parks golf became the sport of sports, though baseball diamonds, too, were open to scores of amateur teams. Jackson Park, years before, had offered one of the first public golf-courses in the country. It came to have three of them, while in Lincoln Park and some of the West Parks others were laid out. All around Chicago, within an hour's ride, or even a half-hour, there were established municipal or village public links, which, added to those of private clubs, made access to a golf-game easy and cheap. The Chamber of Commerce survey of 1925 noted that there were a hundred and twenty courses within forty-five miles of the city, thirty-three of them open to the public, and that it was estimated there were 1,250,000 rounds of golf played in the Chicago district every season!

Horse-racing and boxing were legalized again. Professional or amateur, sport rode high in favor.

Tennis, swimming, yachting, all boomed. There were hundreds of tennis-courts upon which any one could play, in the parks. The lake shore offered bathing-beaches at intervals for miles and miles. De-luxe swimming-pools in athletic clubs, both men's and women's clubs, were outnumbered by the free pools in public field houses. Chicago became water-wise. Something like two hundred sail-yachts rode at anchor in the harbors, or flitted over the waves; and motor-boats, speed-boats, then finally amphibians, grew handsomer and faster.

All this within such easy reach of home! Golf-greens, swimming or shooting, baseball-parks, sailing—for any one who could own or share a hull—in city area, instead of a long motor-ride away.

Room for the "common people" in concert-halls, instead of a monopoly by the rich . . . Lectures at low prices . . .

Beautiful art, gratis at least twice a week. A few answers to the question, "Why do you live in Chicago?"

5

As for beauty, there were a thousand creations scattered about which could be admired any time without a cent's worth of tribute. They did not even cost a dime tip to a caretaker—quite a contrast with sightseeing in Europe. A leisurely visitor to Chicago could take away the recollections of things, none of them under the roofs of official show-places, such as these:

The beauty of the Great Lakes, symbolized in bronze by Lorado Taft, near the Art Institute . . . the charming Goodman Memorial Theater . . . the "Spirit of Music," commemorating Theodore Thomas . . . the St. Gaudens monument to Logan; the general on his charger, holding a flag snatched from the mêlée at Atlanta . . . the MacNeil murals in the Marquette Building, showing the pioneer priest's journeys . . . epochs of Chicago history painted as a frieze in the Central Trust Company Building; the Jules Guérin murals in the Illinois Merchants Trust bank . . . the Chicago Water Tower, a wistful Victorian relic in the center of grand new North Michigan Boulevard . . . the *Tribune's* carved stone ornament called "Aesop's Screen" at the entrance of its lofty tower-building . . . Bertram Goodhue's exquisite Chapel of St. Andrew in St. James' Episcopal Church, a memorial to James L. Houghteling . . . Frederic Clay Bartlett's medieval Gothic decorations of the Fourth Presbyterian Church . . . a rose-window in the Quigley Memorial Building (modeled after the Paris Sainte-Chapelle), a replica of that in Notre Dame de Paris . . . the St. Gaudens Lincoln statue in Lincoln Park, "the finest portrait statue in the country"; soon to be rivaled by the same sculptor's seated Lincoln in Grant Park . . . the statues in Lincoln Park to La Salle, Garibaldi, Schiller, Beethoven, Goethe, and many others—the Goethe which was absurdly treated during the World War . . . the grand eques-

trian monument to General Grant, rising illumined at night above the road of thronging motorists . . . an old house on the South Side, all that remains in Chicago of residence-architecture by H. H. Richardson . . . vestibule windows in the Second Presbyterian church designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and executed by William Morris . . . a Public Library branch modeled after the Erechtheum at Athens . . . the Hutchinson Commons at the University of Chicago, modeled after Christ Church College, Oxford . . . the rusted and forlorn, but striking Massacre Monument in what used to be the land across the wall of the old Pullman place . . . the tall monument to Stephen A. Douglas, Chicago's earliest sculptured monument . . . the gorgeous gilt-bronze reproduction, in Jackson Park, of French's World's Fair plaster lady who symbolized the Republic . . . Taft's shadowy Fountain of Time at the entrance to the Midway, in Washington Park . . . Kosciusko, Leif Erikson, Von Humboldt, in the park named after the naturalist; Carter Harrison, Sr., heroically sculptured in Union Park, and with sentences from that last World's Fair speech, the apostrophe to Chicago's destiny, lettered on the stone . . . the walls rising for the new University of Chicago Chapel, Rockefeller's gift. . . . The luscious Buckingham Fountain about to become a Grant Park glory.

6

Impulses from that strange composite, the soul of Chicago, took form in such monuments, such beauties, conspicuous or half-hidden. This was the Chicago of aspiration, added to Chicago the industrious, Chicago the thrifty, Chicago the playboy. Against such a scene, the shadows of darker things—vice, crime, the plottings and sputtering of warring gangs—seemed to many people evanescent and unreal.

Those shadows were distorted into giant figures. In the greater perspective they appeared to dwindle. They were like moths against a far horizon—moths in a dance of death.

CHAPTER XXIII

"Play it across the table.
What if we steal this city blind?
If they want anything, let 'em nail it down.

"Harness bulls, dicks, front-office men,
And the high goats up on the bench,
Ain't they all in cahoots?
Ain't it fifty-fifty all down the line?" [1]

Carl Sandburg wrote the words some time in 1919. They could have been uttered in a thousand "hang-outs," where those supreme cynics and fatalists, the gangsters, talked things over. The time had arrived when they felt safer than they ever had felt. The city they had picked to build their fortunes in was tremendous; it had all kinds of people in it; and if these people, if all the "moral force" in the place, had been turned loose against crime, the criminals would have been wiped out like a machine-gun nest in a general advance.

But the good people, the very busy people, building homes and bank accounts and skyscrapers, relied blindly on the men they had elected to govern and prosecute. Many of these men

[1] From *Smoke and Steel,* copyright, 1920, by Harcourt, Brace and Howe, Inc.

did neither. The bright minds of the underworld, who professionally regarded laws as lightly as they did advertising dodgers tossed in at the windows of their cars, now decided that enforcement of those laws was likewise too trivial for notice. The good citizen, meanwhile, kept on under a partial illusion that the laws were fine, that the police were trying to uphold them, that indictments led to convictions, that judges were incorruptible.

And so, while the workers, crushed into L coaches, or pouring into the Loop from the suburbs,[1] read of queer murders, and queerer court proceedings, while they tried to learn from cryptic newspaper stories who was who in gangdom—Big Jim and Mike de Pike and Hymie and Samoots—they could hardly discern that the vice-chiefs, new and old, the crooked brewers and the gunmen, were getting as well organized as the other business men, and much better organized than the forces of law and order.

Least of all did the trustful citizen ever think that gang-war would become a sort of Grand Opera.

2

Colisimo, typical vice-king, was in his grave. The old régime gave way to the new. In place of this veteran warrior against society, who had worked his way up from street-cleaner to padrone, then to restaurant-keeper and successful pander, stood Torrio, heir to his power. Colisimo had brought him on from New York, where big business, culture, and gangsters all flourished long before they did so in Chicago.

From Big Jim the quick-witted Johnny learned the ways of his adopted city, its political ins-and-outs, its buyable officials, and the roster of its gang-world. He had a cool business head, had Johnny. He could shoot well enough, but he preferred diplomacy. He would rather buy a man than kill him.

[1] A traffic survey in 1926 showed that between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. of each day, 1,693,506 persons entered or left the central business district.

He did not think it an indignity if a few police sergeants tried to hold him up for as miserable a sum as $200 or $300. He paid, and smiled. Still, a certain amount of brute force had to be used against enemies who were so crude as to use it; hence Torrio had about him retainers whose job was to kill, to kill quickly and "clean." He had others who were not only fine marksmen but good managers, capable of bossing a brigade or even a division. When he found them he developed them, as a wise executive must. It was in this way that he "brought out" such young hopefuls as Alfonse Capone, a star of one of the New York gangs in which Torrio himself had shone. This youth learned well from his master. He even surpassed him in skill at escaping "the rap"; for Torrio in 1925 went to jail, while Capone leaped from safety-island to safety-island, and was tenderly preserved from harm.

Capone was to be lucky in another way. He was in a high place in gangdom a few years later, when crime became a box-office and circulation hit, when it became "sure fire" before the footlights and magazine editors frenziedly offered authors $1 a word to write about Chicago's gangs. Capone, without being much of an actor or hero in fact (indeed, some say he was only a "front" for a brainy committee), became celebrated from Spokane to Miami, and even as far as London and Berlin. He did not often protest, although fame had its drawbacks. It made the more startling the extinguishing of his glory in a Philadelphia court, in 1929.

3

The names in this chain of power—and to them could be added a long list suggesting the same nationality—the names of Colosimo, Torrio, Capone, led some of the passionate magazine-writers (few of them lived in Chicago) to suggest a lot of nonsense about the Italians and their place in the city. Some writers were thoughtful enough to narrow the term to "Sicilians." But they wrote buncombe just the same. For example, Colosimo was not a Sicilian, but a Calabrian, and a

creature not of any tendencies inherent among the people of that respectable province, but of life in Chicago for twenty years.

And the writers did not always put the blame where it belonged. They might have consulted an Italian rector, Father Louis Giambastiani, who pointed out that, when prohibition came, "every Italian center in the city was allowed to become a boiling pot of moonshine to satisfy the thirst of the non-Italian people. The Italians got the money and the Americans (if you like the distinction) got the Italian liquor."

As for the dreaded Sicilians, they were no more represented by the bombers and gunmen than were the Germans by those car-barn bandits of 1903, or the Irish by such characters as the tough labor-agent, "Con" Shea. Further, they outnumbered the immigrants from northern Italy two to one, so that criminal Sicilians were, of course, more numerous than those from other provinces. The great body of decent ones took up suitable work in Chicago and made good.[1] They, like some of the Genoese, Piedmontese, etc., were preyed upon by blackmailers and bomb-throwers. Of their own race, powerful elements like the Genna Brothers piled up fortunes which they trebled by bootlegging. The sorrowing small-merchant paid and paid. If he "got ugly," he found his goods smashed, sometimes his shop window smeared with whitewash, or fruit-stands overturned. Pioneering among savage tribes could have been no worse than the fate of some of the honest shoestring Italian business men, who had fellow victims in the Jewish district—domain of "benevolent politicians" like Morris Eller.

Such tales as were heard at Hull House, and the Chicago Commons! Little wonder the settlement people went to the polls with blood in their eyes.

[1] G. Schiavo, in *The Italians in Chicago*, states that of the ten leading wholesale grocers in the city, seven are Sicilians; he adds, "Probably fifty per cent. of the Italian retail stores in the city are owned by Sicilians."

With imported gangsters like Torrio and Capone the home-grown ones were in vivid contrast.

Always were the Torrio-Capone sort aliens, coldly detached from Chicago, hirelings. That was not so much true of the young fellows who, like Terry Druggan and Frank Lake, advanced from sophomoric hoodlumism in their native districts to the Ph.D.'s and Phi Beta Kappas in their line—to wealth, power and terrorism.

The Chicago boys were likely to retain most of the lingo of the streets, the swagger, the rough push-'em-off-the-sidewalk attitude which was the fashion of their home-districts. At the same time, they were often a more warm-hearted, companionable, and reckless sort than the imported thugs. They had friends who had not been sold them on the market, but were men whom they had known from the days when they all played ball together back of lumber-piles; as these friends became policemen, State Senators or judges, the hoodlums moved up in their own social and financial world. No need of bribing officials like that—at least, not all the time. It was certain the officials would give their old pals Tom and Dick and Harry the best deal that far-stretched habeas corpuses or waivers of felonies could possibly justify.

That bribery took place, that police captains bought fine flat-buildings, that cases were strangely "hung" in jury rooms, is one of those phenomena that everybody knows. But it is equally certain, and much easier to prove, that a political friend of a hoodlum, when the latter sought bond or even acquittal, would quite as likely use in "high quarters" a speech such as this:

"Listen, Your Honor: This fellow goin' on trial tomorrow is young Dick Whoosit, nephew of old Whoosit who kept the Wild Goose saloon on ——th Street. You remember old Jim an' his sister. An' you may call to mind young Dick; maybe you went to school with him . . ."

The "old times" and "friendship" arguments were hard to resist. Part of the local pride, the strange love of picturesque Chicago common to all circles, entered into the thing. And as for the gangs, every one knows the harsh yet human laws that govern them—the code that transcends the work of legislatures. In Chicago it passed from mouth to mouth among boys in short pants who played and fought together in the region of those melancholy shanties built just after the Big Fire, who roamed and broke windows and stole door-knobs before there ever was a Juvenile Court. They saw their parents worked to death, or thrown out of work, or jeered at by a landlord. Some of them determined that society should pay for it. Or, they saw the rich folks driving along boulevards, knew that often the money had been as good as stolen, and yearned to drive fast horses—or autos—themselves, and to wear clothes as nice as that.

These boys, born in the splendid time of the World's Fair—which such boys had to crash if they saw it at all—or perhaps in the bad days just after it, were adult and experienced by the time the jazz era, accompanied by prohibition, came along. They had proved their worth as safe-crackers, dips, or gunmen for warring newspapers. The age of prohibited beer and whiskey became their Golden Age. Little difference, in that regard, in Chicago from what happened elsewhere in America. Terry Druggan and Frank Lake, the inseparable pair who rose to command of the Valley; Joe Saltis, built like a hippopotamus, but agile enough in mind; the O'Donnell boys, who bossed the Southwest Side beer-sources; the Miller brothers, a gang all by themselves; the seven Gennas, first Black Handers, then bootlegger aristocrats; a host of underlings, chauffeurs or partners (e.g., Frank McErlane, sinister associate of Saltis)—these had counterparts in cities from New York to 'Frisco, New Orleans to St. Paul.

There was this difference: in Chicago social walls went down more easily, the phrase, "He's pretty tough, but a good scout

after all," was oftener heard. There was less scrutiny in the best hotels or restaurants of young men who wore nicely fitting evening clothes and tipped well. Chicago had something of the Parisian *laisser faire.*

But there was also a political difference, just then, between Chicago and Cleveland or San Francisco—or even New York.

5

As early as 1920 it was seen that Chicago "beer-hustling" was getting organized, with at least tacit consent by the City Hall. Breweries were known to be open and booming; Chicago's immense thirst was being quenched, law or no law, and public sentiment inclined toward approval of this fact. The Federal and the municipal officials were pulling opposite ways. Thompson's chief of police, Charles Fitzmorris, at first secretary to Harrison, then to "Big Bill," who gave him "the city's hardest job," stated in 1921, with characteristic candor, that a large percentage of the police were busy in the booze traffic. They kept on being bootleggers. The policy of the mayor, then and forever, was "wide open town."

The police being indifferent—if not corrupt—and the Federal forces too few, the feudal chiefs of the booze-industry went right on improving their systems and making boundaries based roughly on Chicago's natural divisions. Into the ranks of the several armies rushed practically all the clever or athletic young hoodlums "educated" during the last twenty years. The wages were good, bonuses rich, advancement speedy. Competition was also brisk. When boundaries were crossed, or beer-trucks "hi-jacked," there were murders—which the public read about and quickly forgot. There were few stern inquests, and hardly ever any effective trials, to keep those episodes running in the newspapers.

Sometimes there would be an outburst of mysterious rage in a crowded street or building; there would be a spurt of fire, a revolver-explosion or two; there would be a body on a tiled

foyer, and a dash of a group, "identity unknown," to the street, the roar of a motor. . . .

It happened once on the opening night of a play in Madison Street, in the theater lobby. The supposed murderer was one of a party who had sat, white-shirt-fronted, in a main-floor seat. His career and death came as near as anything could to supplying the growing taste for "romances of gangland."

6

He was born in a near-by city, but was brought to Chicago when so young that he might as well have been indigenous instead of transplanted.

He grew up in the "near North Side," which is, and was then, such a curious double-slice of fine streets with noble old houses, and of slums like "Little Hell"—a name, by the way, that far antedates any Italian settlement there.

The mother of the boy was dead, and his father did the best he could. He knew his son was a fighter, a "live one," but also, when sitting in the big Catholic Church, he saw him up among the altar-boys, helping in the grave ritual. As good-looking as any of 'em, too.

In those days, the time before the Juvenile Court, or the Boy's Court, when saloons were plenty and bathtubs so few, there flourished the old Market Street Gang. We saw it cracking negroes' heads in an election of the '90s (Part II, Chapter VI.) This sweet-faced altar-boy, with the lively fists, was enlisted with the Market Street terrors. He hung around saloons, acting as a waiter part of the time. He learned, it seems, to crack safes, as well as to shoot beautifully. At one time in a "circulation war," he did fancy terrorizing for a newspaper. Unlike some of his crowd, he did not always "beat the rap," for we find him, before he was of age, serving a few months in the bridewell for robbery, and a few more for carrying concealed weapons. He must have escaped the war draft more successfully.

Now when the Golden Age of law-breakers came on, when ministering to the thirsty became something illicit and profitable, this hero of romance was all ready for it. He still got arrested now and then—once, indeed, for that mysterious shooting in a theater—but now the records in his case were sure to read, "a nolle prosequi was taken," or "stricken off with leave to reinstate." He was now Somebody. He had a mob of his own, and money, and political friends. Some of these must have been people with offices in the Criminal Court Building, for that was where cases were "stricken off." But also, the now full-fledged gangster, known in the newspapers as a dapper gangster, had an allegiance to, or an alliance with, Torrio. This seemed useful in clearing him of more than one murder-charge, and even of a Federal indictment.

Daytimes, this young fellow, whose name—Dean O'Banion—came to seem glorious in headlines, was the charming proprietor of a florist's shop on the edge of the Gold Coast. It was across the street from Holy Name Cathedral, where he had been an acolyte. Well-dressed, not flashy a bit, and always affable, he was known by name to many a comfortably-fixed citizen near by, and most courteously did he fill their orders for perfumed blossoms, most delicately did he respect their grief when it was a funeral order. They did not read the newspapers carefully.

From the florist's shop as headquarters, he was running a mob and managing murder-parties when necessary. He had the job of collecting new and efficient arsenals—as when, in 1924, he acquired a huge assortment of machine-guns, rifles, and revolvers. And all the time he was given to impulsive generosities, staking his friends from funds not made in the flower business, or paying the fine of a tramp. Once, it is known, he paid for the care of a crippled youth at the Mayo clinic.

He "stayed home nights," his wife said. (It hardly seems possible.) He "loved to sit in his slippers, listening to the radio. He never drank. He had only one little car."

In the fall of 1924 it was that this many-sided fellow, who

afterwards became one of the prototypes of no end of fiction, drama, and movies, met the sensational finish awaiting him. As he stood alone among his beautiful cases of flowers one morning, a squad of men—dark men, they were afterwards described—entered boldly. A negro employee in a rear room heard O'Banion say, "Hello!" Then he heard the uproar of revolver-shots, and a crash of glass as the bootlegger florist, neatly bullet-riddled, fell dying into a display of chrysanthemums.

The straphangers, hazy about the facts, but gorging on "romance," next read about the amazing funeral of O'Banion. They read how he lay in state in his $10,000 silver-bronze coffin—brought from Pennsylvania in a special car. They read how women in furs, and women wearing head-shawls, mingled in the line; how gangster friends of the famous decedent wept, while at the same time they fingered their guns.

It was sobbed in print that silver angels stood at head and foot of the coffin, bearing candles; and that a slab on the coffin bore the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me." And another slab said, in a more matter-of-fact way, "Dean O'Banion, 1892-1924."

So new then, so commonplace now, the great funeral procession, with judges, legislators, aldermen, duteously present . . . the parade of automobiles . . . the refusal of the Cathedral for the funeral . . . the fortune in flowers . . . so new, and so "mysterious."

How had this happened to Chicago?

The straphanger was not inclined (not enough inclined, anyhow) to ascribe it to politics.

CHAPTER XXIV

A GREAT deal had been doing, however, in politics since the war, and since the coming of prohibition. If the preoccupied citizen did not get the point, at least the gangsters did.

There had been elevated to the dictator-like office of State's attorney a judge with a good record for dispatching work, a vigorous and quick-tongued Irishman named Crowe. His election came (November, 1920) in the next year after Thompson's second victory. They were fast political friends at the time. The friendship proved in nowise disconcerting to the gangsters.

Next there had come a rupture dividing the two. It took the form at first of a loud newspaper-quarrel between the State's attorney and Chief Fitzmorris. The row occupied columns, and in the heat of the charges, the veil covering the strange favoritism accorded to gangland began to be lifted. But it was quickly dropped again. It was soon found that Crowe had allied himself with men who did not want Thompson as mayor any more.

At Springfield there went into office as governor in 1920, on the same ticket with Crowe, the old-time Lorimer politician, Len Small. Like some others in that camp he was able to reconcile a church-going morality with obedience to all demands

from his party faction. As his faction grew kinder to men under indictment or "hounded to the penitentiary," so did Governor Small listen more genially to appeals for pardons. Not these alone, but many other executive actions greatly puzzled even people who admired him as a developer of concrete highways. He was put on trial on a charge of having, while State treasurer, lent public funds through a spectral bank. He was acquitted; but hates grew more bitter.

A storm originating in 1922 broke over Thompson's head, coming from that center of storms—the School Board. Having broken all records for misrule, and having preferred jail for contempt of court to retaining a strict superintendent, Charles Chadsey, a dominating group of trustees faced public wrath over grafting which was not only suspected, but proved. Some of them, with their friends, were shown to have sought profits on school and playground sites. The greedy political shysters took advantage of every possible contract, dipped into every fund, to enrich themselves. They forced principals to order wasteful equipment or luxuries—new plumbing, movies, phonographs, pianos, even electric hand-dryers and potato-peelers. This orgy went on until civic bodies and newspapers forced a series of grand-jury inquiries which, after several false starts, resulted in sweeping indictments. Now the general public, calm enough during the first exposures, had one of its violent rages. It became conscious at about the same time that its taxes were much higher, and that the city treasury was worse than ever. It grumbled about bad police protection and dirty streets. And it read charges—which were in due time stubbornly denied by both Lundin and Thompson—that the "poor Swede" had said to some of the school-trustees: "We're at the feed-box now, and we're going to feed."

Thompson was dodging bricks, and Lundin found it time to go up an alley. The gaudy Pageant of Progress had become a scandal. Upright citizens who had let things drift on for years were making effective speeches about the schools, the cradles of our citizenship. The winds blew cold and gloomy

upon the City Hall, and Lundin—partly because of grand-jury activity—caught a train for the north. Thompson rushed after him and pleaded with him to be the same old Fred. But Fred, it appears, coldly advised Thompson not to run for a third term.

Within a short time, having thought everything out—the desertions, the direction of the wind, and the lean campaign-fund—Big Bill sat down to write a swan-song. It was a characteristic effort. He had tried so hard to build Chicago, but had failed. "My enemies . . . the trust press . . ." He really preferred to be a private citizen, and labor in obscurity for the welfare of "all the people."

The Republicans, with some relief, left him where he was parked, and proceeded to nominate the city postmaster, Arthur Lueder. The Democrats, bossed since the death of Roger Sullivan by the choleric but canny ex-miner, George Brennan, selected a judge, William E. Dever.

In the election the judge beat the postmaster by more than 100,000.

2

Mayor Dever was a Chicagoan of forty years' standing, the son of a County Donegal man who emigrated to Woburn, Massachusetts, and started a tannery. Having learned the currying-trade, young Dever drifted to Chicago and became an expert leather-worker. He "studied law nights" (phrase which might be kept standing in type for biographies). In 1902, when Graham Taylor and his Chicago Commons group were looking for some one to beat an unsavory person for the Council, they brought out Dever. He did not want to be brought out, but he was.

By the time he entered the suite of rooms just vacated by Thompson, he was gray-headed, a vigorous man past sixty, with a stubborn chin and remarkably bright blue eyes. He had watched Chicago through years of political strife; had seen machines run and finally be laid on the junk-heap; had marked

how officials hesitated and stammered; had, sitting on the bench, observed how the application of law was sometimes too cruel and sometimes too weak.

Knowing Chicago through and through, knowing its sizzling mixture of human chemicals, its fickleness when hit by emotion, and, generally speaking, its bland disregard for advice about its conduct, he still thought that a dose of strictly applied law would be good for it. And he took solemn oath—no man could take an oath more to heart—that he would stick on the poultice. At least, he would try.

The Mayor's idealisms were new in the experience of the city, outside of election speeches. He "would not build a machine"—that had been heard before, but now it really seemed true. People reminded him that Brennan was still a big boss; he retorted that he was not bossed by anybody. He promised to "appoint men free from the taint of politics"; another phrase, now made to seem more credible by such selections as that of Col. Albert Sprague, scion of a deeply respected wholesale grocer, as commissioner of public works. To pick a chief of police was harder. The Mayor chose a captain named Morgan Collins, and gave him absolute trust. His corporation counsel was a good lawyer, Francis X. Busch.

Summer months went by, and then, having taken full stock of the city's increasing outlawry, the Mayor decided upon a bold move. Bold, and as some said, quixotic. It was suggested to him, according to report, by a fiery "reformer" of national fame.

Mayor Dever called in his tall, black-haired Chief and they talked about newspaper reports that floods of illegal beer were sold, and that the police "got a split." They agreed that there was truth in this, and they decided—that is, the Mayor decided, and the Chief nodded his head—to stop the traffic altogether. Within a few hours police were posted at every active brewery, with orders to stop each shipment of beer and have it analyzed. This radical attack was the more surprising because Dever was

known to be a "wet," a man who regretted that "good beer" was unlawful.

In his challenge to the bootlegging world, the Mayor rapped Federal investigators and ineffective courts. Moreover, he put in dignified language what had been said more colloquially before:

"I am informed and believe that this [beer] traffic has become syndicated and that war has been declared between different interests which have not hesitated to corrupt the police department; they have gone into the slums and employed in their work some of the most desperate criminals."

The Mayor mentioned no names, but everybody read into the statement such now famous ones as Torrio, O'Donnell, Saltis, Druggan, and Lake. The latter had by this time achieved riches, spats, and patent leathers, not to speak of limousines and race-horses. There were fifteen breweries operating, the police had found, and between 15,000 and 20,000 liquor joints. It was scarcely a secret, either, that in the syndicate Mayor Dever had referred to there were ward committeemen, legislators, and other politicians, some of them influential in his own party.

When reminded of this by reporters who gathered around his desk, he tossed back his wavy gray locks, and said:

"Well, people tell me that I'm wrecking a promising political career, but it can't be helped."

3

Whatever the immediate effect upon politicians, the result of the order in gangland was not law-observance or peace. In fact, the Mayor's action worked like an intrusion into a nest of snakes.

The beer-lords were incredulous, but at the same time uneasy. New methods had to be formed for keeping the amber fluid moving; new alignments of armies had to be made. Lords and underlords stepped on each other's toes in their confusion.

The big fellows, heavily guarded and inclined to hug their dug-outs, like generals anywhere, escaped assassination for the time being; but the mortality among lieutenants was heavy. Sometimes the victims were kidnaped, taken to the long, dark roads near Chicago, and there butchered. Sometimes, in a street crowded with shoppers, a pair in a sport roadster would be ambushed by another pair in an open four-passenger, and laid low with bullets.

To the revolver succeeded the rifle; to the rifle the abbreviated shotgun; to the shotgun the machine-gun.

Mayor Dever had said, "It's disgraceful for O'Donnells or O'Connors or any one else to stand on the street and shoot each other almost in plain view of the police, and have nothing done about it."

Yet, there it was: murder, murder in several forms and worse than wild-West brutality—and nothing done. Oh, arrests, inquests, grand-jury reports; all that sort of formality. But in the courts, there was a dreary record of releases because "the police could find no evidence," and on the books of the State's attorney an equally deadly repetition of "stricken off."

The field of operations was enlarged to take in parts of the county that not many years before had been vacant land. Out where workmen had gone to build homes in villages beyond the jurisdiction of the Chicago police, the booze- and vice-syndicates had found it easy to exist, to buy local officials, to control elections. Some of the big spiders lurked in far corners of the web—as in Cicero, a place now nationally notorious, though its decent citizens are as numerous, proportionately, as in many another part of the city fringe. Chicago Heights was another town that got a bad name, for the same reason. The State's attorney and the sheriff were the big law-enforcers in these county villages. The villages were the worse for it.

As the game grew fiercer, the territory larger, and the stakes higher, the gangsters seemed to acquire all sorts of exhibitionist traits. They fêted the butchery of an enemy with theater-parties, dances, and banquets—to the last-named were fre-

quently bidden gentlemen elected to catch or hang murderers. The gang generals and colonels swaggered about hotel lobbies and dance-hall floors and boulevard promenades; they applauded *Pagliacci* and *Rigoletto;* they filled night-clubs—they and their women, adorned in correct but overexpensive costumes, with platinum wrist-watches, and flashing rings, and necklaces, and tiaras, which made visitors from Keokuk or Pleasant Prairie crane their necks.

They did not mind publicity; they loved it. Some of them, instead of slugging editors after an exposé, posed for their pictures. They loved especially to be arraigned in court, surrounded by their nicely dressed wolves, and to hear the music from the bench, "Dismissed for want of prosecution."

4

However, no Golden Age can last forever, and for some of the swaggering booze-lords doubling as dear boys who loved their mothers a season of a falling market was near.

Police and Federal men were active. They kept many of the gangsters running to court, hunting bondsmen, hiring batteries of lawyers—even calling in the renowned Clarence Darrow. Warrants flew; injunctions fell. The booze-traffic went right on, but its managers were forced to give up part of their valuable time to "extraneous matters."

In the Federal Building sat a dark, curt judge named James Wilkerson. In 1924 he enjoined a brewery operated by Druggan, Lake, and company. The confident boys thought they could get beer out of the place anyway, so they bullied employees of a railroad to back box-cars up to the huge, gloomy building, and these were run, full of beer, down to shrouded trucks on a siding. A prohibition-squad arrived at the crucial moment. There was a shooting; the beer was abandoned. Druggan and Lake were taken before the judge, to whom they told a story that the stuff was only near-beer, and the night's adventure just a hoax. Wilkerson responded to this by giving the

boys a year in jail for contempt, and they lost an appeal to a higher court. Lake began serving his sentence almost at once, but Druggan blithely set out on a trip to California. "Nailed" in San Francisco because, said the excited dispatches, he was "tossing $1,000 bills around," he was brought back, and in November he actually, literally, and in his own person entered the "grim portals."

"Large numbers of reporters, police, and lawyers," says a newspaper account, "were waiting at the county jail when he arrived. He studied his highly polished shoes, made certain that a ride from Joliet in a limousine had not wrinkled his sharply creased trousers, smoothed out the folds of his Prince of Wales overcoat and puffed at a cigarette through an amber holder a foot and a half long. 'Talk to my lawyers,' he said."

This de-luxe pair were charmingly housed in the jail. After some months it developed that Druggan, while generally answering jail roll-call in the daytime, was allowed liberties at night, to "see his dentist." The truth was, he went to his handsome apartment on Lake Shore Drive, or wherever he liked. He was out fully ninety times. It also developed that he paid heavily for the privilege; $1,000 a month, or twice that, to certain officials. The sheriff and jailer had their careers ruined by this, whereas the beer-lords went on to liberty, increased riches, more race-horses, and the ownership of a fine stock-farm. In a little income-tax argument of recent date it was shown that in 1924 Druggan's net income-tax was no less than $25,000 and Lake's not less than $37,000—and probably that was not all.

Four months after the Valley boys were sentenced to jail, O'Banion fell before the onset of "dark men"—supposedly agents of the Genna brothers. What lent color to this was that in a reprisal warfare Gennas began toppling, one after the other. There were seven brothers, all but one of whom were in "the racket." Four out of those six met death within a few months. The other two returned to their native land, routed by superior cruelty—though once the family had been powerful enough to stage a $5,000 banquet attended, among others, by

State's Attorney Crowe, a Superior Court judge and various "notables," crushed into dress suits.

The apparent end of Torrio's reign was also at hand. There was a police raid on a thriving brewery. The "big boss" was indicted, with thirty-seven others. When about to enter on his sentence he was shot down by a group of killers said to have included Hymie Weiss, George Moran and Vincent Drucci—of whom only Moran remained alive three years later. Torrio was not killed, but he was deeply discouraged. Upon recovery, he went meekly to jail, served his term (not without stories that he enjoyed occasional outings), and when released vanished from Chicago's gangland. His "ghost" reappeared at times in cables from Italy or dubious rumors from New York.

5

Mayor Dever, worried by elusive crime and by the stream of politicians protesting against his policies, went right on trying to govern the city.

He tried to put all-night cabarets under control. He revoked licenses of some "black-and-tan" dives. He sought laws to deal with disorderly dancing in the small hours. He said, "While I am anxious to please the people, they have no right to make a law-breaker out of me or any other man." Again he confessed, "They are saying my political career is ruined," and with a smile, "I believe it!"

Dever had retained in office as health commissioner Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, a former army medical man and health-department subordinate whom Thompson made head of that great branch of municipal service. Bundesen had become nationally known for making health popular, for educating mothers in the care of children, and for plucky warfare in purifying the milk-supply. The death-rate, already low, went down steadily.

Mayor Dever thought of other things, too. He urged an increase of recreation-centers—although the city, even then, had

more than three thousand of them. He tried to stimulate the city's interest in good painting, music, and reading, its normal life, its love of beauty. Before he passed out of office he appointed a Civic Commission to study the problem. It died with his successor.

He reorganized the Board of Education, in line with his pledge to civic groups, and then, according to the best evidence, he "kept his hands off." The Board, for this brief halcyon period, was able to do business without so many threats or lick-spittle appeals from political schemers. And it was during this régime that William McAndrew was brought on from New York to run the schools and help fend off their perils.

There remained, always chief among a mayor's problems, the traction question. After some two years of the usual jockeying and fruitless talk, Mayor Dever gave his support to a new plan based upon municipal ownership. In general, it provided that the city was to have a lien on the traction properties and it was to issue certificates in exchange for the mortgage bonds, etc., outstanding against the companies. A rate of fare sufficient to guarantee prompt payment of interest and sinking-fund charges was to be imposed. The city was not to undertake operation of the lines until it could pay off a majority of the certificates. An impartial municipal-railway board was to be established.

When the plan went to the voters, in the Spring of 1925, it roused every hornet's nest and political jealousy that "traction" had always roused. The three former mayors, Harrison, Dunne and Thompson, formed a triumvirate, Mayor Dever declared, to defeat the Dever plan—which was not really his at all, but the invention, mainly, of an alderman named Ulysses Schwartz. On the stump Dever slammed his predecessors, with the words, "Out of a million voters the only three men who ought to be silent are now vocal . . . For twenty-four years I have watched these men perform with pretended efforts to solve the traction-problem."

(He might have said this just as well of several hundred citi-

zens, including aldermen, traction-chiefs, lawyers, and a few editors.)

The opponents shook the rafters with speeches about municipal-ownership pretense, about traitorous aldermen, about city officials who were tools of the traction-combine and the press. Thompson's friends, who like himself, had dangled a five-cent-fare will o' the wisp before the straphangers for years, did so again . . . A subway was mentioned . . .

The Mayor appealed: "For the love of this city, leave outside the polls every personal, political, factional, prejudice . . . Consider the welfare of future generations . . ."

No use. The voters downed the "solution" by 100,000. A rail-spike was driven into the political coffin of the well-meaning Mayor.

6

Sheltered by a conspiracy of silence which baffled the smartest policemen, and cheered continually by the ease with which one hoodlum after another had "escaped the rap," the big chauffeurs of gangland drove their terrible machines on toward the worst tragedy of the series.

After dinner, one April evening in 1926, a twenty-six-year-old Assistant State's Attorney, noted for his success in getting "hanging verdicts," left his home for an automobile ride with two friends. They were, all three, sons of policemen. They had been in school together. But while young McSwiggin went one route in life, becoming a clever lawyer, the other two had earned a right to be listed with beer and tough politics.

No evidence ever came out to prove why McSwiggin took this ride, which led him and his companions toward a territory forbidden to the last two—Cicero, the haunt of Capone and his men. No conclusive facts ever solved the mystery of what happened after they crossed the line.

The three—they were joined by two others, say some accounts—are known to have driven to the block where a saloon was kept by a friend of theirs, arriving at about 8.30 P.M.

They stepped out to the curb. In a twinkling there echoed along the street a stream of shots. The only eye-witness, a woman living over the saloon, testified later:

"It was daylight,still, and I saw a closed car speeding away with what looked like a telephone-receiver sticking out of the rear window and spitting fire."

The object that she saw was, undoubtedly, one of the new type, extra-handy weapons which, by the year of our Lord 1926, were being especially made for such murderers. They were not military machine-guns, but "shoulder-guns," with magazines from which could be fired one hundred shots a minute. Their price was quoted at $250 each.

Within a few seconds after the first shot, not only the men on the sidewalk, but walls of buildings, even a small tree near by, were punctured by bullets. The sedan from which the shots came vanished into the dusk. Then, nearly an hour later, it seems, one of the three friends was found on the street dead; another was picked up and taken to a hospital, where he died. Young McSwiggin's fate was equally tragic, but clouded in new mystery by a story told by two of the bootlegging O'Donnell brothers. They related on oath how the mangled body of McSwiggin—with whom, apparently, they had been riding earlier in the evening—was carried to their home; how one of them cried, "My God, get him out of here!"—how the body was bundled into a waiting car; and how they fled, alarmed for once.

A real fright spread through gangland. A new horror met the ordinary man with his morning paper. Before, the gangsters had butchered each other. This time an official of the State, a "hanging prosecutor," had fallen, either by accident or plan. "One of Crowe's own men," ran the comment from group to group.

And the grisly question, "Who killed McSwiggin, and why?" became part of the everyday talk of Chicago, just as there had been questions, years before, like "Where were you on the night of May 4?" and "Who killed Dr. Cronin?"

Everyday talk was all it came to.

The angry forces of law and order, the voluble but impotent members of civic groups, the committeemen from big clubs, demanded action, demanded punishment. Trouble whirled about the head of State's Attorney Crowe. It was cited with new effect that during the four months just gone there had been twenty-nine gang-killings, and during the four years before, more than two hundred. A special grand jury was called for; Crowe fought this idea by having one of his own appointed.

Other grand juries . . . an inquest that began bravely, halted, adjourned, adjourned interminably . . . columns of theories, and bushels of interviews . . . demands to arrest this one and that one; arrests after those sought had learned good alibis from expensive lawyers . . . a story that McSwiggin had gone to Cicero to get back a bullet-proof vest loaned to a friend . . . a story that he had $40,000 on him when he died . . . claims by his father and others that they "knew" . . . everything at length denied, scouted, thrown out of court.

The scar-faced Capone, having toured the country until the public pulse went down, gently yielded himself to officers at the Indiana state-line. Safe in jail, he awaited the certain dismissal of a warrant against him for the murder. The fingers of suspicion pointed to him; there were a flock of damaging facts; his gunmen had been flatly accused in print.

When Capone was all ready to go, the Assistant State's Attorney admitted that the State was unable to produce any legal proof. Police were called to protect "Scar-face" from the "crowd of several hundred persons gathered about the jail entrance."

The elderly father of the slain boy was there to see Capone walk away.

"They pinned a medal on him and turned him loose," said the father.

"*Sic semper*" in 1926.

CHAPTER XXV

A YEAR passed. By the time it had flown, Thompson had accomplished his return to the mighty office of mayor. Dever had retired to private life—to the milder field of finance.

Chicago, in large part, was amazed at itself. It had dispensed with a mayor who, clearly enough, was building at least some things like a capable workman. It had recalled to its highest place the man whom it had seen go into the shadows, whom it knew perfectly well as a magnetic talker and a bad performer.

But voters are too proud to admit regret. As they looked back upon the Dever administration they said—many really impartial people said—that the good Irishman had been too honest. They remembered that he had sometimes been slow to make up his mind. It was mentioned that he had been "so straight he leaned over backwards"; he would not compromise at all—not at all. On the other hand, there were cynical references to the "hand of Brennan."

However, no one, not even his opponents, not even the knifers in his own party who helped defeat him, ever proved that Dever was a politician more than he was a citizen.

2

Before he let go, before the Spring campaign in which he tried to win by cool facts while Thompson insulted King George's "snoot" and roared threats against McAndrew—months before this, Mayor Dever had a good day.

The troubles and quarrels of office fled for a few hours. Down Michigan Avenue from the old water-tower rolled the procession. Behind the police band, in a big open car, came the Mayor with his trusted associates; and there trailed out for a couple of miles flag-draped automobiles, decorated floats, all the components of a modern motorized parade.

They crossed the broad two-level bridge, with its majestic pillars that awaited the sculptured memorials, in place today. Looking to the left, they could see the river's mouth, where, in the mists and smoke, the vague reaches of the lake began. And to the right, shaped by the westward and southward angles created in unrecorded years when the little stream cut its way among sand-flats, stretched the great work all this company had come to dedicate.

It was a truly splendid boulevard of concrete and steel; no mere crust upon earth, but a structure that had swallowed more building-material than a skyscraper. Deep, eighty, ninety feet deep, down through the ooze to bed-rock had been sunk the caissons upon which the new street rested. There had been cave-ins, and battles with quicksands. And through all weathers when cement would pour, crews of men, working, it was said, with twice the ordinary zeal, had toiled away at this giant effort which meant the crystallizing of another dream.

Below, at the very edge of the leaden river—for it was a gray, forbidding day—one who looked down could make out a level for heavy traffic, and dock-space where boats could discharge cargo. Above, the pleasure-drive stretched white and broad.

In a plaza made at the junction with two other streets, on a

temporary raised platform, stood Mayor Dever, who had just clipped a ribbon holding back the throbbing motors.

He looked about at thousands of people, sheltered in their cars, or swarming along the quay, or peering down from the multiple windows of the creamy Wrigley Building. And as he cried at the top of his lungs phrases like, "The greatest improvement of its kind in the world's history," he may have been thinking that a carnival like this, a triumph like this, compensates—as there must be compensation—for the ugly and bitter aspects of life in a great civic family. But he said nothing of that; he went on speaking, citing the revered name of Burnham and that of Charles H. Wacker, who had moved steadily and urbanely through all the fuss of years.

The boulevard had already been named—Wacker Drive it was.

3

Here was an end of one of the roads that led far back to that day when a handful of soldiers began a fort—and much farther.

The crowd shivering on the river promenade that October afternoon could see the actual water-course up which Marquette's crew had paddled, which Joliet and La Salle had used more than once, and which, before their day, generations of Indians had called their own.

If spades had dug a few feet down, they might have unearthed fragments of the prehistoric Chicago which clung to the sands. (Indeed, there was presented to Mayor Dever a gavel shaped from walnut timber that came to light while the boulevard was building.) Just at hand, these new Chicago crowds could identify the spot where the log walls of the original Fort Dearborn were raised one hundred and twenty-three years earlier. And on the other bank, near where motors rushed from the bridge into the glittering street beyond, was marked the site of Kinzie's Mansion.

Then, another era could be imagined: the time of a navigable

river, deepened by primitive dredging, and its mouth shifted so that it emptied straight into the lake. Those were the days when schooners crowded the docks, their masts like a flock of knitting-needles; and when, up and down the broadening streets, there was sailor-life and a swagger and gabble something like Gravesend. And with all this came the big, clumsy grain-elevators, a clustering group of factories, rails laid along the quays, rumbling of drays and trucks, lines of freight-cars—the river itself, gray-brown and foul, more like cess-pool than like stream.

On the south bank, a few buildings became many. To the first log huts, the first hotels, succeeded low structures creating the first actual mercantile street in Chicago. They were consumed like paper boxes in the Great Fire. On the charred ground new lines of construction, mostly brick, went up. And from time immemorial, as Chicago time goes, in that South Water Street the jolly produce-men, with red, weather-worn faces and a great flapping of stained aprons, had felt and smelled of the vegetables or fruit brought in creaking wagons at sunrise. It was a cheery, chaotic, bartering street, often utterly jammed with wagons or traders. It blocked off bridge-heads. It slowed up carlines. Pedestrians squeezed between wagon-wheels, stepped over planks laid from barrels.

A silly old street for a great city. Yet every one half loved it; and the traders loved it devotedly.

4

So when the Chicago Plan reached to that point, and there was talk of moving the South Water Street merchants away, sentiment rose and threatened to defeat the whole idea.

"They want to stay where Nature put them, here on the old water-front," cried one of the champions of the produce-men.

And beside emotion, there was a vast property-right to consider. Little musty buildings along that street sat on lots worth a thousand such buildings. The city had to get to work, back

in the early 1920s, to apply the ax of condemnation in some places, to coax other owners into paying tall assessment-bills. The usual tempestuous debate went on: on the one side, the argument that "the street" was a mess, an unhealthy mess, a place where goods rotted and money went to waste; on the other the claim, "We were here first; we belong here and have no place to go."

The last-named plea was knocked out by finding a place for the produce-mart on the southwest side—lots of room, and good transportation.

Then the city went into legal grips with the more stubborn of the merchants. During the siege it had to spend $80,000 in court-costs to defeat 8,000 property-owners who protested an assessment of $14,000,000 or thereabouts. There was a sort of civil war among the merchants; one group brought an injunction suit, but lost. They clung to their old places like squatters holding to the last slice of land. Some trooped to Mayor Dever's office, and stormed for better terms.

But the Mayor met them with his jaw up and he said:

"I'll see you in hell before I'll let the city be sandbagged into unreasonable agreements."

5

Now, all that was over. The "street"—or most of it—had moved.

That long, crooked array of sorry brick relics awaited the wrecker. Indeed, the backs had been torn away from those on the north line to make way for the hundred-foot boulevard. There could be foreseen a mighty rampart of towers in irregular outlines along the course of what had once been hardly more than a trickle from the meadows. There would come a chain of those skyscrapers—in fact, ten were begun within eighteen months—in the new architectural beauty that dispensed with cornices and thrust toward the sky receding, spindling peaks of an unquestioned American pattern. The land,

in a few years, would have an added value estimated, modestly, at sixty-five million dollars. It was proposed that Wacker Drive continue along the river, to the place where now the new *Daily News* building and the Civic Opera stand opposite each other.

And if there were any who really understood what a picture the "new river" would make, even they must have felt that their visions were not enough as they crossed the Link Bridge at night.

There were Chicagoans of the humblest sort who strolled westward along the promenade of Wacker Drive, looking toward the left, where incredibly tall monuments rose into the purplish sky, or toward the right, where streaks and darts of light threw gold upon the black water, where tugs slid along like huge Venetian gondolas, where yachts, with gleaming windows, passed.

With this, and with the rolling stretches of park along the lake-front, where speckled ribbons of light shone after dark, Chicago came into its best days as a spectacle.

But immediately, with the perversity no analysis can fully explain, it also achieved its worst in self-government.

CHAPTER XXVI

When Thompson for the third time became general manager of that great business, the city government, he was nearing the age of sixty.

All of his physical and mental traits were now intensified, swollen, conspicuous. The athlete of years before, only threatened with flesh, weighed 245 pounds. He was a six-foot Falstaff, swaggering and clowning in some of the best circles as well as in others. During the campaign there was a scene that might have come out of Shakespeare or Molière, when the ladies of a Gold Coast society invited him to tea and cakes. He made them one of his hoarse but adroit speeches. They crowded around him with cries of "Isn't he a darling?"

His health now figured in political rumor, and there were physicians who made long-distance and privately uttered diagnoses unfavorable to him. Yet he seemed to have inexhaustible physical reserve. He could plunge about among issues, make speeches, take long trips, and sit up nights with the boys, without breaking down. As for his brain, it conceived more startling paradoxes, madder humors, cruder publicity-stunts, than ever before. (Like the comedy he staged at a theater, displaying two rats, Fred and Doc.) Underneath all this could be discerned the remnants of shrewdness, combined with a real knowl-

edge of that pliable instrument, the heart of the "average voter."

Politically, he was far from bankrupt. The somersaults of the years just gone had cost Thompson the services of his shrewd counselor, Lundin. That abler and saner politician had in fact tried to beat him in the election just held, backing Thompson's former health commissioner, bearded "Doc" Robertson. (The Doc of the rat show.) Relations of the City Hall with Governor Small had become strained, too. But although lacking the counsel of those astute Lorimerites, Lundin and Small, the Mayor still had the friendship and the advice of a returned sage—who but Lorimer himself? That old-timer, grown gray and reminiscent, sought a quiet return to "life" by whispering to his boy Bill. Within a year, he was to creep back to obscurity.

Thompson had the counsel also of old friends like the wealthy Eugene Pike and George Harding, and, of course, of his corporation counsel, Samuel Ettelson, the "link with Insull." His larger political alliance, however, was now with two slippery and supremely selfish potentates: the business-like and never demonstrative Homer Galpin, and the blunt, stormy, dangerous Bob Crowe.

Galpin in 1920 had roasted Thompson publicly for a trifle of breaking campaign pledges. Crowe, in 1921, had remarked that if he gave Thompson support he would be "ashamed to go home to my wife." In 1927 the three were hyphenated together.

Thus ran the political merry-go-round, watched at long range by a crowd of impotent voters, who had paid admission to the booth, but could not get in.

2

The mood of the better citizens was at first one of courageous resignation. Those faithful to the factions headed by Senator Deneen and Edward J. Brundage (corporation counsel under Busse, president of the County Board, attorney-general, etc.)

were aware that the two chiefs had, "for the solidarity of the Republican party," backed Thompson in the primaries. So had Attorney-General Oscar Carlstrom, who in a moment of high emotion begged a mass-meeting of war veterans to support "Big Bill the Builder, who loves the little children and got them playgrounds; Big Bill the American, who stands for America First. God bless you all! Fight, fight till next Tuesday!" (Tuesday was election day.)

The citizens needed all their philosophy when Bill was returned to power—by 83,000 out of a vote of 990,000. The newspapers that had tried to reëlect Dever joined in making the best of it. Said the *Tribune:* "If Thompson will be on the square with the city's interests and do what he can for them, the *Tribune* will not bring the eight bad years up against him." And a lot of "representative business men," some of whom had, without apparent anger, watched Chicago punish Dever for trying to administer mustard plasters, said to each other: "Well, Bill's in again; we must get around him and try to see that the city is run *right.*"

However, if any of these numerous caretakers really thought they could make the trumpeting pachyderm stand quietly in its zoo quarters, they were disillusioned at once. The creature ran wild!

Thompson had made some campaign-pledges, to be sure; and they were not all concerned with matters like "traction" and "building Chicago." (The traction-ordinances had expired in February and "something had to be done.") The task immediately on his mind was the dismissal of Superintendent McAndrew—in disgrace, if that were possible. McAndrew had offended the organized teachers.[1] The teachers had helped Thompson regain office. A return lead was obvious to that mayoral mind which—and the fact is not as trivial as it seems—could do pretty well in a game of bridge whist.

And so, while the Mayor's advisers, official or not, stood all ready to help him earn his soubriquet of Bill the Builder, he

[1] See *School and Society in Chicago,* by George S. Counts, p. 275.

applied himself to the important civic project of ousting McAndrew. That educator, regrettably enough, had an unexpired contract. He must, therefore, be found guilty of something. What should it be? Some of the lawyers who had wrestled with the subject thought an insubordination-count would "work." Other counselors had feared that such a legalism would not "go" with the citizenry; it would be weak in publicity-value.

Thompson, he of the loud horn and the political vaudeville-act, endorsed an assault that would draw applause from the ten-cent seats. It might even bring him attention from the smug East. It might—for the earnest words of his evil geniuses still rang in his ears—put him in the race for the Presidency of the United States.

It was unlike Thompson to act slowly; so he had no sooner taken the oath than he ordered the McAndrew matter opened. At the same time he got two other subjects started: the question of water-meters, and that of the Mississippi Waterway. The former was a complex local issue going back to the government's desire to control flow from the lake. Dever had developed metering. Thompson was against it, and he fought the War Department until, the next year, business men called him off. In boosting the waterway Thompson was again following the lead of Lorimer. Both men doubtless felt something of the grandeur of the project, which had dwelt in Chicago's heart for a hundred years. It was over such a thing that both could be visited by genuine constructive motives. Therefore the charges of "grand-stand play," hurled after the ship on which Thompson journeyed South that spring, were considered only half-justified. It will be recalled that the Mississippi States hailed him like another La Salle.

But upon his return there were renewed outbreaks of chauvinism—which, by the way, Lundin (after their quarrel) loudly declared he had himself taught to Thompson back in 1918. The way Lundin told it was not without humor, whether true to fact or not. Fred said he told Thompson it was a shame the way American money was going abroad to help King Peter.

"What Peter?" Thompson asked. "Why, the King of Serbia!" And Bill countered with, "Serbia? what part of the country is that in?"

It may have been from this hint that America First was born. Thompson had great hopes of it. He claimed that it had, or soon would have, a national membership of 700,000, and it would make certain that the United States "stayed out of Europe."

Thompson adopted George Washington almost as an ancestor. Perverting the first President's policy—as many another politician has done—he built heavily on the "entangling alliances" paragraph, and, with a mangled cigar depending from his lips, declared, "What was good enough for George Washington is good enough for Bill Thompson." And those history books in the schools! They horrified him. With patriotic fury, and with an all-inclusive sympathy for Germans, Poles, and Irish—voters past and prospective—whom it was easy to convince that some of their great national heroes were slighted in modern texts, Thompson thundered away. The actual charges against McAndrew were, however, something else again. They involved at first the desire of the Superintendent to test the law placing "extra teachers" under civil service; and a question of the "compatibility" of certain acts with his duty, added to charges of "insubordination."

The School Board's lawyers, wrenching the covers off lawbooks, labored to make such accusations stick, while J. Lewis Coath, the president, presided after the manner of a modern and rather ungrammatical Judge Jeffreys.

Sessions dragged on for months. The workaday Chicagoans read of them, and swallowed the Mayor's references to Nathan Hale, Von Steuben, Kosciusko, *et al.*, wishing they knew more about history.

McAndrew, gray-bearded, sardonic of eye, sat yawning through most of his "ordeal." Toward the end he simply stayed away.

The Mayor turned his hot gaze on the Public Library and

named one of the members of the Library Board, a hearty, two-fisted but not exactly cultured theater-manager named U. J. (Sport) Hermann, to clear the shelves of "tainted" history volumes. Hermann, in a hasty interview, said something about making a bonfire on the lake-front. At once, in a hundred newspaper dispatches, which went clicking eastward, westward and across the Atlantic, the threat was attributed to Mayor Thompson, who was deeply embarrassed, but never caught up with the yarn. He was now world-famous, exciting all the curiosity and all the magazine-farrago even a Hollywood star could have desired. Journalists rushed to Chicago to interview him. London papers having American correspondents cabled their men to "investigate this phenomenon." They came, approached the Mayor's office—in the Hotel Sherman—with trepidation, but went away charmed. "Not a bad fellow after all," was their verdict at lunch, after they had laid their thousands of words on the groaning wires. A few writers perceived the irony—which Thompson overlooked—of an anti-English attack on the very same public library that had been reclaimed from the ashes of '71 by British help; by Queen Victoria, among others.

It was all very funny, but—alas, Chicago's reputation!

As for the court martial of Mr. McAndrew, Coath and the lawyers managed to prolong it until after the expiration of his contract. He was then solemnly "fired" (*in absentia*). But the explosion was somewhat like the fizz of a damp firecracker.

3

All this could not have been very reassuring to the Mayor's Advisory Committee of citizens, who had so willingly taken up the burden of keeping Bill at work.

Occasionally some citizen outside of this circle, or some newspaper independent of its influence, asked what had become of city and county government.

The chill, brutal facts were available. There was govern-

ment for and by the politicians, and not much else. The Thompson-Crowe-Galpin merger had attained, by patient construction-work, and by succeeding elections—frequently calling for recounts and even for grand juries—a control of Cook County offices which almost passed belief. They held a voting majority in, or ruled by threats of defeat "next time," all the police power, all the machinery of prosecution, a string of judges, both municipal and State, most of the bailiffs, members of taxing bodies, a slice of the County Board, and another slice of the Sanitary District Board.

The machine ran over partisan lines. It was so powerful that to keep his end up George Brennan perceived that he must be nice to the Republican Caesars. For some of the elections, therefore, slates were contrived which included Republicans appreciated by Brennan, and Democrats not repugnant to Thompson-Crowe-Galpin. Such "bi-partisan alliances," sometimes bringing a semblance of harmony, were shown later on to have made more certain the garrotting of the taxpayer.

It got so a business man, preyed upon by a City Hall grafter, dared not "squawk" for fear of having his taxes raised.

Very soon after the McAndrew trial, it became clear that Thompson had said too much. This time he had evoked such loud laughter as to send him up stage instead of to justify encores. The personality and dictatorship of Crowe then came into the foreground. Pugnacious, flat-nosed, capable alike of threatening a calm editor like Lawson with jail or of hurling abuse upon murderers (such as those two victims of mordant philosophy, Leopold and Loeb), he had been a public figure for nearly eight years. In his first term, he had won the long-continued support of some business interests by convicting labor officials of misdeeds. But in the onset by bootleggers and gangsters which came after, his energy as prosecutor subsided in a manner few could explain and no one overlook. Through it all, his power increased. Political volleys were hurled at his head. He was the direct or indirect target, through a half-dozen years, of charges pertaining to the alliance of crime and poli-

tics. To these he replied just as hotly, during most of his reign; but later he came to resemble a bulldog retired into a kennel, only emerging now and then to snap at an unusually overt attack. He turned into a figure of mystery, such as reporters love to create; avoiding his office until late in the day, issuing sometimes an order or a defiance from his favorite "hang-outs," but always a person whose field of dominance was unmistakable, dour, and widening.

There need not be quoted any of the oblique charges which sought to connect Crowe with the beer-syndicates, and the Capone crowd particularly, nor any of the myriad whisperings that followed the murder of his assistant, McSwiggin. Facts reposing in public records are, however, another matter. Some of these carefully collected show clearly the state of public justice in Cook County in 1920 *et seq.* In 1924, for instance, when Crowe was reëlected over two rivals, Michael Igoe, Democrat, and Hope Thompson, independent, the thing was well canvassed. Thompson, a conscientious man about facts, showed that court-convictions fell from 2,309 in 1921 to 1,344 in 1923. He showed that murders in Cook County rose from 190 in 1920 to 350 during 1924.[1] Crowe could, and did, maintain that this horrible record was due to the beer-wars and to the paralysis of the police. But it was harder to account for a thing like the enormous number of felony cases which were brought before the Municipal Court, and went no farther. In 1923 alone 23,862 such charges were dropped or modified—necessarily with the consent of Crowe's representatives in the city courts. The large and expensive staff sent only 1,959 to the penitentiary in that year.

A story goes the rounds that in one city court where cases were often "fixed," the judge and bailiff had an ingenious system. The bailiff, in an inner room, would accept money from a defendant, and, when the case was called, rap on the wall of the court-room. The judge and prosecutor would then realize that

[1] The score for 1928 was 399.

the defendant was a "right guy," and dismissal of the case would follow.

How far such things were done could not be proved, but one thing was sure; crime increased, and punishment fell off. Even the Crime Commission, a civic body formed some years before for scientific work on the subject, and warm toward Mr. Crowe for some time, was bound to note the trend.

The lay citizen only knew that he was unsafe.

4

On clattered the machine to the top of the hill. The bosses controlled payrolls running into millions, and treasuries running into hundreds of millions. Annual budgets, combined, would have financed many a European kingdom for a war.

Payrollers formed a slave army numbering tens of thousands. At election time they were hurled into critical spots on the battle-front, and told to "do their duty."

To these mercenaries were added others even worse—the gunmen and sluggers. In fast automobiles they rushed about, "helping" here and there. They had no ambitions, no hopes, except to collect pay at a rate about half of what lawyers charged to keep them free.

The "regular" payrolls were swollen at election times, or in legislative crises, to twice, thrice the normal; and to much more than the law allowed. After election the names of scores of supposedly reputable lawyers, real-estate men, and so on would be erased again—but not always quickly enough.[1]

In this era of colossal selfishness, anti-patriotism, and battle for still more power, the work of part of the judiciary as well as that of the City Council reached the dregs. Some judges, listening to a 'phone call from the State's attorney office, would, like a lot of marionettes, appoint men Crowe told them to; others, still more conscienceless, would hold night-courts or home-

1 The statements here made are derived not from political speeches, but from court records.

sessions to release salaried thugs, seized during elections by thoughtless police. Aldermen truckled to the machine, while Thompson assailed the Municipal Voters' League, that had innocently aided his political début.

It was no longer a case of political gratitude. It was tyranny, and it was desperation. Oh, there must have been times when the bosses themselves were tired of it all! But they had tackled so much that they must go on with it, tighten the system everywhere, resort to worse and worse insults to law, or the whole structure of plaster and blood would collapse.

So, in this time when the nations were shocked by Chicago, when the sputter of its machine-guns was heard around the world, when Broadway hotel clerks smiled as they saw a Chicago man writing his name on the register, when old ladies shuddered as the porter brushed them off at the Indiana line—in this midnight of Chicago, there was no kind of corruption, brutality, dictation, or ballyhoo that the bosses would not attempt.

Every vice, every parasite, every swindle, came back. The city lived through again diseases thought cured, but now more malignant.

Gambling, both mild race-betting and de-luxe games such as roulette, flourished almost as openly and on a richer scale than in the "naughty '90s."

Prostitution once more became open, in many sections. It was not segregated, but it now paid the politicians better when dispersed. De-luxe "beer-flats" were the best "pickings" in history.

The city had a commissioner of police named Michael Hughes, who had been chief of detectives. An excellent thief-catcher, he; a real lover of the thrill of chase. He retired, broken (like nearly all the chiefs) after his reign had become a tragedy of enforced misfeasance. A grand jury that sat months later reported: "Witnesses testified to the existence of a syndicate controlling the operations of gambling-houses and disorderly houses and the wholesale distribution of beer during

the period that Michael Hughes was commissioner of police." But the syndicate was not new. The jury declared it had existed for the greater part of four years. Owners of "joints" had no fear of the law, but rather "an amazing contempt." Beginning about June 1, 1927 (two months after Thompson's return), two syndicates went to work. In November the Mayor ordered the "lid" on. In January it was lifted again. A series of bombings followed—thus reported the grand jury.

Hughes had inherited this state of things. Seemingly he was not allowed to stop it—if he cared to.

What price a chief of police?

5

Yes, everything came back. Builders and architects fought extortionists far greedier and cleverer than in 1900 or 1920. Small contractors paid spot cash to get jobs in school-buildings.

Owners of small businesses found themselves preyed on by gangsters organized into what they called "unions," much to the disgust of the great body of honest labor-men. The owners had to unite, and to fight attacks which ranged from threatening letters to "pineapples." The manufacture of these loud, but seldom deadly, weapons had now become almost as methodical as the research in university laboratories a few miles away. The day after blackmail failed, an order for bombs could be placed and the order delivered on an exact date. The bombs could be hurled on a schedule worked out in advance.

The cost? Well—black powder "pineapples," $100 each. Dynamite jobs, $500 to $1,000. For blowing up gambling or "alky" joints, $1,000 (minimum). The income of a good racketeer was seldom less than $25,000 a year, usually more. They had the best of cars and coffins.

The word "racket" entered the language with a new connotation. It meant anything and everything, but usually it stood for crimes against business—so many now that not even the

dictionary could keep up. An employers'-association report declared that Chicago paid a cost of $100,000,000 annually for such crimes, and another $100,000,000 for bootlegging, gambling, and pandering. It was stated that 10,000 men were engaged in destructive employment instead of in production. The internal revenue department had a list of racketeers and bootleggers numbering 200, every one of whom was said to have an average annual income of $25,000.

With no means of checking such statistics, which almost exceeded belief, the average man yet knew that the city was in a desperate state. He knew it, for one thing, because its frightful reputation, the country over, could not be wholly unearned. And again, he knew it because, once a year, he received a tax-bill. And this bill, a blow in itself, told him that somewhere in the immense and ludicrously tangled array of officials to whom he had given the power to tax him, some one was wasting public funds and passing the buck to him. Frequently he ran to a "fixer," who knew how to save him dollars through influencing "somebody."

The money was dripping from the City Hall eaves, and running down a score of ingenious chutes out of other treasuries. Thompson and his crowd, half in earnest for public improvements, and half driven by their satellites, had, the year before, rushed upon the Legislature and got more bonding power through the simple device of a law increasing the rates of assessed valuation from one-half to the full value. The effects of this move now began to be more than rumored; and men like Crowe, the Napoleon with a flat nose and horn-rimmed spectacles, must have begun to hear the surf beat upon St. Helena.

6

Just as in all the years, the throng—now 3,000,000 in Chicago proper—toiled, loved, produced, played, and dreamed, in a sort of frenzy over all those things, and in a corresponding lethargy about much else.

Were they satisfied to be exploited, or were they awaiting a day of revenge? Or did they need a great leader? What did they need? And what would they do?

The Spring of 1928 came mincing in, amid the slush, bringing an answer.

CHAPTER XXVII

On one of those Spring days a Venerable Citizen stood gazing from a corner window of his office in one of the great Loop skyscrapers.

A stripling at the time of the Great Fire, he had picked his way about the empty, blackened streets; he had seen the city recover, rebuild, and prosper again.

As a man nearing forty, deep in Chicago's affairs, he had gazed understandingly upon that mirage of an ideal city, the World's Fair. Then he had watched the black side of the old home-town come uppermost; and he had seen the battle of new social ideas to conquer ancient evils.

He had seen Yerkes routed.

He had seen the Sanitary Canal completed, and the yearnings to reach the Gulf by water taking form.

With the passion of a citizen who loved to have his city beautifully adorned, he had followed the Chicago Plan; and he had rejoiced when the paper patterns were turned into majestic public improvements. He had lived to see born an ambition for great airplane landing-fields, and to find work begun on straightening an eccentric curve of the river which blocked important streets.

During his career, he had found the position of the laborer

and the "white-collar man" steadily growing better. He now saw comfort wide-spread; slums banished, in large part, by the march of industry; the immigrant more scientifically dealt with; nearly everybody easier in mind, and with better chance of pleasure.

2

The Venerable Citizen loved to think of these things, but they did not hide from him the shortcomings, the shocking lapses, the blind and stupid moods, of Chicago, his city. Sometimes he looked at brilliant, vivacious movements of its life, and the phrase, "The best of all possible worlds," came to him. Then again he saw with what pitiful carelessness, with what ignorance of many basic things, the city plunged along.

It was hard to understand why all these people, who were, after all, the rulers of the kingdom, did not unite and get everything—everything—that they ought to have.

"The traction-question," he mused, "the muddled old traction-question . . . the need of a subway . . ."

A record of hundreds of motor-car deaths each year.

And the smoke! Here was scientific invention at its peak, mighty problems of speed, of light, of production, reduced to nothing; yet a thing like soft-coal smoke could shroud the new palaces, could still blacken the lungs of the people, and keep Chicago, in that one respect, anyhow, in the dark ages.

Another thing: that puzzle of overlapping local governments, contributing to tax inequalities and made strong, like the grip of Springfield upon the State's largest city, by political discord.

Crime? The Venerable Citizen shook his head. Were things really worse? Yes. That is, they were mostly the same things, but grown more ghoulish and more elephantine with the growth of everything else. And what about this "alliance of crime and politics"? Had its like ever been seen?

How could it be that these millions of people, most of whom appreciated security, a smooth path to their dream, and—as

typical Americans—decency, would let themselves be scandalized and hindered, if not directly hurt, by so many things that were due to office-holders turning traitor? Just as remarkable was the fact that, with such weights about their necks, taxed to the limit, always likely to be cheated out of police protection, or street-cleaning, or first-class schools, and even in business often subject to blackmail or worse, this mighty mass of city dwellers could still build, still achieve, still win.

The Venerable Citizen beat his fist on the window-sill, and cried—inwardly—"What a lot of fools! But what an unbeatable lot!"

3

Many another citizen shared the old man's wonder as April, 1928, arrived. There was to be a primary election—"just another election," it might have been said. But hardly a soul in Chicago failed to realize that this contest was vital.

Thompson had been mayor, altogether, nine years. Crowe had held his place for seven and a half. For the same length of time, Governor Small had sat in Springfield, with a stranglehold on the State, and on Chicago, when the interests of the two came in contact. These men could point to the prosperity and progress of Chicago as evidence that they had not harmed it. They could not easily answer complaints that it would have done better without them.

The strategy now had some new aspects. For one thing, Thompson was asked to hush his horn. For another, the peril of those tax-bills, swollen by the waste as well as the normally greater use of public funds, had to be skirted. The delivery of the bills threatened to be almost simultaneous with election day. They were held back. George Harding, county treasurer, raged when he was asked if he was delaying them purposely. He "could not get the books." But anyway, the bills were slow —and the suspicion of the voters grew.

There was a murmur in the air; a vibration, earthwise, which cool politicians could feel when they put their ears to the

ground. It was like the warning of a tempest, or like the approach of an army. The clouds grew dark with prophecy. Crowe-Thompson bosses scanned those clouds, listened to the crescendo note of "something going to happen," guessed, and tried to smile. They said that the turmoil, the now clearly distinguishable tread of a million advancing voters, meant "a triumph for our ticket." Leaders in the war against the hyphenated machine were comparatively silent. So were the voters.

The city, outwardly, was just the same. Its processes went on; its people worked or idled; its elevators rushed up and down; its long trains bore their thousands toward home at dusk.

To persons who, like the Venerable Citizen, turned upon this urban mechanism an inquiring and wistful eye, it made no response. It revolved as sleekly, and as unemotionally, as one of those huge turbines you see through the windows of a power-plant.

But behind its whirring there was still that deeper note . . .

4

John A. Swanson was the man who had been "put up to beat Crowe."

He was a citizen lacking every spectacular quality that Thompson and Crowe had. He could not divert an audience, like Thompson, by tricks such as the manager of performing seals plays to help the "act." He could not roar a jury deaf, like Crowe, nor fish out of a Celtic vocabulary hot, salty bits of speech. He was not a Celt, but a Swede,—and one after the heart of his chief backer, the equally untheatrical Senator Deneen. Swanson was deliberate, measured in phrase, slow in moving his big shoulders, tall and heavy. There was a husky force in his voice, as though he were born of a race of northern ship-captains. His father, however, was not a seaman, but a tailor. After his death, the boy worked at humble indoor jobs; worked eleven hours a day, played very little; he "studied law nights"; went into politics; reached the Cook County bench.

In spite of hard brain-work, he grew to be a six-footer looking like an out-door man—rough fists, big chest, wide-open blue eyes.

A plain man in ideas, very plain. Nothing to make ladies cry, "Isn't he a darling?" Nothing on which to drape publicity-stunts which would adorn his seriousness and his share of the quality—often so dangerous to reveal to voters—of common honesty.

The campaign worked up no great superficial heat until its last few weeks. In the midst of those calmer days a noted West Side character, Diamond Joe Esposito, met a violent death. He was one of those unmoral (from an Anglo-Saxon viewpoint) and socially winning types, one part menace and three parts kindliness, that have for years upon years found Chicago agreeable. "Big Tim" Murphy, fatally shot a few weeks later, was of that sort too; a "back o' the yards" boy, a frank racketeer who blustered more than he plotted.

Smart slumming parties always loved to go to Diamond Joe's café—"so Italian, you know"—as they had enjoyed Colosimo's. There was little on the surface to suggest a link with the underworld. But Esposito was what he was: cheery, open-handed, loved by grateful beshawled mothers—and quite blandly a law-breaker—"the power behind the Gennas," some said. Also, he was a Deneen Republican leader, which fact stuck out after he had been shot down near his home. While he walked between two body-guards streams of bullets were pumped into him from shotguns. He fell, "clad in his best clothes and with his $5,000 ring on his finger." It was then revealed that he had been told, "Get out of town or be killed," but whether or not this was done to erase him from the slate as ward committeeman was not proved.

The speech-making and organizing, the pouring out of money, the talk at women's committee meetings, proceeded. That rumble of trouble, however, could now be plainly heard.

Then on March 26, a couple of "pineapple squads" made a serious political mistake. It was such a horrible blunder—sup-

posing the squads were in the employ of anti-Swanson, anti-Deneen forces—that it almost seems as though the two crews, excited by whiskey or cocaine, must have gone to the wrong addresses. A bomb-thrower, however, seldom errs in that way, when he has time enough. The well-paid scientists of that March midnight, who traveled in a handsome car and doubtless lived in "swell" flats with porcelain bathtubs, dropped their explosive "calling-cards" in the yard of the Swanson home, and under the porch of the roomy, old-fashioned dwelling of Senator Deneen. The Senator was on his way to Washington (as the bombers must have known), and only his sister and a maid were in the home. Judge Swanson, however, had passed the spot of "his" explosion a few seconds before: so that it was theorized, not too convincingly, that the bombers had tried to kill him.

More choice reading for the Chicagoan and for the dweller in hundreds of cities gratified by "Chicago's shame!" (There had been sixty-two bomb-throwings since the previous October, several of them damaging the homes of Thompson-Crowe politicians.)

The audacity of this election attack!

"Why—er—the damn fools actually tried to blow up Swanson and Deneen!" gasped many a man, sometimes following this with a smile; for there were people who never could get over the idea that bomb-throwers were a sort of D'Artagnan or Porthos.

Crowe's excitement must have been far greater than that of the public. "He lost his head, Bob did," explained one of his supporters later on. Whether in panic or due to sheer high blood-pressure, the once astute boss, in a public statement offering $10,000 of his own money for conviction of the bombers, declared:

"I am satisfied that these two bombings are the result of a conspiracy upon the part of a few Deneen leaders to win the primary election April 10."

Thompson, "through his semi-official mouth-piece," said:

"I think Bob Crowe has the right slant on what is going on."

So spoke the two leaders. Like Richard III, they blurted, "A thing devised by the enemy." And, like Richard, they went into the fray beaten men.

5

Both sides took the battlefield at last, with a frightful clamor of brass bands out of tune, with ear-splitting jangle of electric music-machines enclosed in red-painted placards, with meetings which dull-eyed voters packed, in sweating ranks, to hear somebody "razzed," no matter who.

Speakers bawled a medley of allusions to the past and of insulting names. Edward Litsinger, who in 1927 had been beaten for the mayoralty nomination by Thompson, earned the oratorical prize with his characterization of the Mayor as having "the carcass of a rhinoceros and the brain of a baboon." He produced also the phrase, "Crack King Len and Wilhelm der Grosse in the snoot, and watch crime go."

Thompson, justly stung, said in one of the few meetings he was permitted to address that Litzinger had lived "back of the gas-house," but when he moved to the North Side he "left his poor old mother behind." Shouts of "Liar!" Retorts hot and tearful from Litsinger.

Roars by Crowe, "putting over" the history of Senator Deneen as a machine-builder. Repetition of the charges that Deneen men ordered those bombs—and a cloudy allusion to the John Hill of 1905.

Carefully wrought speeches by Otis Glenn, running against Frank L. Smith for the senatorial nomination, in which he charged Samuel Insull with a deal to elect Small, and especially Smith. He recited the recent Senate scandal [1] and, natu-

[1] It will be recalled that the Reed Committee had developed the fact that Mr. Insull had paid some $150,000 to the Smith campaign-fund in 1926. The gift not only resulted in Smith's debarment, but for a long time incensed many people against the super-power man. It came to be admitted that financial aid for a candidate who was at the same time head of the State commission in control of public utilities was a "bad error" on Mr. Insull's part. His action, it is stated "with authority," was taken rather to work off an old grudge

rally, pointed to Corporation Counsel Ettelson as an Insull lawyer.

Presses grinding out coils upon coils of libels, on cheap paper smeared by cheap ink.

The gun crews waiting . . .

A Chicago election.

6

The marching feet came nearer.

The day dawned; the booths were opened in the cold Spring half-light. Upon the polls, all the way from battered, spittle-tarnished barbershops in the poor districts to clean light rooms in the suburbs, descended the tremendous swarms of voters. In parts of the county they stood in quiet lines, with the same grim non-committal look they had worn for many weeks. In other parts, and especially in the wards where famished or greedy or totally illiterate owners of votes could be bought or bulldozed, there were scenes suggesting that the great American franchise had gone into the depths. Every trick of short-pencilling and stuffing of ballot-boxes, taught to one generation of heelers after another by their kind of political-science faculties, was played under the eyes of police and watchers. Votes were jammed into boxes by hundreds, by bales. In one instance sixteen ballots were credited to one address which proved to be a stable containing only that many horses. (Hence the derisive saying of 1928, "Every horse voted.") The job was so raw that in some precincts every single anti-Crowe vote was thrown away. Nor were the State's attorney's followers alone in the huge fraud; a silk-socked hoodlum named John ("Dingbat") Oberta, on the other side, had friends who "stuffed" cheerily for him.

Not only was there rank and open cheating, but in at least one ward, the 20th, ruled by Morris Eller, Thompson's city collector and Crowe's friend, there were kidnaping- and mur-

against William McKinley, Smith's opponent in 1926, than to make Smith any greater friend of the utilities than he already was.

der-gangs sweeping up and down the streets, openly armed and with America First stickers on their cars. Volunteer watchers were dragged from the polls, cruelly beaten and hauled to a cheap flat, where they were shut up for hours.

Eller, according to court testimony later, had boasted that "the police are with us." (Other alleged statements of his figured in indictments brought in ensuing months. But prosecution of the boss and his jurist son, Emmanuel, finally failed.)

After the polls had closed, more anger raged, more poisonous whiskey flowed, until a respectable negro named Octavius Granady, candidate for ward committeeman against Eller, was "spotted" riding rapidly along one of those squalid streets with an automobile-load of friends. A trio of cars gave chase. Firing from the seats or from the running-boards, that unusually expert gang of murderers picked off Granady like a blackbird on the wing—and this particular unit in a negro migration that had come to Chicago full of trust fell dying. His was the only life lost, queerly enough, in all the uproar and anarchy of that day.

The murder, the frauds, the terrorism, were all futile to save the machine. In every ward, in every country town, in the really big cities just across Chicago's line ranking as suburbs, showers of votes like a Nebraska snowstorm fell upon the Crowe-Thompson combination and buried it fathoms deep. For a score of reasons, not simply one, not solely because of the Swanson-Deneen bombs, the majority of voters proved that they were through, for the time being, anyhow, with the oligarchs in the Criminal Court Building and the City Hall.

Darkness shrouded the machine-headquarters that night. Janitors, humming irrelevant tunes, swept up basketfuls of tattered America First pamphlets.

When the reporters sought the oligarchs, they could not find them.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ALONG the deck of a steamer returning from the West Indies, in the final weeks of that campaign, strolled a Venerable Citizen not unlike the one imagined in the preceding pages.

He returned to Chicago as quickly as he could get ashore, and whipped off his coat. His grave voice was heard here and there in the clamor. His shrewd but benignant face, long-nosed and olive-tinted, his hair almost white—like the features of an ancient follower of Charlemagne or those of a European bishop —was seen on platforms.

Not everybody knew him, by any means. Gallery crowds nudged each other with, "Who's the old guy?"

They learned that he was Frank J. Loesch.

2

A figure from Chicago's past had stepped into the bizarre and troubled scene of new Chicago.

His career reached back to the days of Joseph Medill, of Judge Gary and Julius Grinnell (the nemeses of the 1886 anarchists), of Adolf Kraus, Lyman Gage, George Cole, Barney Eckhart, and dozens of other fierce fighters for Chicago's welfare. The Great Fire, the Pullman strike, the desk-smashing

and "Hang him!" scenes at Springfield in 1897, the successive political upheavals and social convulsions—he knew all these as an eye-witness and as a participant. He had been a school-trustee and a special prosecutor of election frauds, but had never held elective office. Coming to Chicago as bookkeeper for a telegraph-company, he had "studied law nights," and while in his middle thirties (1886) he had become attorney for a railroad, the Pennsylvania, which never let him go.

There was a reason why, in 1928, he still looked the part of a fighter, though outward gentleness had come with age: his mother's father had been one of Napoleon's soldiers, and his father had served in the army of the Grand Duke of Baden.

Of various tasks which fell to him, leadership of the Bar Association and what not, the one to which he was elected early in 1928 proved to be that which returned him to the political bull-ring. It was the presidency of the Chicago Crime Commission, whose equipment of records and whose fluency in reports was unsurpassed, but which, in some respects, has hardly fulfilled expectations. Mr. Loesch took hold in a manner which recalled to some minds the old Municipal Voters League motto: "If men were knaves, why, people called them so."

The primary campaign soon came on. One day Mr. Loesch issued on behalf of the commission a curt public statement demanding the defeat of Crowe. It was decidedly a reversal of the commission's attitude. It was also, some people said, a signal to the young hoodlum-realm that old-time Chicago meant to be heard from.

After the desperate and bloody primaries the Chicago Bar Association, which had watched—a bit overlong, some complained—for a chance to help in the dry-cleaning of Justice, came to the fore through its president, Carl R. Latham. Assisted by Attorney General Carlstrom (who had contributed to Republican harmony by leaving the primary race for governor to Louis Emmerson) the Bar leaders fought through the legal thicket until a special grand jury was appointed.

Mr. Loesch was named chief of the staff of special prose-

cutors, and thus became, at seventy-six years of age, the head of the column marching against the retreating brigade of bosses, murderers, lawyer-fixers, and bombers.

It was a command not without its discouragements nor without dangers. As they retired behind the breastworks of law-books filled with clever statutes that protect criminals, and of defense-funds collected from miserable tribute-payers of the underworld, the scared but smartly-dressed gang spoiled the route as best they could. Crowe's friends on the County Board blocked an appropriation for the clean-up. Citizens then raised $150,000. Threats and trickery confronted investigators. Morris Eller, who had weathered the primary, sat frowning in the innermost stockades, and watched his picked men become harder and harder pressed. A group of them were finally indicted and convicted—but a yawning jury let them off with fines.

All this was, on the whole, to the good, not only in its show of fight against wolves long immune, but in keeping voters awake until the November election—a task something like walking the floor at night with a patient full of narcotics.

Other citizens, including "Al Brunker's young men," got behind the Swanson movement. There came into the picture, characteristically, the broad-chested, weather-worn, but vigorous figure of James A. Patten, the great wheat-trader. Long a believer in Crowe, because the latter had prosecuted labor-grafters and helped the Landis Award fight, he was now convinced that racketeering must be driven out by a new prosecutor. Sitting in a small conference one day,[1] he listened for some time, with his cigar-stump rolling in his mouth. And then he said these words:

"I'll give $20,000."

It was a "Patten speech." It was his way of "getting in."

At the polls November 6 the "last-ditchers" among the Crowe-Thompson candidates, Eller himself, Coroner Wolff,

[1] He died about two months later.

and two or three others, were beaten badly, unable to ride to victory even in a general Republican triumph. And finally, quite as symptomatic, quite as delightful to leaders who had cried "Split your ticket!" for years, the former Health Commissioner Bundesen, discarded by Thompson before his third term had gone very far, was elected coroner on the Democratic ticket by the largest plurality polled by anybody.

A story is told that Bundesen's dismissal as health chief came of a trivial incident. At a football game, as his friends relate it, he went out on the field to see if everything under his authority was taken care of. A burst of applause greeted him—for he was a popular man. Mayor Thompson, sitting in a box, turned dark when he heard those cheers. And within a day or two Bundesen was beheaded.

3

That Summer and Autumn when the racketeer army began to be pushed back saw a darkness, a silence, a kind of mystery, shroud the once radiant figure of the Mayor.

A twilight year for Thompson—1928.

He passed, with a suddenness that made people mutter their wonder, into a state which apparently paralyzed his activity and stifled his voice. Such a startling stillness in the quarter from which loud promises and spurts of defiance had so long issued! It was like having the bass-horn player absent from the overture to *Meistersinger*. It was like having a superheterodyne radio turned off during a speech by a brazen-voiced announcer.

Was Big Bill crushed by the defeat of the hyphenated machine? Not so much by that, perhaps; the men on that ticket were rather Crowe's and Galpin's friends than his.

But something else, very awful to observe, had happened in that same election—the débâcle, not only of America First, but of that still more precious policy expressed in the slogan Bill the Builder. Bond issues for public improvements, a long, long,

string of them, had been submitted to the voters on what was humorously called a "little ballot." This man and that man had loaded up the list—Thompson himself insisting on a West Madison Street item helpful to the family estate—until it totaled nearly $78,000,000. That staggering sum, opposed by every civic student in town, by such strong bodies as the City Club, the Citizens Association, and the Civic Federation, turned voters green, whether they read the protests or not. The bond issues fell to earth. The mighty Chicago Plan, now conducted by James Simpson, since Wacker had retired, was stopped in its tracks. A terrific groan went up from hordes of politicians, deprived of one of their habitual sources of income —the public-improvement funds. Bewilderment seized the real builders of the city.

And Thompson, knowing well that this calamity spelled the people's suspicion not only of his brusque Mike Faherty but of himself, went into the rim of an eclipse.

Almost at once, a judge named Hugo Friend struck him another and shrewder blow. The *Tribune*, several years before, had brought a suit for restitution of "experts' fees" on public improvements. The case came to a decision in the June following the primaries. Calling for the return of some $2,500,000 to the city treasury, the decision held liable Thompson, Harding, Faherty, and such of the experts as had not already made restitution. Thompson had no such sum. He and Harding carried up an appeal, and were forced to give bond for the full amount. While Harding was easily able to schedule his share—about $2,000,000—Thompson had to call upon his wife, his brothers, and his sister, to "hock" property and so save him. They all came loyally to his aid. The ancestral estate, or much of it, went into the pot. Mrs. Thompson gave up her dower rights and even her homestead rights.

Thus, threatened with impoverishment on top of unpopularity, a condition even worse, perhaps, for such a lover of praise, Big Bill entered his twilight summer. People who saw him said he was haggard, gloom-ridden. He flitted in and out of town

like a ghost. Pursued to Summer resorts, he stared at his tormentors and said nothing.

He seemed to be seized, now with a complete lethargy, now with spasms of management—as when he sent from some distant place an order to his cabinet to retrench.

It was too late for much of that. The corporate fund, budgeted at over $59,000,000 out of a total 1928 appropriation of more than $243,000,000, faced a deficit. So with the water fund, nearly a dozen million to the bad, and the vehicle tax fund. In school finances there was chaos; emergency action to pay teachers' salaries was necessary. And the sanitary district, not a city hall department but cursed by the machine's influence and by bi-partisan membership, was about to be exposed as the medal-winner in padding pay-rolls, wasting funds, and awarding crooked contracts. To such a pass, a Mud Lake of scandal, had come the great sanitation effort of a generation. Such was the offset to stunning accomplishments such as the $30,000,000 sewage disposal plant, finished that very year.

The city, ninety years old, faced problems like that of the traction franchises, like those of finishing boulevards, of relocating rail terminals, of adequate airports and lake harbors. But Chicago wavered, floundered, argued peevishly, hopeless of leadership in the city hall.

4

As that hot and dreadful Summer waned, there came to Big Bill committees of friends or single advisers, who dared to suggest that he resign.

"Quit!" he cried with all his remaining force. "What—resign!"

He beat back the idea. They pointed to the tall city and the wreaths of destiny about its towers; they spoke of great plans, now halted; of the Chicago Plan, everybody's pride.

But Thompson would not yield. He would not give up even the head of Mike Faherty. He held fast to his old ideal of

loyalty to his friends, and in private he cursed his enemies, spoke of the "lying newspaper attacks," and demanded the chance to "come back."

And since there was no law to force him out—nor even a stern desire to do so, perhaps,—he clung to his office, as very likely any other virile person would have done.

The smiles stole back to his face. He reappeared in public in the Autumn. He looked well, though thinner. There was a new chief of police now, a busy special grand jury, a proposal that a business men's board "straighten things out," gushes of reform emotion. Perhaps they would let him, Bill, have a hand in it. People forget . . . And, anyway, he knew that among thousands he was still liked; liked for his boisterous humor, his "booster" tradition. Crowe and Galpin could disappear and no one care. Thompson was "human."

5

But there must have been times when his memory returned to the "great days"—those of 1915, of 1919, even of 1927—the days, and still more the evenings, when he sat among pals in hotel rooms through whose windows he could hear crowds going stark mad with enthusiasm for him.

There must have been memories of parades, of the Pageant of Progress, when he rode high up, the sirens hooting, the tiers of windows emptying spirals of carnival-paper upon his head.

Those days of cowboy hats all about—of dipping airplanes with his name painted on them . . . those uproarious trips to California, to the South, to Washington, when the storming up of sycophants to shake his hand made him feel himself already in the White House.

He was sixty. It was too much to expect that his days of glory would return.

CHAPTER XXIX

A FEW weeks went by; weeks of a Winter that piled ramparts of ice upon the lake shore, that made snow-drifts at the feet of skyscrapers. Cold winds tore at the corners of the city hall, in which sat officials gnawing their thumbs and staring at gloomy columns of figures.

The talk was all of prosecutors closing in on political miscreants. The "clean-up" was going along. Scarcely an echo came from Gangland, whose designs seemed smothered by reform, just as city grime lay concealed by fresh-fallen snow.

A day in February. . . . Noontide sun glancing from the face of the towers and lighting the curls of smoke from chimneys. . . . A city reassured, cheerfully occupied, in a mood to hang upon bridge rails and watch the river current, or to feed the flocks of pigeons upon "L" platforms.

Suddenly there was flung into this serene hour a horror that passed all horrors. There began to stream into the streets thousands of newspapers displaying the word, "Massacre." Some of them flaunted a photograph showing six corpses on the floor of a garage; six limp, contorted forms, their heads flattened to the oil-soaked concrete floor, blood oozing from the shattered skulls. These men, with a seventh, had been stood against a

wall and "executed" by a firing-squad including two in police uniforms.

In this crime many people read for the first time the true story of gang war. They saw it no longer as grand opera, nor even as a movie scenario, with humorous subtitles and "love interest." They simply shuddered before the disclosure of a horrible efficiency and heartlessness, even more shocking, for the moment, than the implied sneer at law.

Then the people pursued long columns of print, telling how this slaughter of the Moran gang was "probably" reprisal for the murder of Tony Lombardo, "Capone's pal," in the Loop the Autumn before; how the latter assassination "presumably" meant, in turn, the revenge of Dean O'Banion's fellows for his death in 1924. Other theories followed fast; Detroit men were suspected; police were blamed. The machinery of investigation was cranked up, and State's Attorney Swanson, taking command of the city as well as its environs, forced a police order to close all saloons, "speakeasies," and beer flats—a repression more severe than that attempted by Mayor Dever. It was charged that the killings could be "traced right to the city hall." Not a word of retort came from "Big Bill," back there in his twilight. Business men spoke out. The Association of Commerce, in a wrathful statement, pictured the crime-politics alliance in "a position of confident self-assurance that threatens the foundations of society itself."

Chicago groaned. Where was its newborn security? What could be done? What would happen next?

And—think of it!—its reputation!

2

But the city took up its tasks and went on. It had to plunge ahead; for so it was made. It had to struggle on, trying to forget how the world once more rang with accounts of its wickedness, turned with aversion from its very name. It had to push forward in its great commune of activity, and, knowing itself

better than other cities knew it, comfort itself with the bedrock truth—that it could not be dominated long by any set of men, that it must and could stop the private warfare that mocked its whole endeavor. It was under too great momentum to be halted. Four and a half million people, counting themselves part of metropolitan Chicago, were going somewhere and intended to get there. They faced the fogs and danger signals of the advancing year with the same old spirit, as the picture of those pitiable corpses faded.

They drove toward the future with all their might, impatient of advice, still more impatient of restraint. They battled mainly for results, real, practical, capable of being expressed no less definitely than in stone towers or prodigious revolving mechanisms.

"Build, build, build!" they cried. They were willing not only to spend, but to squander, if only they could plant upon the precious sands something more colossal than a hundred pyramids.

It was a kind of religion.

3

A metropolis? Yes—but still in adolescence.

It liked to play with blocks, and with lead soldiers. It was outwardly calm, well-poised, sure of itself. But it would laugh at almost nothing. It could weep hysterically. And sometimes its voice, which should have been a big bass, cracked into the treble.

If it liked any one, it made that person a hero, and would very reluctantly give up the illusion.

It did not often pause to reflect, "Where are we going?" "What's this all about?" or "Is it worth while?" In other words, it was a long way from the philosophic state of mind. It had possibly a thousand philosophers among its millions. It had a few hundred scholars of absolutely first rank, and a hundred thousand inhabitants who could neither read nor write.

It had small groups of men who toiled in the dusky chambers of pure research; and immense communities of people who labored to produce things which, in no time at all, the rest of the city would wear out or throw away.

It had not, so far as any one knew, produced a painter or a sculptor whose work would be forever treasured by the human race. It had never brought forth a novelist, all its own, who deserved admission into a restricted international hall of fame; nor a musical composer who would share immortality with the great Germans, Russians, or Italians. But its people had become passionate patrons of all the arts, and in a place where, for example, 14,000,000 books were lent annually from the Public Library, a place whose stimuli had evoked Carl Sandburg's poems, a creative future seemed certain.

Four winners of the Nobel prize—scientists all—had done part of their work here; none of them, however, were natives of Chicago. And Chicago, speaking generally, scarcely knew their names. On the whole, the city's universities contained the best productive intellects it had. But for the most part, the self-centered, prosperous, pleasure-loving mob, producing everything else under heaven *aside* from intellect, cared not a hoot whether they had any universities at all.

Not one person picked at random in a list of ten thousand knew the complete truth about his own city, certainly not about its structure or its government, nor even about his own self.

4

But what joy in life! What vigor in reserve for emergencies, for the shocks and strains of building and operating a city!

What a power to cry, "Forget it! What does it matter? On to the next thing . . . Toss your troubles in the lake . . . Come on, boys, let's get this done!"

And what mighty urges, scarcely identified, quickening the pulse before they revealed themselves, brightening the eye long before the idea itself had form. . . . What dreams!

Two thousand men sit hypnotized as a speaker sketches the future of this Central West and its capital, as he sounds the old symphony note of "the waterway," as he pictures the vast plains full of houses, and highways leading everywhere, and power, super-power!

Two thousand more listen to the resonant sentences of orators telling them they shall have another World's Fair. It shall be an island heaven this time. That universal idyll, that thrilling, lovely and passionately loved work of nature, Lake Michigan, is thrust before the imagination of these luncheon guests. They are to forget the discords, the scandals, the failures, of the years past; go on to another dream; fashion another splendid exhibition of art and progress.

Tremendous cheers. . . .

5

Aspiration is the plot of the romance. Bloody quarrels, conspiracies to wreck fortunes or take lives, slaughter in the streets, are casual episodes. Their red outlines have grown larger and larger in the fancy of a sensation-seeking world. Europe, even Asia, have imagined Chicago boulevards drenched with gore. But those who have come and seen the city at its normal tasks, who have discerned the best motives of its complex soul, embodied in beauty, go away again very much comforted.

Where the mixture of humanity seethes so fiercely, where aliens have been working out friendships and hates in such disregard of Anglo-Saxon conventions, and where, it may be added, well-meaning folk are trying to force reluctant individualists into pleasing but commonplace patterns, murder will happen, whether it "out" or not. No one need expect a placid or a conformist Chicago for centuries—if ever. But it has been through anarchy, not once but many times, and has rejected it.

There are a possible ten thousand criminals listed among the four and a half million.

The murder rate has risen, but the visitor's fear of "street shooting" is absurd. Of the homicides, even in these bad years, nearly one-third have involved no gun-play at all. Whatever underlies the crater, on the surface—as on Aetna's slopes—people thrive and are happy.

Through the turbulent years, civic diseases, fevers of prejudice and passionate folly, battles of human groups over money, wages, dividends, have repeatedly risen, fallen, been forgotten. Political bosses, mayors, chiefs of police, have pridefully seized power and have been thrown down. All are now erased . . . In their graves, mostly . . . The very lingo of stupid efforts like theirs has passed out of the Chicago language.

Always the mass, the million, the three million, the four million, pressing on.

"For God's sake," says busy Chicago, "what does it matter who sits in the City Hall?"

Dreams matter. . . . The future; that's it. And the red blood in our veins. And the keen, quick actions into which our lake-winds urge us. And the strength to "put things across." We'll all be philosophers and scholars some day; but now it's too early. Right now we work, and we tackle the impossible.

What did "Our Carter" say?

"The audacity of Chicago has chosen a star—and knows nothing that it cannot accomplish."

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